THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

MARCH, 1932

10¢

A TWO PART NOVELETTE ..... **"Dark Seas"**

By GARNETT WESTON

"Is the Present Social Order Doomed"?

By RALPH CONNOR

SHEAFFER'S NEW

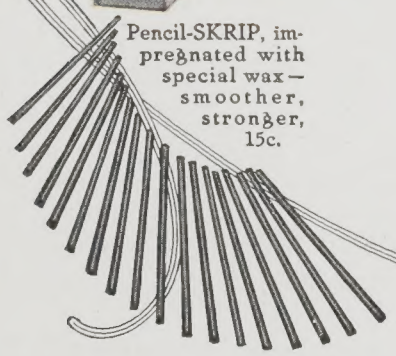
Pocket Pen and Base For Desk Use

No. H74TC Lifetime° pen, $9.50. No. HTSC Balance° pencil, $4. Pocket Pen Base, free, (demountable gold columns are containers for pen and pencil).

Base is presented Free with Sheaffer Pen and Pencil Sets ($8 to $28)

A new idea by Sheaffer, creator of Balance° and Feathertouch . . . this free base that makes pocket pen and pencil instantly convertible to desk set use without extra parts or rebuilding. It is given to demonstrate the Sheaffer Desk Set reach-and-write principle of time-saving, efficiency and cleanliness. In selecting your pen and pencil set choose a Feathertouch Lifetime° pen with platinum-channel point—know the thrill of silk-smooth writing! When you have tried this new base you will want Sheaffer Desk Sets with regular desk fountain pens for office and home. Base supplied free with Sheaffer's Lifetime° and "5-30" pen and pencil sets.

SAFETY SKRIP, Skrip-Filled, 50c up. Pen-SKRIP, successor to ink, is free-flowing, non-clogging. Safety Skrip container protects clothes, furniture—keeps fluid fresh.



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All Sheaffer pens are guaranteed for life and the Sheaffer Lifetime° pen is guaranteed unconditionally against everything except loss for the life of the owner—distinguish between ordinary life guarantees and the Sheaffer genuine Lifetime°. Sheaffer's pens from $3.25; Sheaffer's Lifetime° pens from $7.75; Feathertouch Lifetime° pens from $8.75; Sheaffer's Autograph Lifetime° pens, with 14-K solid gold band suitable for your actual signature (serving for identification), from $15. Pencils from $2.50.

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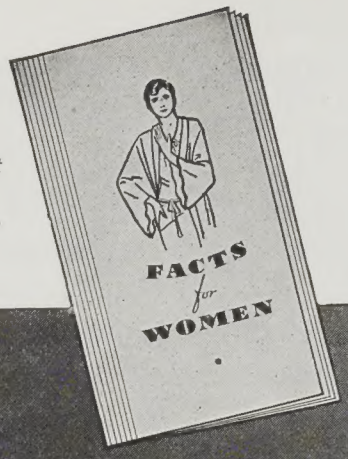
This white dot identifies Sheaffer's, the ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen.

No. 75TC, Autograph Feathertouch Pen, 14-K solid gold fittings, $15.

Sheaffer's Feathertouch point with specially treated gold body and platinum-covered channel, gives double-controlled flow!

Just off the presses. Full of the latest and best information for women. Free.



"I WOULD GIVE A GREAT DEAL TO BE SURE . . . *that other women have no secrets from me*"

IT'S not at all unusual—this feeling of distrust on the part of the newly married woman. She had believed implicitly in her friends before her marriage. She had found them sincere and quick to answer confidence with confidence. Now they seem changed.

These other women may very well be withholding a secret store of information on this vital subject of feminine hygiene. Women often do. For the "secret store of information" is often a confused mixture of advice and warning received from a dozen sources —all so unreliable that it means nothing and cannot be helpful to a friend.

What antiseptic to use?

It need hardly be said that feminine hygiene is an important and necessary practice. Women themselves know this and their doctors are in perfect accord with their insistence upon nothing less than true surgical cleanliness. But doctors have long been worried. "Feminine hygiene? Yes! By all means! *Without* caustic and poisonous antiseptics!" That is the physician's warning. Of course, an antiseptic is needed and in the past all the powerful antiseptic-germicides actually were caustic and poisonous. This is not true today.

Zonite is safe and strong

The antiseptic of today is *Zonite.* New and extraordinary—this Zonite. Very strong and powerful. Yet it will never cause the slightest damage. Despite its strength it is really soothing in its action. This is a remarkable statement and absolutely true: Zonite will not do any harm even if accidentally swallowed, still it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.

Women are warmly enthusiastic about Zonite. It has at last solved their most intimate, their most difficult problem. You can get Zonite in any drug store. You need have no embarrassment in asking for it because it is used for dozens of purposes including oral hygiene. It comes in bottles and sells for 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Read "Facts for Women"

Send for the free booklet, "Facts for Women." Every woman should get this and read it. It is frank and authoritative; it leaves no doubt upon the subject in the mind of the reader. New as it is, enough copies have been circulated to make it already the subject of much feminine talk. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LTD.
Ste. Therese, P.Q. Dept. W.M. 23

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....
(*Please print name*)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....PROV.....

Don't be ashamed of your skin! Attack the underlying cause of hateful eruptions.

It's remarkable how quickly such SKIN ERUPTIONS disappear

explains DR. SINGER, *of Vienna*

DOES your skin keep breaking out—in spite of everything you do to keep it unblemished and clear?

Read this . . .

"I long ago proved that skin eruptions such as pimples and boils are the result of intestinal stasis (constipation) and putrefaction."

Those are the words of the noted Dr Gustav Singer, physician-in-chief of the 1st Medical Department of the Rudolf-Stiftung, famous Vienna hospital, and physician to members of ex-royalty and the diplomatic corps. *He adds:—*

"We know that the best way to eliminate intestinal germs is with . . . yeast. By its action intestinal disorders such as . . . constipation are corrected.

"In connection with this," he explains, "a very remarkable result can be obtained *—a sudden disappearance of ugly skin eruptions . . .*"

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with accumulated food residues in your intestines . . . softens them . . . gently stimulates the intestinal action that removes them regularly

Thus your whole system is internally "toned"—purified. Your blood clears. The principal *cause* of skin blemishes, bad breath, headaches, etc., is no more!

In addition, Fleischmann's Yeast increases the germ-fighting white corpuscles in the blood . . . actually raises the skin's self-disinfecting power!

So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today, and eat three cakes every day, regularly. Eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

And write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P Q

Skin Specialists advise Yeast

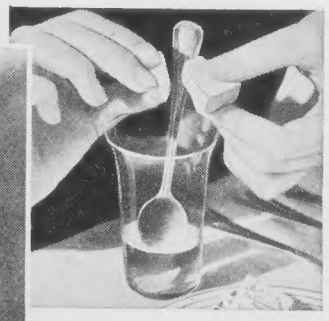
DR. PAUL GASTOU, famous Paris dermatologist, says: "If you are troubled with skin eruptions, I advise fresh yeast." DR. LÉVAI, physician-in-chief, Central Hospital, Budapest, states: "I've prescribed yeast for years for boils and acne"

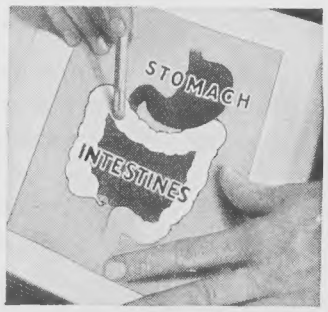
Her case bears out what famous doctors say

Miss Elsie Plint (*at right*) writes from far-away Vancouver, B. C.:—"A few years ago I was troubled with my skin, and my complexion was very sallow-looking.

"I was told to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so and . . . found all traces of my skin trouble disappeared.

"Whenever I feel run-down, I always turn to Fleischmann's Yeast."





(*At right*) Here's where poisons form that seep into your blood and cause pimples, boils, bad breath, coated tongue, etc. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps intestines clean—clears up the skin. *Eat three cakes regularly every day.*

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers', restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, G and D.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

EDITORIAL

VOLUME XXXIII WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 3

The Challenge of Geneva

TODAY Geneva is "the hub of the universe." The future of the race depends upon decisions that are reached there during the next few months. No one could have stated more strikingly the importance of the Conference now being held than Sir Philip Gibbs, who uses these words in the *New York Tribune:*

"The opening of the Disarmament Conference gives the world its last chance of deciding whether it wants enduring peace or future war. There is no alternative. The decision cannot be dodged or smothered under some ingenious formula meaning nothing real. As Lord Cecil warned his nation the other day, if this conference fails we shall not be merely where we are now. We shall have launched the world again on that course of competition whose end is war.

"The Disarmament Conference is vastly and desperately important because if it fails utterly, or in its major purpose, intelligence and world co-operation will have no chance of getting to work in other ways. Meanwhile there is an enemy in our midst and in our minds and hearts. It will sit behind every delegate at the Conference. It will shout through every loud speaker. It will sprawl across the columns of every newspaper in every language. The name of the enemy is National Egotism. Let us take the beam out of our own eye before discerning the mote in the other fellow's argument. Let us not be too mightily fearful of our own security, but take a chance for the sake of world peace. Otherwise there can be no headway made."

How the League is Meeting the Challenge

IF THE challenge to civilization is as thus stated by Sir Philip Gibbs, how are the nations meeting it? It is only necessary to read the news press to get the answer. France finds a solution not in reduction of armaments but in creation of another armed force; Britain wishes prohibitions of certain forms of warfare, but each country within limits may use what is best suited to its needs; Italy and the United States, with reservations, will support the British plan; Germany claims the same right as other nations, and Russia supports this view, but at the same time comes out openly for complete disarmament by slow degrees. It is strange that of all nations Russia should be first to come out openly for a peace programme—and, of course, there are some who distrust Russia in this as in other respects. *"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."* The other nations are yet to have their say, but it is clear that before concerted action can be secured, there must be some changes of heart. Suspicion rather than faith governs the minds of men. Perhaps we should say that in a Council in which armies and navies are so fully represented, directly or indirectly, it is impossible to have peace accepted as an ideal.

The League by its actions in the Sino-Japanese affair does not inspire confidence, and some of its decisions recently have been such as to convince thoughtful people that political expediency rather than justice and reason dictates policies. For example, in the case of the Polish atrocities, there was an attempt by the Japanese representative to minimize the cruelties inflicted upon the Ukrainians, and some other representatives said nothing. A correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* points out that silence concerning Poland's brutality was the condition that there should be silence when Manchuria would be under discussion. If there is anything at all in this, it means that the League of Nations might at once disband. Not only the decisions made at Geneva during the Disarmament Conference, but the ordinary decisions of the Committees of the League will decide whether it is to remain as a beneficent factor in civilization or to become a comparatively useless ornament.

If the League Should Fail

WE ARE convinced that something worthwhile will come from the deliberations at the Conference, and that the power of the League will be strengthened. However should there be a disappointment in this regard there is still hope for the world. It will work out its salvation in another way. First there is the hope that, at the Empire Conference in July, the Dominions will agree upon a trade policy satisfactory to all, and that as a result the Empire will at once begin to feel the throb of returning life. Under a preferential trade arrangement it seems to some that the Empire could be almost self-sustaining, could set its own money standard, could in short be independent of others. This of course is a short-sighted policy even if it were practicable. An Empire isolated would be cordially hated by the other nations of the world. It would be perhaps a trifle better were other English-speaking nations to unite with the Empire on equal terms. This is not a new idea, but there is a possibility that it may be accepted as a preparatory move towards that world-unity which is the ideal. Nevertheless it would be better if at Geneva, as a first step towards international trade, those armaments, which symbolize hatred and distrust, were abolished or lessened. Even a prosperous Anglo-Saxon world within the greater world is not enough. It was an English singer who gave us the picture of our dreams:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Canada's Mission

IT MAY be that Canada's greatest mission in this world of nations is to lead in restoring and promoting peace. In two ways she is fitted to exercise this leadership. In the first place she is a country without armaments. For a hundred years she has lived in friendly relations with her great neighbor, and there is no bristling fort to mar the beauty of her continent-wide boundary line. In the councils of the world she preaches by example.

In the second place she is peopled by citizens from all lands, and they are learning to live together in friendly relationship. Sometimes the hiving of nationalities into large constituencies has prevented coalescence, but on the whole, owing largely to the good work of the public schools, the spirit of understanding and co-operation is steadily growing. In business, social and political life all creeds, classes and nationalities are respected. Even in the selection of life-partners, it is common to find that distinctions of race, religion and native tongue are ignored. The triumph of co-operation is reported to the home lands, and is a steady influence in promoting international understanding. At Geneva, Canada may have little to say, but her silent witness may influence momentous decisions.

An Educational Policy

WHETHER much or little is done at Geneva to abolish or limit armaments, the real danger that ever threatens mankind will not be fully met. Armaments exist because of human animosities, rivalries, injustices. The removal of these is the work of patient education based on sympathy and understanding. Even though invention has made the world a great neighborhood it is by no means yet a great brotherhood. Two methods of effecting a transformation are open to mankind. In their smaller groupings people find themselves associated in families, schools, communities, vocations, churches and the like, and in the larger groupings they exist as nations, empires and states. The work of unification can begin in either the smaller units or the larger. It is very obvious that in the world as we have it, the highest good will be realized, when within the nations an educational programme is followed which will aim at enriching life at all its levels, and when jointly by the nations there are held conferences for adjusting difficulties and agreeing upon world-policies.

Education within the nation, by any of the agencies responsible for supplying it, may ignore the element of broader social culture. The home may be narrow in its sympathies, the school may give itself to the development of individual talent and may breed emulation and pride; the press may be controlled by party feeling; the vocations may have no higher ideal than material prosperity. The doctrine of selfishness—personal and national—may be so ingrained into youth, while they are yet in their teens, that they shall be forever incapable of taking a world view of problems and policies. That, we take it, is the root of much of the trouble at Geneva. Whatever other nations may do, it is for us as Canadians to educate ourselves and our children for world citizenship.

Canada

IT IS comforting to turn the eyes away from Geneva and to dwell upon the beauties, the opportunities, and the accomplishments at home. We have a land and a people worthy of attention.

What more wonderful than the climate this winter! There is nothing to compare with it anywhere. There is a tang in the air that promotes life and vigor. California, Bermuda, Florida, have their charms, but the ozone of the prairies is lacking; the warm breezes of the Southern Seas invite to slumber and sensuous delights, but the cooling winds that move the waters of our myriad inland lakes are a challenge to action and ambition.

Then there is our scenery. Compared with it the wonders of other lands are tame. Whether it be the majestic beauty of the Rockies, or the calmer charm of the plains, whether it be the gardens of Acadia, the peach orchards of Welland or the unsurpassed fruit-lands of the Okanagan, whether it be the great plains with their teeming wealth of grain, the mines with their uncovered riches or the forests with their ever-renewing supplies of lumber, it is ever the same story of beauty, plenty and promise.

In such a land the people are naturally vigorous. They find relief in work and play. No country is more given to wholesome sport and none can provide better opportunities. There are sports in which Canada particularly excels. She has given the world lacrosse and hockey, and has perfected curling and added to the enjoyment of skating. No winter game is unknown to her people. When her population is compared with that of other lands she excels them all, and she is yet in her infancy. We have reason to be proud of her conquests on the field of sport, nor do we consider that time spent in this diversion is wasted. Anything that develops in people ambition, initiative, team-power and kindly feeling is to be encouraged. So we join at this particular time in congratulating the Olympic contenders one and all. They made a good fight.

Of course sport is not all. Canada is equally proud of her capacity for production, and for her contributions to art and science. She is becoming known for her musical talent and for the contributions she has made in the fields of medicine and scientific invention.

Looking to the future, we expect that she will be among the first to recover from the depression, and if she is true to her ideals—keeping her resources for the people, and holding fast to a belief in the power of education and religion to strengthen life—she will become perhaps sooner than we expect the leader in shaping the world's destiny.

Is the Present Social Order Doomed?

By RALPH CONNOR

PART I

Work and Life

MONEY and Man. Money! The most important thing in the world—so says this age. The age is wrong.

Man is more important and for the simple reason that it is man that gives value to money. In fact money is without value except in relation to man. Indeed money is not value at all. It is but a marker of value. The thing of ultimate value in this world is Human Life. All our miseries and mistakes, all our vices and crimes arise from our ignoring of this fact.

"Money," the word comes to us from "Moneta" the society name of the goddess Juno in whose temple in ancient Rome coins were first minted. The coins were called "monetas" just as policemen were called "bobbies" and "peelers" from Sir Robert Peel who first invented them. Before money came, the marker of value in Rome was an ox. A man who had many oxen, a large herd, "pecus," was a wealthy man. The man without oxen was *impecunious;* he had no "pecunia," money. Significant, that early association of money with a goddess and her temple. Money instinctively haunts sacred places and exalted personages.

"Money" the thing came when trade became extensive. Man cannot trade without money. He can barter "things" for "things," but trade commerce demands money.

For instance when the first ship of the Ancient and Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company, laden to the gunwale with "things" sailed into the northern seas, the trading of these things, guns, traps, knives, tea, sugar, bacon and flour, scarlet cloth, beads and mirrors, for pelts of wild animals was difficult without some fixed unit of value easily comprehensible to the Indian. Upon the counters and shelves of the Hudson's Bay Post, the "things" were displayed in all their alluring splendour. Into the Post stalks an Indian Chief, followed by his squaw laden with her bale of furs, haughtily indifferent but for his piercing black eyes agleam with suppressed desire. At his gesture of command the bale is opened and its contents displayed in all their splendid glory before the astonished eyes of the Factor and his clerks. Skins—deer, moose, and musk-ox; bear, wolf and lynx; fox, red, black and silver; mink, marten, musk-rat and beaver. The Factor is openly anxious for the skins, the chief torn with concealed desire for that gun, and his squaw with open yearning for that scarlet cloth. They must make exchange of their treasures. But how? Upon what basis of value? The Factor is a gentleman from Orkney. Well he knows that the basis must be one of honour, equity and of mutual advantage. But how? It is a thing to think over, to smoke over. With the grave courtesy of one gentleman to another the pipe of peace is set agoing. There must be no display of vulgar haste. The Factor is a gentleman, but also he is a trader. His first act is the act of both gentleman and trader. From his counters he selects a length of scarlet cloth and drapes it round the shoulders of the squaw. A necklace of beads he hangs about her neck. With calm indifference to the smiles and squeals of his delighted lady, the chief with grave care selects from his pile of furs a priceless silver fox and presents it to the Factor who immediately counters with a knife and a rope of tobacco twist to the chief. These amenities over, there follows protracted conference, as a result of which agreement is reached. The beaver skin—the *castor*—becomes the unit of value. The chief knows exactly how much of his life must be spent in trapping a beaver and how much in the chase of a musk-ox. The Factor knows exactly the relative amount of labor in Manchester is represented in the production of a kettle and how much in the manufacture of a gun. To facilitate counting, a little stick stained blue and red becomes the symbol of the beaver, *the castor.*

Furthermore, and this is important, the chief knows how much more necessary and important to him than many beaver skins is that gun. The French traders from Quebec have taught him that. Also the Factor knows how much more important is that silver-fox to the great lady in Londc for whom already he has designed it, than many guns, kettles and mirrors. The *Castor* is the *Marker of Value.* The real value is discovered in the relation of the articles in exchange to human life. Value lies in life. This truth, fundamental in all industry and commerce, is registered on the flag of the Hudson's Bay Company, *pro pelle cutem,* "skin for skin."

At this point we may discover the three primary functions of money in trade.

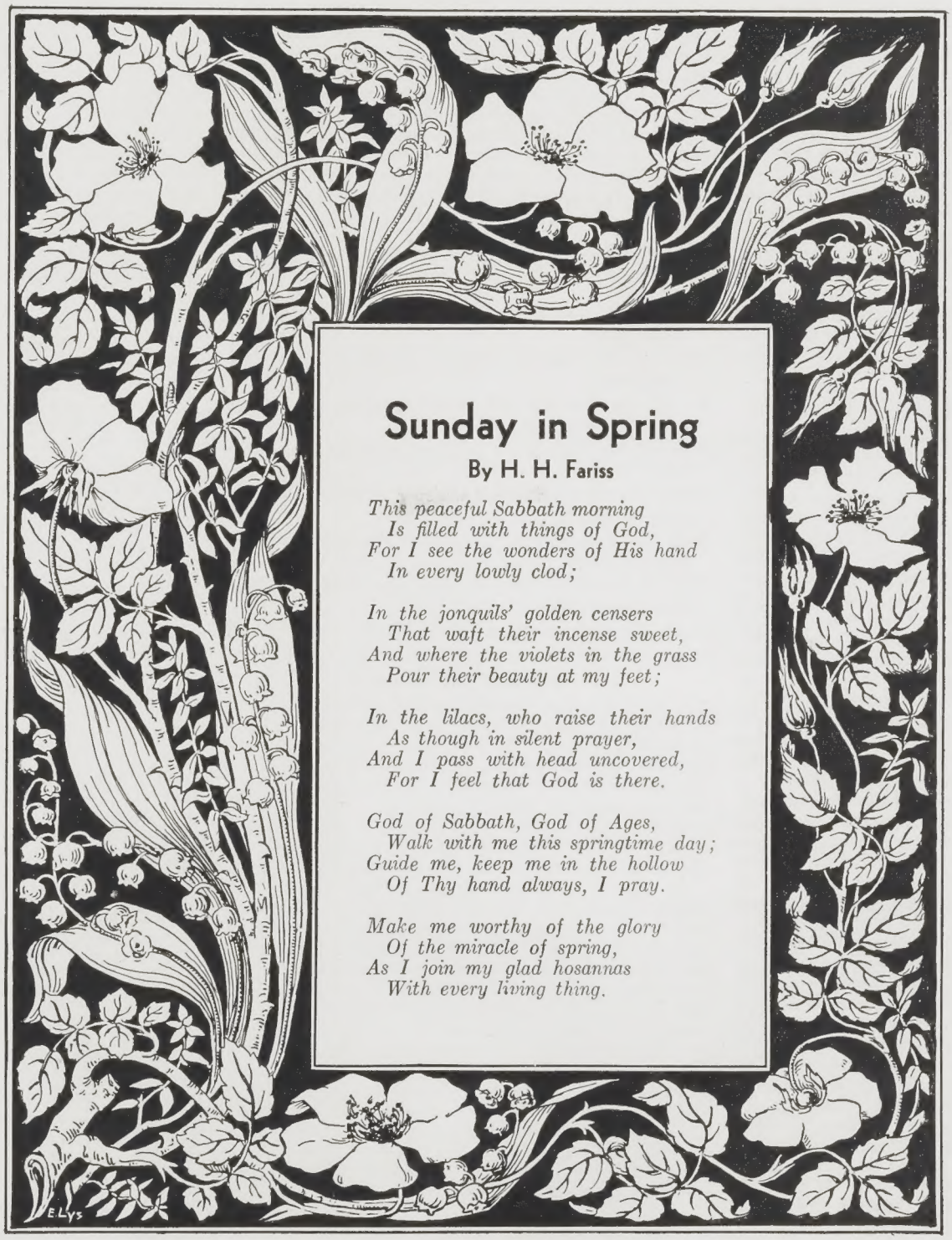
1. Money facilitates and so promotes trade.
2. Money establishes a basis of relative value in trade.
3. Money makes for equity, a *quid pro quo* in trade.

Trade, be it noted, is the exchanging of "things" made by one man for "things" made by another, upon the basis of equity in value and mutual advantage. Exchange without equity is not trade. It is robbery. Exchange without mutual advantage is a foolish waste of time. In this mutual advantage it is that profit in commerce is found. Trade makes for fuller, richer life to both parties. And thus in trading money is made.

Making Money. The whole energy of man is expended in making money. The question that properly agitates the mind is *How?* This secret I shall now give you. *Money is made by work.*

Work. A noble and honorable thing, the foundation of all human progress.

Work. First the making of "things" for people, industry; and second the promotion of the exchange of "things" between people, [Continued on page 28]



Sunday in Spring

By H. H. Fariss

This peaceful Sabbath morning
Is filled with things of God,
For I see the wonders of His hand
In every lowly clod;

In the jonquils' golden censers
That waft their incense sweet,
And where the violets in the grass
Pour their beauty at my feet;

In the lilacs, who raise their hands
As though in silent prayer,
And I pass with head uncovered,
For I feel that God is there.

God of Sabbath, God of Ages,
Walk with me this springtime day;
Guide me, keep me in the hollow
Of Thy hand always, I pray.

Make me worthy of the glory
Of the miracle of spring,
As I join my glad hosannas
With every living thing.

The largest selling ham in the world

Has new goodness this Easter

Ovenized

AN UNFORGETTABLE EASTER DINNER: *the butt half of an* Ovenized *Premium Ham baked, served with fried bananas topped with currant jelly.*

Here's exciting news—news that means a special treat for your Easter dinner, and for many another dinner, lunch, and breakfast, too.

Swift's Premium Ham—long famous as the most popular ham in all the world—is even better now. It's *Ovenized!*

You cook it your favorite way and find new goodness in every bite. Wonderful new goodness, in butt, shank, center slices, due to a method of smoking perfected by Swift.

Smoked over hardwood fires —but by a new method

Premium is cured today exactly as it has been for thirty years, according to the secret, mild Premium recipe. Today, as for many years, Premium's unvarying uniformity is maintained by the strictest scientific control.

But Premium is *not* smoked today in the same way it used to be. It is smoked as long, yes; and with the same aromatic hardwood smoke. But the method is different.

The new Swift method of smoking produces a decidedly different result —an *Ovenized* ham that is finer in four important respects.

Finer in flavor, from end to end. So mild you *certainly* will not parboil it, but with a new richness, a delectable blending of the flavor of the meat with the flavor from the hardwood smoke.

Even more inviting in color. Warmly brown outside, delicately pink within.

Tenderer, too. Especially in the butt and shank ends. And, firmer, *Ovenized* ham is more economical because it saves you loss in cooking.

Don't you think Easter is the very time to surprise your family with Swift's Premium *Ovenized* Ham? A whole or half ham, baked. Or for breakfast, a slice, fried and served with Brookfield Eggs.

Just ask your dealer to be sure he gives you Swift's Premium.

HEAR THE "STEBBINS BOYS"

Every night except Saturday and Sunday over N. B. C. networks. See papers for stations and time.

PLEASE!

Will you make a special point of seeing that it's Swift's Premium you get? Because only if you get Premium can we demonstrate this new Ovenized goodness. Identification is easy now, for the name Swift, in tiny brown dots, is repeated down the length of this ham. You should find it even on a single slice.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited
Purveyors of Fine Foods

Swift's Premium *Ovenized* Hams and Bacon

He'll never guess they're LEFT OVERS!

SWEET 'TATER PUFFS

(a surprise in each crispy ball)

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
1 egg, beaten
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
8 marshmallows
½ cup crushed cornflakes

If mashed potatoes are unseasoned, add salt and pepper. Add beaten egg. If mixture is dry, moisten with milk. Form into 8 balls with a marshmallow inside of each. Roll in flakes. Deep-fry in hot Crisco, the *digestible* fat, when it browns a cube of bread in 40 seconds (390° F.). Fry until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Strain Crisco and fry with it over and over again!

PRUNELLA CAKE

(a new trick with stewed prunes)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
⅔ cup sour milk
1⅓ cups flour
⅔ cup stewed prunes
½ teaspoon EACH of soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, baking powder

Blend creamy, *digestible* Crisco with sugar and eggs. Add chopped prunes. Stir in milk. Add sifted dry ingredients. Pour into 2 Criscoed layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 25 minutes. Cool.

Creamy Icing: Mix 2 cups confectioners sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon salt. Combine half with 2 tablespoons Crisco. Add remaining sugar, 2 tablespoons prune juice and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat until creamy.

All measurements level—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

GOOD-BYE SHORTCAKE

(a happy ending for drumsticks and such)

Biscuit: Sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Work in 5 tablespoons Crisco, the digestible fat. Add about ¾ cup liquid (half milk and water). Pat out the dough ½ inch thick. Cut out half with biscuit cutter; brush with melted Crisco. Cut remaining dough with doughnut cutter; place rings on whole rounds. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Separate biscuits, pour meat sauce between. Garnish with jelly.

Meat Sauce: Melt 2 tablespoons Crisco. Add 6 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Slowly add 2 cups milk (or milk and gravy). Stir. Bring to boil. Add 2 cups diced cooked meat and 2 tablespoons minced parsley.

YOU have my sincere sympathy if your husband looks scornfully at cold meat and warmed-up vegetables. A man's just like that! But you can get around him—if you change your left-overs into dishes that taste brand-new!

I've tried out these three left-over dishes on the most finicky men I know. They were a grand success! They're thrifty because they use left-overs . . . but they taste *expensive*. Crisco dresses them up in its own rich goodness. For Crisco, you know, tastes as sweet as pure whipped cream!

Crisco's pure sweet taste will tell you something mighty important. Crisco is a *digestible* shortening. So Crisco makes food *digestible* because it's so *digestible* itself.

Perhaps you haven't realized that Crisco *keeps* sweet and *digestible* . . . right out in your kitchen. The last creamy spoonful you scoop out of a Crisco tin will be as fresh-tasting and *digestible* as the first one! So you're safe in buying the 3-lb. tin, to keep plenty of Crisco on hand for delicious cakes and pies.

Do send for my new book, "Tested Radio Recipes." Address me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-32, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. WINIFRED S. CARTER

MADE IN CANADA

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Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you

"Finally, Lieutenant, I should like to say that general opinion in the town, which is more likely to be malicious than honest, does not acquit you as did the court of enquiry."

DARK SEAS

By GARNETT WESTON

Illustrations by John H. Paul

Part I

LIEUTENANT DAVID HAMEL, R.N., encountered Spartel Jack for the first time early in the spring of '16. The encounter ended in Hamel's complete discomfiture.

As the ache of wounded pride diminished, Hamel was conscious of a strong desire to balance the account. For nearly two years he waged a duel of wits and sea-cunning against his underseas adversary.

Ludwig Von Holm, familiarly known as Spartel Jack, was only thirty-five, but legends grew about him like a veritable Old Man of the Sea. He was one of those characters, glamorous and splendid, whose exploits since the days of Hanno, the Carthaginian, have sent boys to sea. He is dead now, but some scribbler who is half hack and half genius, should bring him to life again in Nick Carteresque career that would know neither death nor yet disaster.

Before the war, Von Holm was captain of a Bland coastal ship plying between Gibraltar and West African ports, far south. He was married to a Bavarian girl whose fair beauty shone, star like, among the dark complexions of the Gibraltar women. The Von Holms were popular with the English residents of the Rock and with the Army and Navy set. They were invited everywhere, parties, dinners, gymkhanas. Frequently they rode among the red-coated members of the Calpe Hunt when the club invaded Spain with whip and horn in the wake of bell-tongued hounds.

When August of 1914 came upon the world, Von Holm was five hundred miles down the African coast. He had grain destined for English mills, thirty pilgrims resignedly enduring the first lap of their long journey to Mecca, and a Moorish cattle drover with a herd of boney cows for which air-pistol and knife waited in Gibraltarian slaughter-houses.

Acrimonious dispute had developed between Hamdushi, the drover, and second officer. A cow had died. In dissolution it assumed a size which scanty fare and goat-like activities on rocky hillsides had made impossible during its lifetime. The second officer ordered the carrion to be jettisoned. Hamdushi's beard trembled with rage as he strove to convince this brass-buttoned infidel swine that the dead cow was worth ten duros in the meat-markets of Tangier.

Von Holm leaned lazily against the canvas bridge-dodger admiring the drover's volubility and articulative range. The wireless operator thrust a message into his hand and then vanished, great with news. Von Holm read the message. Drover, officer and dead cow were wiped from his mind.

England had declared war on Germany! Von Holm's two officers were British. Most of the crew were native Gibraltarians and British subjects. In little more than the time it took him to read the message twice over with incredulous eyes, the news was all over the ship. "Sparks" spread it as he went and found its wings outsped his feet. Before the second officer surrendered to its breathless wonder, he snapped a straight left to the point of Hamdushi's bearded chin and signalled brusquely to the deck-hands regarding the swollen cow. With three deft motions, they heaved it over the side where it floated aft, rocking in the steamer's wake, four legs stiffly skyward.

Von Holm thought fast and clearly. Two miles away, on the steamer's starboard side, the sandy African shores were already hazy in the dusk. The war news was too sudden for racial animosities to form. By the time his officers came to their senses and realized their Captain was now their country's foe, Von Holm was gone. A piece of two-inch manilla rope trailed over the side. Miles astern, half drowned, Von Holm dragged himself from the grip of lazy thundering ground swells. As he twisted water from his clothes, he shivered. Behind him was the sea; ahead lay gloomy hills. Five hundred miles of wild country inhabited by fanatics, hating all Christians, were before him. He faced north, saluted ironically and marched.

AT THAT moment Mrs. Von Holm sat in a darkened room of her charming little house on Scud Hill and gazed at lights below her with unseeing eyes. That afternoon she had gone to tea in the Admiral's garden at The Mount. She was radiant in a pale-blue tea-gown that betrayed her golden loveliness to the admiration of the garrison officers murmuring around her.

Everyone was charming. The Admiral's wife was suavely complimentary. The Chief-of-Staff asked permission to walk home with her On the way he said she was looking too ravishing to be true. He only just failed to announce the war with the same air of detached interest. In response to a startled exclamation, he regretfully admitted that his request for the honor of accompanying her had been inspired by the Admiral. She was to be interned, of course. But equally of course, she should enjoy every consideration. Ah, yes, her husband, too. When he returned she would be notified. The Chief-of-Staff promised to attend to it personally and to see they had every opportunity for meeting. Very gravely he saluted as they paused before the garden gate, and then strode away into the town.

The Bland steamer docked three days later with the manilla rope still dangling over the side. The First Officer, now in command, reported his superior's disappearance. The Chief-of-Staff, miraculously remembering his promise, sent a marine to the house on Scud Hill with a brief note detailing the circumstance. The note optimistically expressed a certainty that Ludwig Von Holm, having chosen freedom to internment, was quite safe and would be heard from later. As he signed the paper, he remarked to his aide that the poor devil was probably being tortured by the hill tribes at that very second.

Mrs. Von Holm read the signal and believed its prophecy about her husband's safety. She believed it because she wanted to and because she had persuaded herself of the fact already.

Internment for Mrs. Von Holm was not unpleasant. She simply remained in her home. In early morning and in late afternoon she walked in the garden which descended in flowery ramps to a high wall. From her patio, through the pillars of a trellis, she observed ships of war as they arrived from England to strengthen the base fleet. Three miles away, under the lea of Verde Island on the Spanish shore, lay a solitary German freighter, forlornly interned. Through a pair of glasses Mrs. Von Holm saw her country's flag drooping above the after-rail.

No more invitations came to the Villa Dolores. Occasionally an English lady stopped her gharry and spoke to Mrs. Von Holm over the garden wall. They were polite but restrained. The Bavarian girl learned to frequent the garden's farther side where she was concealed by hedges of gigantic geraniums and vines of purple clematis. There was more than flowers between Mrs. Von Holm and her former hostesses. There was a wall of blood. She withdrew herself entirely, supported in her solitude by pride and an aching hope that Ludwig Von Holm would contrive a message from the mountains of the south. Days melted into weeks and the months brought no sign.

LIEUTENANT DAVID Hamel came to the Base in December. There were two gold stripes on his sleeve, one of them very new. He started by making two serious mistakes. One was in the line of duty and brought a court of enquiry and a reprimand. The second was even more serious. He fell in love with Mrs. Von Holm. He came out to the Rock to take command of Torpedo Boat 90, a shovel-nosed ancient built by a Glasgow shipyard in the early nineties. She carried a crew of thirty-five men. Her offensive armament consisted of two torpedo tubes, two three-pounder Hotchkiss guns and depth charges.

He sat in the bar-parlour of the Grand, dourly drinking Scotch and soda. There was nothing congenial in his debauch.

For three days he was engrossed in taking over from the warrant officer he relieved. When the last cartridge, teacup and deck brush had been checked off the list of ship's stores as being present and complete, he drank a pink gin with the warrant officer in the wardroom. The latter went ashore. Hamel ordered fresh coats of sky-green and sea-grey paint, rearranged the watches and followed him.

As he climbed the brief slope from Ragged Staff steps and turned towards the gateway of Charles the Fifth, a gharry passed. Under its canopy, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Von Holm. She was returning to Villa Dolores after one of the rare shopping excursions into the town which she permitted herself. Brilliant sunshine filled the street throwing a tawny light under the canopy. It surrounded the Bavarian's girl's fair features like an amber liquid. Hamel turned sharply, heedless of dust from the wheels. His eyes followed the swaying vehicle until it turned a corner by the Assembly Rooms and vanished.

"By Allah," he thought, "I'd give my soul for a girl like that!"

It must have been the Devil who overheard the impious promise, for certainly Allah had little to do with what followed.

Hamel's casual enquiries were discreet but in that gossip-ridden garrison town, a man must be more than ordinarily clever if he turns his thoughts towards a woman. When the woman happened to be Mrs. Von Holm, a sacrifice provided by the Gods for scandal, the result was certain. Half the town knew when Hamel climbed Scud Hill and loitered near Villa Dolores to light his pipe and admire the view. The clinking teacups heard a much embroidered story of how his eyes and the glorious blue ones of Margaret Von Holm had met above the garden wall.

Hamel did not suspect his interest was known. To an ignorant eye, the rows of green shuttered windows on each side of tortuous Scud Hill were bulwarks against heat. He never dreamed each shutter was slitted for greedy eyes to garner their daily grist of tale and gossip.

Mrs. Towers, whose husband presided over the naval stores department and whose garden adjoined that of Villa Dolores, had been among the first to drop Mrs. Von Holm. She now began to manifest revived neighborly interest and in time succeeded in lulling the lonely girl's suspicions. This accomplished, what more natural than that she should invite her through the garden gate to drink tea under the pomegranite trees?

Mrs. Towers was pleasantly surprised when her husband brought Hamel home for tea the same afternoon. Hamel saw Margaret Von Holm seated in a garden chair as he crossed the patio with Towers, and blessed his luck. He did not dream the whole affair was planned by Mrs. Towers.

For that matter, neither did Towers. His prominent grey eyes protruded even more as he saw his wife's guest. It was harmless enough, giving a dish of tea to a neighbour, but what would a naval officer think of finding a German woman in his garden? Towers, engrossed in stocks of slickers, manilla hawsers and tallow candles, knew nothing of the gossip which already seethed about these two. He hesitated.

"My wife has company," he murmured, seeking the right words.

"Very charming company," agreed Hamel. The pressure of his shoulder against Towers forced the older man forward.

Trailing his host, Hamel felt his heart quicken. The girl's profile was towards him. It was before the days of barbered female heads, but the golden hair clung tightly, like a helmet. The lips were cherry red. Under a filmy white teafrock, long lines swept provocatively to the tip of a white buckskin shoe.

The Lieutenant heard Mrs. Towers' voice purring in his ear as he bent over Mrs. Von Holm's slender hand.

"Of course you two know each other," she was saying. "No? Not really? Now where did I get the idea that you did? How romantic that you should meet in my garden for the first time. It is the first time, isn't it?"

She made a clattering of the teacups as she talked, with bright bird-like glances. She licked her dry lips with the nervousness of a good woman assisting in a liaison. Towers busied himself with whiskey and a Sparklet.

In the game of love, naval officers are not usually diffident. The uniform so often makes conquest easy. When a fine figure, bronzed, handsome features and a thick mat of brown hair are added to a naval officer's broadcloth and gold braid, results are often devastating. Hamel had the confidence of a senior lieutenant who has swept many a beauty off her feet, but in the magic light of Margaret Von Holm's blue eyes he felt that certainty waver. He realized, suddenly, how much more success might mean in this affair.

They were a striking pair, tall, slender, with lines of race and family. Mrs. Towers remarked as much to her husband later when, under some pretext, Hamel had drawn the girl to a corner of the garden and stood looking down over town and harbour.

"Oh, of course," said Towers, busy with a pipe, "well bred. A breedy pair. She'd make any man look better than he was, just being with her. Von Holm was a breedy chap, too. I like 'em lean and rangy, myself."

"Yes, of course," responded Mrs. Towers. For one speculative moment she withdrew her eyes from the fascinating pair by the wall and allowed them to rest on Towers' corpulent form. It is not every day that a good woman can vicariously enjoy an intrigue.

"Look," she whispered excitedly, "her hand is on his arm!"

"Eh!" Towers paused with pipe and match suspended. For the space of a wink a vague suspicion of his wife's pastime flickered in his mind. Then a lifetime of respectability submerged it. "Von Holm was a decent sort. Too bad he's dead."

"Oh, quite," breathed Mrs. Towers. She had not the slightest idea what Towers was talking about. Her soul, if she had one, was urging Hamel and Margaret Von Holm along the path in which her scheme had set them. At the moment Mrs. Towers observed Margaret Von Holm's hand resting upon

Ludwig Von Holm

the Lieutenant's sleeve, the Bavarian girl was asking an extraordinary thing.

"Why are you so sure your husband is alive?" questioned Hamel. The enormous blue eyes came closer. A mist seemed to close in around the gold helmet of hair. It was then she laid her hand on Hamel's arm.

"Nothing can kill Ludwig," she whispered. "You cannot know how strong he is. If you will only cruise close to the land—close as you dare—you will see some sign of him. There is bound to be something. Let him see you are hunting and he will signal you. He will send a message—to me!"

"It's months since he went over the side—almost a year," Hamel protested, feebly. "He would never remain on the beach all that time."

"He will be there," the girl said. "You will see."

"It may be weeks—months—before I have orders to cruise south along the west coast again."

"And then you will do as I ask?"

"Yes."

A sudden gleam of gratitude flashed in her eyes. She smiled and for a moment swayed towards him. The movement was scarcely perceptible but it made his blood race as if the girl's body had enveloped him in the movements of a languorous dance.

"Do you love him?" he asked in a low voice.

It is not inconceivable that her plan took its first vague outlines in that second while he hung over her, demanding an answer. It was with dropped eyes and a slight hesitation that she replied:

"He is my husband."

More clearly than in words, she conveyed the thought to Hamel's mind—"He is my husband—it is my duty to help him—but—"

"Come," she whispered, "we must not linger here, my friend. We must be careful."

Carelessly, as if their words had dealt with rain or sunshine, she led him towards the tea table. Hamel, with a manner equally careless, spoke insistently.

"When may I see you again."

"Soon. Oh, very soon," she said.

As they joined the others, Hamel was startled for a moment by the expression of intense interest in Mrs. Towers' eyes. The formalities of farewell erased it from his mind.

In the following weeks, Hamel saw Mrs. Von Holm several times. Once in Mrs. Towers' garden, once at the tea hour in her own garden, with Mrs. Towers present, and once when she met him, a hooded figure, in the Alameda, where shadows of the trees were blacker that the night. That time he kissed her. It was the merest touch but the contact of her lips intoxicated him.

That time, too, her promises grew more daring, nearer the bold pattern of his desires.

The plan to find Von Holm he thought futile, but because it was an excuse to see her, he fell in with it. She had prepared a score of notes, enclosed in bottles. He was to drop them over the side when he believed they would be carried ashore by currents. They were secreted in his lockers. He was acutely anxious that his sub, young Breadalbane, should not see them.

Life for Hamel was a golden dream. The patrols were not too arduous. The first excitement of war had passed. No German ships appeared. There were no submarines. Each day the waters of the Bay were swept for mines without result. The Rock returned to almost its pre-war calm. Business was brisk and the merchants prospered. Twenty-thousand civilians, mostly Gibraltarian born, blessed the war and the flood of gold it brought.

Hamel learned where to go for the best brands of fine Havana cigars, imported almost duty free. He found the most likely spots to loiter along the Spanish coasts for the finest wines that could be picked up from fishing vessels. A cask of red wine stood, always, in a corner of the wardroom, with a wooden spigot. The spigot leaked and there was a dark red stain on the deck below the cask.

East on the Mediterranean; south along the Barbary coast; north-east to the Balaeric Islands; north-west to Cape St. Vincent and south along the west Atrican shores ran the patrols. Sometimes Hamel went one way, sometimes another, according to the orders that came to him.

The voyage which led to his second mistake came early in '16. For the first time since he had met Mrs. Von Holm he was ordered to spend five days cruising the west African coast. The section where Von Holm had disappeared was nearly a hundred miles farther south than Hamel's area. He determined to slip down the land at night and return at dawn. In this way he would be back on his beat by noon. In case of enquiry, he could invent an excuse for venturing off his patrol.

Torpedo Boat 90 steamed out of the Bay of Gibraltar in the bleak halflight which precedes the dawn. When she was halfway through the Strait, the rim of the sun rose above the world of waters. Looking back, Hamel saw the fiery flicker of the sunrise gun.

It was high noon before he reached the northern limits of his patrol. All afternoon he steamed south, pushing his engines. The light wind was astern and the slight sea aided him. From the two low funnels, a twisting coil of smoke whirled crazily aloft and hung, high in the air, like a grotesque foliage. The smoke disappeared and the grey-green ship knifed her almost invisible way southward through the grey-green seas.

Once, about tea time, he overhauled a slave ship, loaded with women. He sheared in close. The slaver wanted a tow. Hamel smilingly shook his head. A bearded Moor dragged a woman to the rail and pantomimed that he would pay her for a tow. Hamel examined the unhappy cargo of slaves, girls of ten, women of thirty, hags of seventy, through his glasses. As the slaver slipped astern, he turned his back. Obscene oaths in Arabic, Spanish and French came faintly across the water.

At dusk, black clouds piled in gigantic ranges along the Atlantic's horizon and the sinking sun laid petals of crimson along their peaks. A Norwegian tramp, coming silently out of the murk, dipped her flag in salute to the White Ensign. Then it was night.

The sea fell calm and the clouds vanished, leaving stars very high up in a dimly luminous purple vault. Hamel and Breadalbane took their watches on deck, four hours at a time. It fell to Breadalbane to order the helm hard over and the ship put about at sunrise. The torpedo boat swept around in a sixteen point turn, headed north. She was then a hundred and fifty miles south of her beat. It was somewhere in that stretch of coast that Von Holm had gone ashore.

The sun, that had gone down in black Atlantic clouds, came up from the throats of brown African hills. Hamel came on deck with the dawn, accompanied by an odor of coffee and new-lit pipe tobacco. In his pockets he carried three of Mrs. Von Holm's bottles. As Breadalbane turned to go below, it seemed to Hamel his eyes lingered suspiciously on the bottle-bulged pockets. Left alone, he waited until the helmsman's back was turned and dropped overboard the first of them.

The wind freshened. Lieutenant Hamel, his oversize cap jauntily tipped at the Beatty angle, one arm flung around an awning stanchion, swayed with the ship. He enjoyed the motion unconsciously, like a bird in a wind-tossed treetop.

In many respects he was like his ship, long, lean, steel. All day, the sun worked away at his face, patiently bronzing it to a shade little lighter than the briar pipe in his teeth.

The sea was green, save where the white-hatted waves rolled by. At intervals an emerald wall with snow along its coping sheared down the low hull of the torpedo boat. At the quarter, where Hamel stood beside the helmsman, it whipped a playful ton over the deck. Foaming, the water strained itself through depth-charge racks and deck-hamper, cascading into the sea. He stamped his sea boots on the iron plates.

By mid-afternoon wind and sea had fallen calm. The torpedo boat was within fifty miles of her beat and Hamel had gotten rid of all his bottles. For hours he had almost rubbed the paint from his starboard side, so close had the vessel cruised along the beaches. Through his binoculars he had scanned the desolate shores, the sun-burned slopes, the entering and re-entering angles of rocky canyons in the hills.

It was then Fate overtook him. Torpedo Boat 90 had

[Continued on page 33]

The Lieutenant heard Mrs. Towers' voice purring in his ear as he bent over Mrs. Von Holm's slender hand. "Of course you two know each other."

Bennet turned in a flash and jumped, too. The new officer for the Eighth was slipping swiftly along the trench. Bennet was upon him in ten seconds.

THE POT OF MILK

By THEODORE G. ROBERTS

Illustrated by Ralph C. Smith

THE POT OF MILK was an estaminet situated at a crossroads somewhere in French Flanders. It was of brick, and neither ancient nor picturesque. An estaminet may stand on the same ground today, and may be known by the same name—but, even so, it is not the Pot of Milk of this little story. The guns of the Enemy saw to that.

That was a busy house throughout the early, confused years of the Big War. English officers discovered the virtues of the Pot of Milk in 1914, and those virtues were rediscovered by embattled Canadians as early as the spring of 1915. Madame Benoit's beer was sound, though light; her cognac was superior; her fizzy wines were sweet and cheap. But the crowning attraction of the house was not a brew, a distillate nor a vintage, thought it went to the head more swiftly and certainly than a mixture of all three of these. The crowning charm of that estaminet of sweet and bitter memories was Madame Benoit herself.

The favored few (or how many?), called her Jeanne. Though young, she was a widow. One of the first things one heard of her was that her husband had been killed in the first month of the war. Though native to that country, she was tall and slender and graceful. Her eyes were dark and kindly, her skin was very fair. Perhaps her features were not classical—(I'm no classic)—but they, and her manners, seemed adorable to many lonely soldiers. Let it go at that! Mine is a fumbling hand at describing feminine charms.

SAM BENNET saw the Pot of Milk for the first time at about four o'clock of a dreary, wet afternoon in the fall of the year. He felt the immediate need of a stimulant, perhaps of two. He rode around to the back, tied his borrowed horse under the thatched roof of a shed and returned to the narrow green door afoot. It was a cheerless door, set in a cheerless wall of new brick. He sighed profoundly as he extended a wet glove toward the doorknob of cheap metal; but before he could turn the knob, the door opened wide and he beheld Julie for the first time in his young life. She smiled at him; and he winced.

Ah, Julie! In the open, at one hundred yards when the visibility was low, men have mistaken just such Flemish nymphs as you for mouldy haycocks.

Julie had that appearance of agelessness which is associated in the ordinary mind with oaken casks. Her smile was wide, in keeping with the rest of her; and, doubtless, her heart was of gold.

Bennet squared his shoulders and entered, telling himself that he had not expected anything else. The floor was of brick, and moist from recent scrubbing. The stove had been recently blacked. The cheap woods of bar, tables and chairs looked damp and clean. The atmosphere was of soap and water and blacklead and Julie.

Bennet lit a cigarette, sipped a glass of bubbling wine laced with brandy and wondered dully why the

war was being fought in such an unlovely land. He was fed up. He wished that he had kept on his way, and saved his thirst for his friend Charlie Wicklow to assuage at "C" Mess, Division. Two more miles would have done it.

At a quick movement behind the little bar, he raised his glance. He stared, beholding Madame Benoit for the first time in his life. There is a first time for everything. She was smiling very faintly, but very gently. She regarded him steadily, with tender concern.

"You are tired," she said, in English. "You come out of the line but yesterday, I know."

He stood up clumsily, bowed confusedly, said, "I was fed up, that's a fact," and resumed his seat. He lowered his gaze again to the glass, the small bottle, the scrubbed surface of the small table. He actually feared that he was asleep and dreaming.

"Now I give you a cup of tea, which is much more good for you," she said.

She came from behind the counter; and at her approach, he looked at her again, and again got to his feet.

"I don't believe you are real!" he exclaimed, and laughed in a shamed-faced way.

"Real? Not real? But it is so, my brave soldier—I am a reality—poor Jeanne Benoit."

"I'm afraid you are too good to be true."

"Good? One tries to be good—and to be true."

"But you are beautiful!" exclaimed Bennet; and he laughed light-headedly.

"Ah! my young friend, it is dugouts and muddy parapets have caused you madness to give me a beautiful appearance to your eye."

"You are adorable!" cried poor Sam Bennet.

Which she was, devil a doubt of it!

THERE was a room behind the bar, to which Madame Benoit led Mr. Bennet. That room was carpeted, warmed and cheered by an open stove, furnished with a few shelves of books, a round table and four or five comfortable chairs. Julie entered from the bar with a steaming tea kettle. Julie retired; and Madame Benoit served the dazzled platoon commander with tea and little cakes—but the superior tea might as well have been mere hot water, so far as he was concerned, so intent were all his faculties on the changing turns of her slender wrist, the flawless lines of her slender neck, the tender pallor of her white throat and the melting lights and shadows of her kind eyes. He munched and swallowed the little cakes, but was not aware of their flavor until years later.

She told him of her widowhood—but most of their talk, though he did not realize it, was of himself, his friends, his regiment and his dreams. Her questions were few, but wonderfully stimulating.

DINNER at "C" Mess, Division, was well along when Charlie Wicklow's guest arrived with lame excuses and a baffling, suspicious shine in his eyes.

"Where have you been, you old warhorse?" asked Charlie. "And what have you been drinking? An insult to this mess, your tippling along the road!—for we furnish everything and anything absorbable by human tissues."

"Only tea; and I started late," Bennet told him. "Had to wangle a horse from transport."

"Tea! Only tea! Tell that one to the Angels of Mons!"

The dinner went ahead; and Mr. Wicklow's guest drank and ate whatever was placed before him; and though he talked, and occasionally emitted a gust of laughter, that intro-retrospective, dopey shine did not pass from his eyes. After dinner, seven remained to play poker. Bennet played. That is to say, he went through the motions, drew cards, wagered six-penny pieces, shillings, francs and five-franc notes without giving the game a thought; and soiled paper and battered coinage piled up at his elbow. He won on pairs as easily as on full-houses. He won on bob-tailed straights and four-card flushes. He could not lose.

"The man's bewitched!" exclaimed a major. "But what's the old saying about cards and love? Something to the effect that you can't have it both ways."

"I believe in luck at cards, but not in luck at love," said Bennet. "That's putting the—ah! the greatest thing in the world—on a level with this childish game of chance!"

They gave him a cheer for that; and Wicklow patted him on the back and informed the others that Sam Bennet had been a poet before the war and would doubtless be a poet after the war if he did not get his silly head blown off in the meantime.

It was past midnight when Bennet mounted his borrowed steed and headed for the hutments of his battalion four miles away. A slippery looking half-moon sailed among wet clouds. The pave was as slippery as the moon appeared to be; and the unpaved track at the road's edge was a quagmire unfit for use; so Bennet left the choice of footing entirely to the horse, who, after trying both road and track, decided in favor of the road.

"Take your own time," said the rider. "I'm in no hurry. But, for heaven's sake, don't quite split yourself."

The horse skated and slid over the greased stones. Bennet sat with his feet free of the stirrups, just in case the skidding hoofs should go entirely and suddenly out from under. He looked at the moon and the juicy clouds.

"Charlie's right," he said. "I was a poet. I had forgotten all about it—until today. I'm still a poet; and now I wonder what I ever found to be a poet about, before today."

He began weaving words to beauty there and then; and the frequent hitches and jolts in the rhythm were due entirely to the jolts and hitches in the perilous progression of his mount. But it was not until he was abreast of the Pot au Lait—which showed no chink of light—that all four of the horse's legs went out from under in the same split second. The horse scrambled up, with loud clashing and clicking of iron on stone, and shook himself like a wet dog, but with a mighty rattle of saddlery. Bennet arose with less commotion, shaken but unhurt. Foot-slogger and poet though he was, his first care was for the horse's knees. Great was his relief to find that they were not even scratched.

As he straightened up from his inspection of the horse's legs, the *cluck* of key in lock caught his ear; and he looked toward the Pot of Milk and saw the green door move and the mask of a peering face. His heart bounded, then flopped at the second thought that it might [Continued on page 26]

Most of their talk, though he did not realize it, was of himself, his friends, his regiment and his dreams. Her questions were few, but wonderfully stimulating.

A New Earthquake

China, Japan and Russia at Grips in Manchuria over Railroads, Opium and Soya Beans .....

A glimpse of Tokio, capital of Japan.

A Japanese "monkey man" with tom-tom and in a western cap.

THE trouble in Manchuria is confined immediately to three nations—China, Japan and Russia—and it revolves chiefly around three important items—railroads, opium and soya beans. These are economic matters; the political is another amazing story.

The railroads are operated on Chinese territory which is coveted by Russia and Japan. They are conducted by companies dominated by the Japanese, Russian and Nanking Governments, whose interests are supported in turn by powerful banking groups identified with multifarious activities in England, Germany, Belgium, the United States and France. These banking groups have not made peace with each other, hence the railroads are in a state of disorganization.

Russia broke off relations with China and marched troops into Northern Manchuria in 1929 to enforce the execution of the terms of a new contract drawn in 1924 over her Chinese Eastern Railway, which Marshal Chiang Kai-shek had planned to seize. The troops marched out again when Russian officials were restored to their high positions with the transportation line. There followed lengthy negotiations when the Soviet Government offered to sell the railroad to China in exchange for exemption of customs duties on goods going into Manchuria and Northern China.

This proposal was not accepted. The uncertainty and tangled condition of railroad affairs and other matters led Japan to send soldiers into Mukden September 18, 1931, under the command of Gen. S. Honjo. The Mukden war-lord, Gen. Chang Hsueh-liang, had fled in haste to Tientsin, leaving his effects behind him. These effects were seized by Gen. Honjo, who had once instructed Gen. Chang Hsueh-liang in military technique. With the gallantry of a true soldier and friend, Gen. Honjo expressed the things in several hundreds of boxes to his former pupil, some say with charges paid, others collect; and with the message that the war-lord might find them of use, since he was not expected back in Mukden for quite a while. This war-lord was the son of the late Gen. Chang Tso-lin. On June 4, 1928, Gen. Chang Tso-lin was killed by the explosion of a bomb dropped from the bridge of the South Manchuria Railway near Mukden as his private coach passed underneath on his return to his capital after he had been forced by his Chinese enemies to relinquish Nanking.

The Chang dynasty had enjoyed a wax-tight monopoly of everything taxable in South Manchuria for many years. This monopoly included the Salt Gabelle, the opium and morphia rackets, and the soya bean business. It has been estimated recently in Mukden and Shanghai that the Changs accumulated 500,000,000 silver dollars while rendering accounts to nobody. In addition to their other sources, they had a system of issuing bales and carloads of paper money of Fengtien Province and forcing Manchurian farmers to accept this worthless money for their soya beans, after which the beans would be converted into good Japanese yen.

Their satellites were many, and they lived high. From their Oriental palaces, where no ripple from war-torn Europe or financially distressed America could disturb them, these gentry were routed September 18 when the grim-jawed little brown men of Japan appeared with bayonets fixed. Edward Hunter, correspondent at Mukden for the Consolidated Press Association, furnishes this delectable sidelight under date of October 20:

> "Large strong boxes and curio cabinets stood emptied of their contents. The prized possessions earned in a lifetime of warlording it over the neighbors and looting in approved military style had in turn been looted by the foreign invader. As often as not the general had an immensely round face, a fierce moustache, and a huge corporation. . . . A Chinese liaison officer admitted that besides curios and other valuables, large stores of opium were taken from most generals, and that virtually every war-lord lost several expensive automobiles . . . Gen. Tang Yu-lin, present provincial governor of Jehol, had his main home occupied by Japanese soldiers and his valuables, consisting of curios and silver-ware, removed. He has two other residences in Mukden which were likewise emptied. Jehol is one of the most notorious opium-producing provinces in all China, and the income from that source of tax revenue should amount to many millions. Except for the humiliation, therefore, Gen. Tang's loss was fractional of what he owns, although three truck-loads were seen leaving one of his houses filled with the poppy product."

As this article is written from Shanghai (December 7), it is announced that the Japanese military authorities are keeping the opium joints of Mukden wide open. The revenue which flows from opium smoking and morphia injections is incidental as viewed by officialdom. The Japanese

Soya beans and bean oil on way from Harbin to Mukden.

in the Orient

By George M. Battey

Feature Writer, who is now Stationed in Shanghai on a Special Commission for the Western Home Monthly

know that a sudden stoppage of the use of drugs would bring acute suffering and distress to a large number of people, and aggravate their own problem in Manchuria. Further, a populace is better disciplined when under the dreamy influence of stimulants. Although the participation of certain Japanese concerns in the drug evil is well known, this is probably a case in which the Opium Dragon is being fought with his own fire. Capt. Nakamura and his scouting party were reported to have had heroin in their possession when they were murdered some months ago by the Chinese, and it is no secret that for a long time Japanese have collaborated with British, German, Russian and Austrian interests in keeping this traffic alive.

However, the poet has aptly said in different words that every evil carries within itself the germ of its own destruction; and without much stretch of the imagination we can see Japan carrying out the letter of her laws and so gradually emphasizing agricultural and industrial activities as to make drug-addiction look like a drop in the bucket—as soon as she gets the hold on the continent which she seeks. The drug problem is one of the most important in the Orient, but since it constitutes material for an article in itself, we return to railroads and soya beans before offering some forecast of what may be expected to emerge from the latest and perhaps the greatest earthquake the Orient has ever undergone.

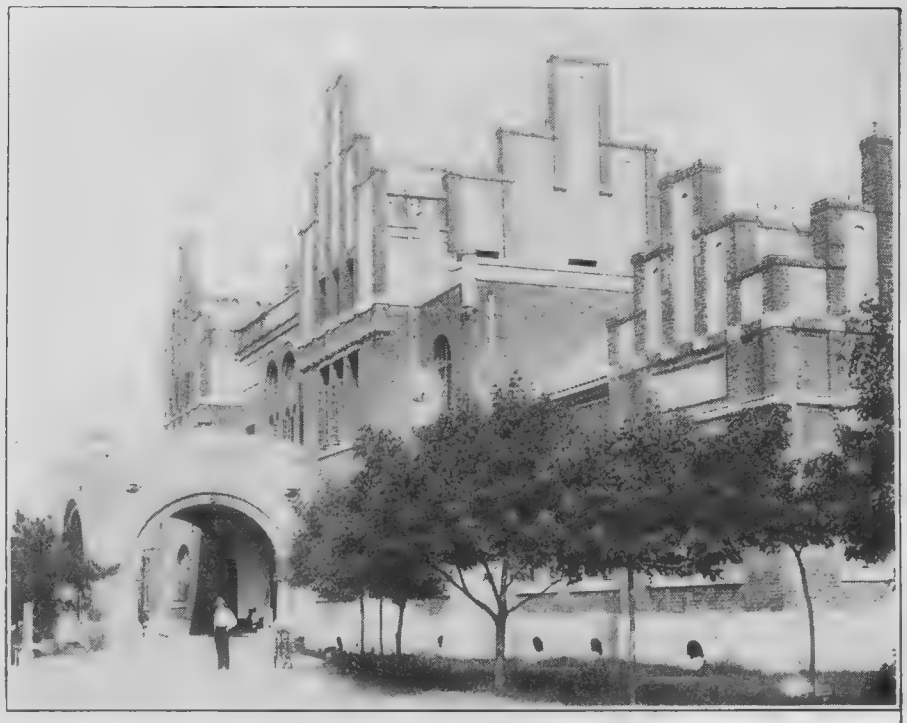
LET us train the spotlight as briefly as may be upon that cream-jacketed little commodity known as the soya bean, which is as vital an item in the life of the Orient as No. 1 Hard Northern Manitoba Wheat is to thousands of persons throughout the universe. The soya bean is indigenous to the soil of Manchuria, which in general is dark and rich like that of the Great Central Plain of North America; taken with its agricultural relatives—kaoliang (sugar cane), rice, millet, wheat, barley and oats—it goes to constitute the predominant part of a trade through the Japanese port of Dairen which is said to approximate the trade which passes through the Panama Canal. This energetic bean grows like Jack's Beanstalk in the fairy tale, and is so crammed with energizing vitamins that it forms the basic menu item for millions of sturdy men. Five parts of bean mixed with ninety-five parts of wheat or rice are said to provide the balanced basic ration for which mankind has so long sought.

Put the bean under a magnifying glass and you have a fair representation in size and shape of the brown-tinted hen egg; or, conversely, put the egg under a reducing glass and you have the bean, as dynamic a commodity as may be found on this Other Side of the Wide World.

The soya bean makes up sixty per cent of Manchuria's exports. It is not particularly new to gastronomists, but it made its chief claim to public recognition during the World War. The old Czarist Government of Russia engaged in the profitable bean business on a large scale by handling beans over its trans-Siberian Railway through the now-isolated port of Vladivostok, and over its Chinese-Eastern Railway through the port of Dalny, now Dairen. One of the uses of the soya bean in addition to foodstuffs is explosives. The oil of the bean, it seems, possesses dynamic properties which, treated chemically and in combination, makes an excellent munition of war.

Japan declared war against Germany in August, 1914, and some six months later captured the German stronghold at Tsing-tao, China. She managed to handle the major portion of the bean crop through Dairen, which is open the year round, whereas Vladivostok is closed some six months because of ice. Beans were worth nearly their weight in gold during the war, and Japan exported them to various countries, notably to Denmark, whose capital, Copenhagen, possessed a large factory for reducing the beans to their least common denominators. In the shape of bean oil, bean cakes, plain beans, etc., the products went here and there. Much found its way into Germany, where it was used to feed soldiers and to make munitions to turn against the Allies, of which Japan was one.

The other Allies recognized this danger, and Russia closed the port of Vladivostok to the export of beans. That sent all the more beans through Dairen, which, by the way, has grown from a country town of twenty-five years ago into a magnificent city of approximately 500,000 people (of which 100,000 are Japanese), is Japan's City of Promise and will bear watching as one of the foremost ports of the world. England proposed to handle the bean business in a manner which would prevent any explosive pellets from finding their way into Germany; she wished to put them on her ships at Hulutao, the Liaotung Gulf port near Chinchow which the Chinese Government in 1930 started developing as a converging point for thirty railroads which should compete [Continued on page 65]



Mukden Hospital, conducted by the South Manchuria Railway

A Tokio department store, suggesting similar large concerns in Canada.

Mukden Station, South Manchuria Railway

"Eh?" ejaculated Ford, turning to look at her, a disturbing suspicion crossing his mind, "What others?"

The Price of the Past Participle

By Margaret Cameron

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

THAT Prentiss Ford was a noteworthy young man, predestined to a successful career, was in no way more clearly indicated than by the fact that, although a suburban resident of some years' standing, it was his habit to finish his leisurely breakfast a good five minutes before it was necessary for him to start on his briskly easy walk to the train; and this was the more remarkable in that Ford's regular train was the 7.20, known as "the clerks'," to distinguish it from "the works'" at 6.10 and "the shirks'" at 8.30. "The clerks" mostly ran to the train, and it was not uncommon to see several panting passengers furtively buttoning their cuffs and adjusting their cravats after the train had pulled out of the station.

Not so Prentiss Ford. He rarely arrived a half-minute before the locomotive came in sight around the curve, but, on the other hand, he seldom had to hurry his stride in order to step upon the platform before the train started, and a similar promptness and exactness marked the conduct of all his affairs.

But there came a morning when he found himself face to face with a problem for which he could find no solution. The following day would be his wife's birthday, and his habitual readiness had given way before his masculine uncertainty as to what gift would meet with the sincere approval of a fastidious woman. As he met her answering smile across the breakfast table he paid mental tribute, for the thousandth time, to her daintiness. Ford was appreciative, and two years of constant association with it had not dulled his consciousness, born of long experience in boarding-houses, to the fact that the exquisite finish of Stella's morning dress was but one indication of a certain characteristic perfection of taste in all things, which constituted, for him, her most potent charm.

Sometimes, however, he felt a distressing uncertainty as to his ability to meet in full all its requirements. This was one of the times, and he wished that he might ask her for a suggestion; but since it was one of her immutable convictions that a birthday gift, to be complete, must be a surprise, it was obviously impossible to appeal to her for help. He thought that he had canvassed all the possibilities, going into unfrequented corners of his mind in search of them, and they had all proved undesirable. Thus he found himself, on the day before the anniversary, not only entirely unprepared for the event, but depressed by the conviction that he had exhausted his mental resources; and he had a vision of himself receiving Stella's pretty thanks for something which he had stupidly bought at the last moment in desperation, and which he knew that she would never, under any circumstances, have selected for herself.

He folded his napkin with his accustomed deft deliberation, and joined his wife at the window to read, over her shoulder, the head-lines of the morning paper, as was their wont before his daily departure.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Mayhew's gotten his berth."

Prentiss was given, in moments of excitement or extreme concentration, to the use of this

obsolescent past participle, a habit of which Stella vainly tried to break him.

"Who's Mayhew?" she asked.

"Billy Mayhew, otherwise William B., Junior," explained Ford. "Not as young as the Junior would seem to indicate, however. You see, he's been appointed consul at San Salvador. Capital fellow. Handles all John S. Babcock's business."

"That argues mental dexterity," she said.

"More than that; it proves shrewdness, courage, energy, and good judgment," he replied.

Stella raised her eyebrows. "All of which he now purposes to devote to the service of his country in a petty consulate in a remote and insignificant republic?" she whimsically queried. "Such patriotism seems worthy of a more cordial recognition by the powers that be."

"It's not patriotism; it's a tardy operation of the first law of nature," replied her husband, laughing. "Mayhew has had a good many irons in the fire, and I heard some time ago that his physician had ordered him to rest and advised a warmer climate, but I had no idea that it would come to this. It must be serious. I wonder who'll get Babcock's business now? he reflectively added.

"Would you like to have it? she asked.

"Like it!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl, that business is worth at least ten thousand a year to an attorney, aside from the prestige it gives to be Babcock's lawyer. Would I like it!"

"Well," she questioned, "why don't you get it?"

Ford glanced at her with amusement, tempered with just a shade of annoyance. "Unfortunately," he said, dryly, "an attorney is hampered by a professional prejudice which forbids his assaulting a man, in the progressive commercial fashion, and demanding his business. The dignity of the law——"

"Oh, quite so!" she interrupted. Prentiss had ponderous moments, which she had learned to dodge adroitly. "But there are other ways."

"Are there?" He laughed again. "For example?"

"How should I know? I'm not a business man."

"Well?" His tone suggested that there was no possible answer to its question.

"There's always a way," she said.

"If one is not fastidious." His tone had not changed.

"Prentiss!"

"Oh, well——" he began apologetically.

"As if I would suggest——"

"No, no, certainly not!" he hastily interposed. "But—what do you suggest?" he added.

"I don't know," she again admitted. "But why shouldn't you have it?"

"Being a 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' I see no reason," he said, still laughing; "but Mr. Babcock probably seeks a man of acknowledged experience and mature judgment——"

"Well," she again interrupted, "suppose he does? What else was it that made you guard the point that none of their experienced old lawyers thought of in the Fullerton case? And they all admitted that the suit would have been lost but for that. What was it that made you win the Dexter case but shrewdness and good judgment? You are young, of course," a reluctant admission, "but Mr. Babcock might go further and fare worse!" Bright spots of color glowed in her cheeks, and Prentiss regarded her with gratified admiration.

"You are using the personal equation as a numerator," he protested. "Good-bye, dear."

She followed him into the hall. "I called on Miss Mowbray yesterday," she said.

"Who's she?" Prentiss was brushing his hat.

"Mrs. Babcock's niece, you know—visiting them. She's a dear! We must do something for her," she added. "A dinner-party, or something."

"Yes," he absently assented; "that would be a good idea."

She kissed him good-bye and stood on the steps looking after him. "And you will think of a way, won't you, dear?" she called.

"Perhaps," he said, closing the gate.

John S. Babcock was not only a wealthy man himself, with a controlling interest in several good companies and a directorship in several more, but he held various positions of trust and was the custodian of sundry large funds of one sort and another, so that his legal business was not a matter to be lightly awarded; and on the way to the station Ford's mind was full of queries concerning the remote probability of his obtaining at least a share of it, and he temporarily forgot his quandary about Stella's birthday gift.

ON THE train he met a man named Sabin, with whom he usually sat on the way to town, and the two fell into a desultory exchange of the day's news over their paper, although one lobe of Ford's brain still held the consciousness that the Babcock business was afloat and unanchored.

"Oh, thunder!" suddenly ejaculated his friend.

"What's the matter?" carelessly inquired Ford.

"They've changed the bill at the opera tonight. Somebody's unable to sing, they're going to put on 'Lohengrin'!"

The Metropolitan Opera Company was making one of its angel's visits to San Francisco, near which they lived and in which their offices were located.

"Well?"

"Well, I've got tickets, but I'll be hanged if I

[Continued on page 31]

The old man wished to be thoroughly assured that all he had paid for was in the case.

Her Door

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Illustrations by C. Vaughan

"Don't—don't scream!" he pleaded.

IN THE front room of the old brick house on Washington Square, Mr. Sims finished the last page of the New York *Evening Post*, and dropped his head back upon the cushion of his chair to collect his confused thoughts. So long as he was reading, the paper remained a definite whole —the New York *Evening Post;* but always when he had finished, it immediately disintegrated into a jumble of disconnected bits—like a picture-puzzle when swept back into the box. There was a gory detail or two of a murder in the Bronx; the plans of a new office-building going up on Fifth Avenue; a pathetic street incident; a plea for cleaner politics from "A Friend of the People;" the ship arrivals; to say nothing of incidents in Paris, Berlin, and London, and a divorce case. To a man whose path for the five years since he had come to New York to make his fortune had led him only from his room to the house of Greenough and Hopkins and back again—with a two weeks' vacation each year in the country—the rapid succession of these multiple and various events, even as chronicled with calm good taste in the *Post*, was bewildering. And yet, every day he looked forward with rare pleasure to this hour following his dinner at Mrs. Winters' table below. It was his strong black coffee which left him in a comfortable condition for developing into somewhat extraordinary personal adventures many of these fragments.

Few suspected this weakness on the part of Mr. Sims, any more than they suspected his first name to be William. For all practical purposes, just Mr. Sims; or in the case of Mr. Worthington who has supervision of the clerks in the retail department—plain Sims was sufficient. And yet Mr. Sims was not twenty-five years old. It began to look as though he would be known as "Old Sims" before he was thirty—when from its position on the wall at the foot of his bed a steel engraving of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" broke the cord which for fifty years had held it there, and fell with a crash to the floor.

Mr. Sims sprang to his feet. The crash had come at the very moment when, in his day-dream, he had been paying a visit to Mr. Ward Leader and had just finished giving his frank opinion of that gentleman, to his face, in language much sterner than any ever used by the *Evening Post*. In reply, Mr. Ward Leader had called in a gunman, and—

Mr. Sims stared at the broken glass on the floor, and waited rather timidly for Mrs. Winters' footsteps upon the stair. He was not in the slightest at fault; but he knew well enough that she would make him feel as guilty as though he had deliberately thrown a shoe through the picture. Even if he offered to have the picture reframed, the chances were that she would manage to leave behind her a subtle suggestion that the vandalism might very possibly have been due to intoxication on his part. He gathered his bathrobe about him, breathing rather sharply. But for a wonder Mrs. Winters, who usually was startlingly prompt, even in the matter of a broken glass, did not appear.

He ventured nearer the scene of the accident and glanced up at the unfaded space where the picture had hung. Then his eyes caught sight of what looked like a tiny knob. He pulled a chair close to the wall and, climbing up, examined this. He felt it with his fingers, and it moved. There was also a distinct movement of the entire panel reaching to the floor. Mr. Sims dropped the knob as though it had been charged, and climbed down again.

Mr. Sims found his breath coming shorter than it had, even at the threatened approach of Mrs. Winters. He began to believe he had been the victim of an optical illusion. To be sure he had read of secret doors and sliding panels, but, as he remembered, they had all been in ancient castles abroad. It hardly seemed probable that they existed in the United States of America, and in New York of all places in these United States! And yet, he had heard Mrs. Winters remark once that this was one of the very old houses of this very old and respectable section of the city. But, if respectable, why a secret door? They were associated today more with illicit gambling parlors than anything else. But this was not of today, and perhaps had been built as a hiding-place for treasure. It was even possible that treasure still remained there. He wondered if it were his duty to notify the police at once, or at any rate Mrs. Winters.

Instead, however, Mr. Sims crossed to his door and locked it. Then he examined the damage which had been done. He discovered that the frame was intact and that only the glass had broken. Going down upon his hands and knees he began to pick up the particles of glass, being careful to make no noise about it. Frequently he paused to listen, and once went stealthily to the door and peered through the keyhole. He came back and took his hat to hang over the knob.

Mr. Sims had no sinister motive in being thus cautious. If hidden gold or plate lay behind that panel, no one would be quicker to turn it over to the proper authorities than he. But the secret door itself—that was his by right of treasure-trove. For five years he had lived in this room, which had supplied him with nothing but the scantiest attributes of existence: one severe single bedstead of white iron; one easy chair, and one upright chair; one black-walnut bureau with mirror; one wardrobe covered with a heavy dark curtain; one white pitcher and bowl; one steel engraving.

However, the room had really been sufficient for a single man of good habits. It had been sufficient for Mr. Sims—but how far short of being all Mr. Sims desired, he himself never quite realized until now. As he resumed his task, he was like another man. Every sense was on tiptoe. To his new vision the very room took on an air that turned it from a mere furnished room for a single man into some medieval castle chamber. Here Adventure had once stalked—possibly even Romance—entering through this secret door. There were plenty of other doors in Mrs. Winters' house. Mr. Sims had often thought the house was nothing but a museum of doors. They were obvious doors that shut out everything and shut in nothing. There was the very next door to his on the right. He had heard it open and shut in the morning, and open and shut at night. He did not know who lived there, and, what was worse, had not the slightest interest in knowing.

The bits of glass Mr. Sims folded into the first page of the *Evening Post*. If the *Evening Post* could only have informed its proprietors! But, for that matter, supposing the *Evening Post* of any day were gifted with reportorial instinct and powers! But even in the avalanche of news that would follow such an unfortunate development as that, the green-shaded eyes of its editors would have brightened at this particular incident.

Mr. Sims folded the paper and thrust it into the dress-suit case which he never used save for his summer vacation. Contrary to his custom, he locked the case and put the key in his pocket. Then he picked up the picture.

As he held it in his hands he saw that it was difficult to tell whether the picture was covered with glass or not. He rehung the picture, and stepped down. As he thought, only a close observation would detect the missing glass. Now that, like a good general, he had covered his line of retreat, he was prepared to go ahead a little farther.

But he did not hurry. This was too rare an adventure, and he was too well in command of the situation to desire to exhaust it in a moment. He went to the door and listened again to make quite sure that no one was listening. To make doubly sure, he stealthily turned the key back again, took a firm grip on the knob and suddenly swung the door wide open. The hall was empty. He went to the head of the stairs and peered down. Not a soul was in sight. Returning to his room he again locked the door and replaced the hat over the knob. Then, after a swift glance at the drawn curtains facing the Square he quickly mounted the chair and took down the picture. This he placed on his bed, and with his heart beating like a trip-hammer, he pressed the knob and opened the panel wide enough to admit his fingers. He came down and removed the chair.

Then he opened the panel wide, and found himself in a sort of closet. It was empty. But before him he saw another knob and hinges that proved the second door opened in; he seized the knob and pulled sharply. The door swung open, there was a crash of broken glass, and Mr. Sims found himself confronting an open-mouthed young lady in a silk kimono who in her terror clung, as though for aid,

to a crumply copy of the *Evening Post*. At her feet lay a steel engraving of "Washington Reviewing the Continental Army."

THE lady was Miss Follansbee, who for the last three months had sat at Mrs. Winters' table in reserved isolation. Undoubtedly, though until this moment he had not known this, she was his next-door neighbor. But with her hair brushed out she looked so much younger and more human that at first he hardly recognized her.

For a second she stared and then moved her lips as though endeavoring to scream, but unable to find her voice. In a flash Mr. Sims realized the inevitable result of that proposed scream; swift-running steps; a pounding at the door; disclosure, and possibly the police! If for a heartbeat he was paralyzed, before the next heartbeat he had mastered himself.

"Don't—don't scream!" he pleaded.

Again the lips moved helplessly.

"I'll explain! Don't scream! Mrs. Winters!"—he gasped.

Miss Follansbee staggered back toward the chair.

"Sit down. Be calm," he encouraged her.

Undoubtedly the time gained by those few words saved them both. It gave her an opportunity—first, to realize that the apparition was at least flesh and blood, which, if it made the situation still more compromising, brought it within the realm of the earthly; and secondly, it gave her an opportunity to recognize the figure in the bathrobe as no other than Mr. Sims—which afforded a temporary and partial relief. For it was difficult to suspect Mr. Sims of an ulterior design, and certainly he was much to be preferred to a burglar.

Miss Follansbee sat down, not in acceptance of his invitation exactly, but because her knees were too weak to support her.

"The door—" he tried to explain. "You see—I didn't know where it led."

Miss Follansbee tried again to speak, but the scream still was so dangerously close that she checked herself for a second. She knew as well as Mr. Sims that, even though her righteous anger was fully justified, Mrs. Winters would undoubtedly feel free to interpret matters as she saw fit.

"The picture—'Washington Crossing the Delaware'," he resumed, even more incoherently than before—"it fell. Then the knob—it moved. Truly, I didn't know. I opened the door, and—and here I am."

There he was. He was painfully conscious of that fact. He drew his bathrobe more closely about him.

"The least you can do," gasped Miss Follansbee, "is—is not to be there any longer."

"Quite right," agreed Mr. Sims. "I am leaving at once."

He glanced anxiously at the bits of glass on the floor.

"But if you only would permit me to pick up those."

"Go. At once!" commanded Miss Follansbee.

Mr. Sims took a step backward.

"May I just suggest—if Mrs. Winters discovers the picture broken—"

"Mr. Sims, I shall scream in another minute!"

"Please!" he begged. "If only you will conceal—the glass, and rehang the picture, then—it will be hardly noticeable that the glass is missing."

"Mr. Sims!"

Her voice grew shriller. But the more Mr. Sims heard his own voice the more self-possessed he became. And then it really was difficult for her to look very formidable attired as she was.

"I am leaving at once," he reassured her. "But I must beg you to believe that never again—"

"I shall change my room tomorrow," she interrupted.

"You wouldn't do that!" he exclaimed. "I should never forgive myself if you did that!"

He looked so earnest and abject that she checked the retort upon her lips.

"If I thought you would not trust me, I—I would much rather you screamed," he said.

Miss Follansbee glanced toward the outside door. Her tone changed.

"Will you please leave now?"

"Will you promise?"

"I will see," she gasped. "If only you will go."

He stepped back toward the panel and half-closed it.

"The glass—" he warned again. Then he closed the panel tight. In another second he was back in his own room. He closed that panel also, and, climbing upon a chair, rehung with trembling fingers the steel engraving in its place.

MR. SIMS passed a very uncomfortable night, and the next morning left for business without his breakfast. And all that day he was in a state of abstraction that called down upon his head several caustic remarks from Worthington. But he hardly heard them. With his eyes upon the crawling clock-hands, he dragged through the toiling hours until closing time.

For out of the whole amazing adventure the one detail upon which his thoughts centered was whether or not Miss Follansbee would reconsider her threat. He had thought of writing her a note, offering to vacate his own room, but that would hardly settle the question. It would leave it hanging over his head for the rest of his life. He would be forced to struggle on, year after year, with the blot upon his honor ever open to debate in his own mind. It was much better that he should allow her to settle it at once—as perhaps she had done.

He reached his room early that night and then waited with his ear to his door until he heard the click of her key in the lock. Then, and not till then, did he begin to breathe normally.

Of course it was yet too soon to consider the matter settled definitely, but when the next day followed without developments, and finally a full week, he quite recovered his spirits. In fact he did more than that—he found himself in a most unusually buoyant mood. He walked with a brisker step to his business, and was so alert in his intercourse with customers that he attracted Worthington's favorable attention more than once.

But he had not yet ventured into the dining-room. All that week he patronized a dairy lunch for breakfast and at night visited a small cafe near the Square for dinner, until Mrs. Winters made inquiries.

"I hope you have not deserted us, Mr. Sims," she greeted him somewhat tartly as he came in one night.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Sims. "Your table has been so generous that—er—I have found it necessary to diet a bit."

Mrs. Winters beamed. This was an unusual speech from Mr. Sims.

"I do endeavor to provide ample," she said proudly. "Do you know that Miss Follansbee—"

"Yes," Mr. Sims interrupted breathlessly.

"I was about to say that Miss Follansbee made almost the same remark to me the other day."

"Then she has been away too?"

"Why, yes," answered Mrs. Winters somewhat surprised at his interest.

"I think I will take my Sunday dinner with you, if I may," said Mr. Sims.

Which, as it happened, was exactly the same resolution Miss Follansbee made upon learning that Mr. Sims was dining out. So they met—across the width of the table, to be sure, and with the most fragmentary glance and nod—but still they met. Not only that, but after dinner they almost collided at the foot of the stairs. Mr. Sims seized the opportunity.

"Thank you," he said, his cheeks scarlet.

"I don't understand," replied Miss Follansbee.

"Thank you," repeated Mr. Sims, and in his honest desire to leave the stairs free to her, he bolted out on the street, forgetting that he was without a hat.

THIS was about a week before Miss Follansbee was taken ill. For the next month she was very ill indeed, with a physician calling twice a day, and with a day and night nurse. At the very beginning Mrs. Winters was anxious to notify the girl's parents, but Miss Follansbee would not permit it. Even so, she was upon the point of doing it in spite of the sick girl's objection.

As Mrs. Winters told Mr. Sims, "If anything unpleasant happens, I'll be blamed."

"O Lord!" gasped Mr. Sims at the suggested possibility.

"She should have gone to a hospital anyway," added Mrs. Winters.

"I know, but if—if she doesn't care to, it might make matters worse. And—you will wait before writing?"

Mrs. Winters did wait, and Miss Fallansbee finally began to improve. But during that month Mr. Sims passed almost as many sleepless nights as the fever-racked girl. Meeting the physician one evening, he had been informed that indirectly Miss Follansbee s condition was due to a severe nervous breakdown. From that moment Mr. Sims assumed to himself entire responsibility for that severe nervous breakdown, until he became threatened with a similar attack himself. Not until the physician came only once a day and the nurses were dismissed, did Mr. Sims breathe easily again.

But then his sympathy went out to the girl in the next room even more than before. He knew what it was to be alone even when one was well, and for just the few hours between dinner and bedtime. To lie there all day long and half the night, staring at a black-walnut bureau or a steel engraving, must have been in some ways worse than being too ill to stare. He knew this, and yet on the other side of the wall he sat helpless. For the first time in his life Mr. Sims felt rebellious at the conventions that made this necessary. With the light out, he sat for hours thinking of things he could do for her and yet unable to do them. Every morning the physician came, and three times a day little Mary brought up her meals. Once a day Mrs. Winters called. The rest of the time she was alone.

If only he could go in and read her the *Post*, which he brought home with him every night. Between them was nothing but the moving panel. It seemed wrong that so flimsy a thing should cry, "Halt!" [Continued on page 60]

"I'm sure I'm glad for you," said Mrs. Winters, as though about to weep.

MONTPARNASSE—Heart

STORIES OF NOTED CANADIAN PAINTERS WHO HAVE STUDIED AND STRUGGLED IN PARIS AND ARE FAMOUS TODAY IN CANADA AND ABROAD:—J. W. MORRICE; JOHN RUSSELL; FRANK AND CAROLINE ARMINGTON; MACLAUGHLIN; CULLEN AND BRIMNER. AND OTHER TALES OF FAMOUS ARTISTS AND STRANGE CHARACTERS WHO DWELL, IDLE AND LABOR IN THE QUAINTEST CORNER OF ALL THE WORLD—MONTPARNASSE.

IT IS five o'clock on the Boulevard Montparnasse. The interiors and the terraces of the cafés Dome, Rotonde, Select and La Coupole are filling up for the *aperitif* hour. In and out of the cafés and along the streets of the wide boulevard is passing a procession of strange souls: Mexicans, Swedes and Hindus; Canadians, Germans and Chinese; Persians, Japanese, and Negroes of varied hue; Austrians, Turks and Russians; Poles and Danes, South Americans, Swiss, Portuguese, and Americans from most every state in the Union. Almost every race on earth is represented in this corner of Paris, this artistic centre of the world, the like of which you will not find in any other place on earth.

To this corner of Paris have come these many years countless thousands of painters and sculptors, writers and musicians from every corner of the globe. Within a short distance of that famous carrefour where meet the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail are the great schools, the painting academies where have studied artists famous today around the world. Nearby on the rue d'Assas Stringberg lived. At the café Rotonde, Lenin and Trotsky, ragged and unknown, planned and plotted over their coffee cups things that were to raise them among the greatest men of modern times, and make them, at the same time, more hated and beloved than any other revolutionary leaders. Nearby, too, lived Victor Hugo in the days when Montparnasse was the country. Here in later days, on the rue Victor-Considerant, dwelt Somerset-Maugham, today one of the greatest figures in English letters, and from his years of Paris dwelling drew some of the inspiration that went into the masterpiece, "Of Human Bondage." But the list is almost endless in great names of men of many nations who have dwelt in that region known as Montparnasse. No writer, and there have been many who have dwelt here and written about it, has ever quite defined the boundaries of this mystic world. But roughly it may be said to extend from the Café Deux Magots on the Boulevard St. Germain to where the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail meet, around which within a radius of three blocks stand the Cafés La Rotonde, La Dome, Le Select, Chez Viking, La Coupole and La Grande Chaumiere; and then along the Boulevard Montparnasse as far as the Observatory on the boulevard of which, just where the boulevard St. Michel ends stands the Café Closerie des Lilas, one of the oldest café sites in Paris, dear to the hearts of Verlaine, and in later days, Ford Maddox Ford, Richard Aldington, Sinclair Lewis, and many other American writers. From this point the boundary runs from the Boulevard Montparnasse to the Place Denfert-Rochereau where the huge lead lion stands on its mighty stone platform, outlined grimly in winter against the dead bareness of the soft maple trees.

Canada's great statesman, S[illegible] Canadian painter John W[illegible] McTavish, H. Stewart, President[illegible]

John W. Russell, distinguished Canadian painter at work in Paris.

Above: Amedeo Modigliani, who died in poverty and unknown, now famous around the world for his modernistic painting. Below: J. W. Morrice, perhaps Canada's greatest painter of landscapes, who died in Tunis in 1924.

Here in this quarter have struggled and studied and won to fame, both in Canada and abroad, practically every Canadian painter and etcher of distinction. Many of them still today divide their time between Paris and Canada.

A CHILL January rain was falling as I made my way along the old and historic rue Compagne-Premiere and through the great stone gateway that leads into a long court, and went along over the uneven great square stone pave to the entrance that brings one to the big atelier where for 25 years, John Russell has worked at times when not laboring in Canada painting portraits, and landscapes of the new world. I found him in shirtsleeves, a typical Canadian, very busy. His greying hair was rumpled. The huge studio was in a magnificent disorder, not that disorder usually attributed to artistic temperaments, but the disorder of a man packing for a journey. There were paintings everywhere, on the walls, stacked against easels and trunks. And yet by coming in this manner, I was able to glimpse some of the artist's best work just a few days before the packers were to carry it off to be transported to Canada to be exhibited in the magnificent new art gallery of one of the departmental stores in Toronto. And now, before going on with this story of Canadian artists, a momentary digression is taken to mention one lamentable fact. Canada in the past has not been very "art-minded." It was a new land, where men and women were busy contending with the problems and burdens of civilizing a vast region of wide prairies, forests and mighty ranges of mountains. They had little time for art. But those days are past. The Dominion has today countless people who have the time to appreciate art; and the money with which to purchase the paintings and the writings and other artistic endeavors of Canadians. I do not say they should confine themselves to buying only the work of Canadian artists; but the time has come when greater consideration should be given to the creators of their own land, who for far too long have been given a chill, often hostile reception. What Canada needs is more art galleries, for there is no question that there are plenty of patrons.

All these things I was thinking as I moved around the big atelier and gazed upon the truly distinctive collection of oil paintings, still lifes, nudes, Canadian scenes, and water colors from Africa and Switzerland; a tremendous and splendidly representative collection of the artist's best labors. All of these some two hundred pieces have been exhibited to the Canadian public last year.

Amid this magnificent disarray of color and canvas, flanked on the one side by the picture of a great Blackfoot war chief in full splendor of blanket and feathers, on the other by a snow scene from Quebec and a fleet of Brittany sailing-boats, we sat and talked, of things Canadian, of

of the Artistic World By FRANCIS DICKIE

Wilfrid Laurier, from a photograph of the painting made shortly after its completion by the Russell, with the group present at the unveiling. From left to right: John Russell, Newton Selgraves Institute, Honorable Mackenzie King, J. W. Spencer, M. Young and D.S. Wilkie.

his early days when in Hamilton he used to draw pictures in charcoal on the side of the house till that time when he worked pleasant hours in the home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier painting the great statesman's portrait which hangs today in the House of Commons. In addition to painting Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Russell has also done some admirable likenesses of Honorable Arthur Meighen, Goldwin Smith, Colonel Leonard, the Canadian philanthropist of mining fame, founder of Pitt House in England, and whose generosity to various hospitals and schools in Canada have amounted to millions of dollars, and many other Canadians in various walks of life. His painting of Thunder Cloud, Chief of the Blackfeet, done in Toronto, is one of the finest pieces of Indian portraiture.

John Russell's father, James R. Russell, was a noted physician and one of the most celebrated alienists on the North American continent in his day. Seeing his son's bent for art he sent him when a young man to Paris. Here the boy worked out his own artistic destiny. He studied under none of the regular great men of the day, but individually worked out his own style, so that before he had reached the age of thirty-five he was receiving commissions for portraits from the most important people in Canada, England and the United States.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of the kindest men I ever knew. Always gracious, he put himself out countless times to render favors, and do things for often humble people. His servants were devoted to him, particularly a little English valet named Humphrey. It was from the valet I got one of the sincerest compliments of my work, which at the same time proved much-needed criticism. Indeed, I have often found that from people farthest removed from the world of art come the most valuable suggestions. At the time I began painting Sir Wilfrid he had not been very well, and just a day or two before I finished, he had to be hurried to the hospital, and for several days his life was in danger, something the Canadian people were not allowed to know. However, being so close to my work, and because of the suddenness of his illness, I had up to the moment been quite satisfied with my painting. On the day after Sir Wilfrid was taken to the hospital, I met Humphrey in the hall, and he begged me to have a look at the portrait, which no one had as yet seen. It was practically finished except for placing his hat in at the side. I said all right. Humphrey walked into the room. In another second he turned around to me, throwing up his arms. 'Oh, Mr. Russell, it's perfectly wonderful. It looks exactly like Sir Wilfrid the day he went to the hospital.' There was unmistakable praise in his voice; but to me it was very valuable criticism, as a result of which I did an entirely new portrait when Sir Wilfrid was fully recovered. I later did three others of him."

It was while painting the portrait of Honorable Arthur Meighen, that the then Premier, when learning that Mr. Russell was the son of the famous alienist, recalled how Mr. Russell's father had been instrumental in helping him win his first important case. Mr. Meighen, then a young and unknown lawyer in the west, was defending a man charged with murder. He had fought very hard on this his first important case, but the jury had decided against him. Mr. Meighen appealed. His ground of defense was that the accused was insane. But at the first trial he had lacked authoritative witnesses. In a last hope he appealed by wire to James R. Russell, the noted alienist in Hamilton. Mr. Russell came west, gave evidence, and Mr. Meighen won his case. And then a little over a quarter of a century later, the Premier sat for a portrait at the hands of the son of the man who had helped him win his first case.

Dusk crept in early this January day, and with the piled-up canvases at last enveloped in gloom, I rose and said goodbye to my host, and wished him bon voyage on his return to our mutual motherland, that has given birth to so many worthy artists, and who slowly, but surely, will welcome their work, as their work has been welcomed by England, by France and many other countries.

The Boulevard Montparnasse in summer rain! How often I have seen it. And that is why, no doubt, Frank M. Armington's painting of that name moved me deeply when I first looked upon it. In his impressionistic manner he has given us something of the softness of those grey tones peculiar to Paris, that underlying sadness that is so much a part of Paris, though never mentioned in the guide books. Just as I write these lines early in 1931, Frank M. Armington, known these many years as a Canadian painter of distinction, has been signally honored. His painting of New York "The Giant of Wall Street" has been presented to the Jeu de Paume Museum, Paris, which houses famous works of foreign artists. This painting was bought by Alfred W. Jenkins, one of the Governors of the Brooklyn Museum. Mr. Jenkins had already given to the Brooklyn Museum one of Mr. Armington's paintings of a bridge upon the Seine. The Museum Jeu de Paume, is the foreign division of the Luxembourg Museum, and M. Andre Dezarrois, the director, accepted the picture without even inspection, a signal honor, due to the fact that the State had already acquired five of this Canadian artist's pictures.

Frank M. Armington, and his equally distinguished wife Caroline Armington, portraitist and etcher, are an interesting example in refutation of the old statement that artistic jealousy is bound to crop up, for this happy couple have labored side by side for more than a quarter of a century, sharing early artistic hardships and later triumphs. They had just recently returned from a trip to the state of Virginia where, at Williamsburg, Mrs. Armington made a series of striking sketches of the buildings in that historic spot, among them the noted old Bruton Parish Church, the oldest Episcopal Church in the United States in continual use. This was built in 1683. It was here that George Washington attended services.

[Continued on page 53]

Above: The Canadian artist, portrait painter and etcher, Caroline Armington, at work in her Paris studio. Below: Frank M. Armington. The Armingtons are an interesting example in refutation of the statement that artistic jealousy is bound to crop up.

To the little tenderfoot the journey seemed long and wearisome. Suddenly the old bear stopped dead, sniffed the air and half swung round in her tracks.

CHILDREN OF THE WILD

The Story of a Bear That Forbore

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

Illustrated by H. E. M. Sellen

THE sun was setting behind the great grey buttes of Arrowhead, and this was the cub's first pilgrimage into the great, whispering world—a world which he took to be bounded by the cedar swamp on one side, and by the home pine on the other.

To the little tenderfoot the journey back across the world seemed long and wearisome. Once he disappeared into a crevice between two rocks, and lay on his back, whimpering peevishly, till his mother raked him out. Next, he pricked his nose on the sharp prong of a burnt rampike, and made it bleed, and after that his mother began to get anxious. She led him out of the thick bush into a wide, open clearing, but hardly had they gone fifty yards when the old bear stopped dead, sniffed the air, and half swung round in her tracks.

Before they had time to retreat, a man cub, almost full grown, appeared around a corner not twenty yards away. About his neck he wore a fierce red cloth; his feet were shod in silent, cowhide moccasins, and his tunic was of soft brown deerskin. His face was tanned to a deep reddish brown, and there was a look of keen alertness in his grey eyes as they peered out from under the sun-bleached sun hat. Ere the mother bear had grasped the awfulness of the situation, the man cub threw up his arms with a ringing shout, discharged his light "gopher" rifle twice in rapid succession, and came striding towards her. This was altogether too much for the she-bear. With a grunt of horror she turned, tripped over the cub, sending him sprawling, and fled in utter panic down the glade. The boy continued to shout and fire his rifle, while the cub, having lost sight of his mother, hid his head under a windfall, his hindquarters vastly visible in the fresh green foliage.

Heedless of fangs and claws, the young woodsman snatched the youngster up, and giggling jubilantly, ran like a hare for the lake. A hundred yards down the clearing the mother bear pulled up short, as though suddenly remembering that she had forgotten something. Stealthily she stole back into the bush, and circled towards the place where she had met the dreaded human. But he was not there, neither was the cub, and she knew well what had happened. When, some minutes later, she saw the thief, he was far out on the lake in a birchbark canoe, the cub held firmly between his knees.

For a mile or so the she-bear ranged along the bank parallel with the boat, and stumbling at every step, for her gaze was fixed upon her little one. Then a great waterway, too rapid to swim, barred her progress. She stood on the extreme headland, a great solitary figure in the twilight, and gazed with sad wistfulness till the craft was swallowed up in the evening mist.

WHEN the boy—Shem Garrot was his name—was thoroughly convinced that the old bear was no longer following, he turned to examine his prize. Groping in his tunic pocket he produced some stale and dusty fragments of biscuit, and offered them to the little captive. [Continued on page 51]

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"It doesn't take a minute to cleanse your skin thoroughly with that delicious Cold Cream; wipe it off with Tissues; pat on some Skin Freshener (an awfully good pick-me-up for the skin); then a touch of Vanishing Cream gives the perfect base for powder.

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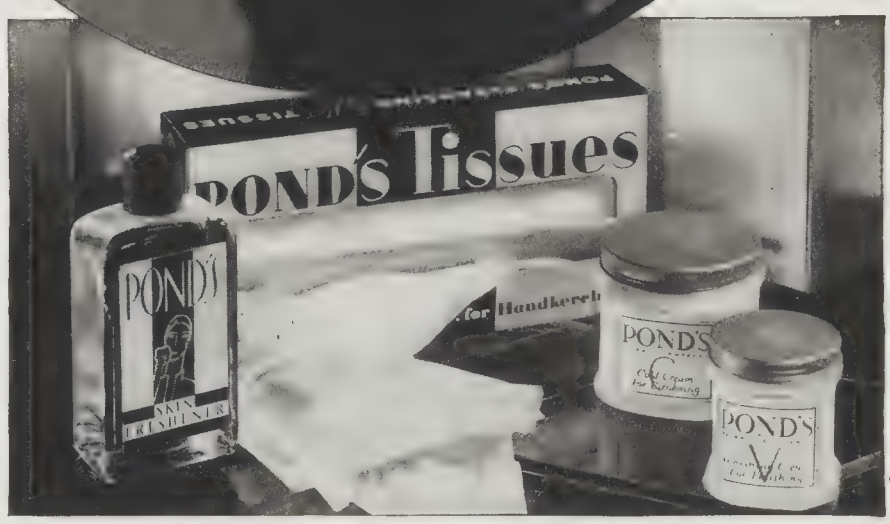
3—Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use this Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream and leave it on overnight, to soften and lubricate the skin while you are asleep.



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The Soul of a House

By V. W. Horwood

AND what is it? I have, and no doubt many of us have wandered down a city street seeing on every side beautiful houses—and yet there is not the slightest sentiment awakened in our minds except an admiration as to their neatness and good design—and then suddenly looking from some window or door we are waylaid by the Soul of a home, luminous, glowing! What miracle has happened. It seems to be a wizard house, for there is a silent, shining sorcery, a gradual beauty and significance emerging from its gable ends. But it is not the brick and stone that give it charm, not the close cut lawn or well-trimmed hedge . . . nor the trees whose shadows are like a great rock in a weary land . . . but far more than these. It is the Presence. The Lares of someone's worship are there, the altar of their confidence —and your mind subconsciously knows that under the shelter of its roof tree you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh unsympathizing ears.

You know it is a home—but how do you know? Why do people choose the kinds of houses they live in? Perhaps if some of the reasons are set down it will help us to understand our homes better.

THE design is shown of an adapted Elizabethan house, rough, brown-red tapestried brick set in an English bond with wide white rough-cut flush joints, and above the brickwork a grey cement-stucco on wire lath, while the half timbers are two inches thick and four inches wide, left rough on the surface. In the old time work these beams formed the construction and were filled in with brickwork but now we nail these timbers directly to the outside shiplap and plaster between them. Can we with such material make a home? We must remember that we have a wide selection of materials and styles which in past years could not be adapted, as the styles were gradually evolved from circumstances over which man had little or no control. In Italy we see marble work from their marble mountains. England also used the material common to the locality and the homes were built of the material available to the neighborhood. The tilt of the roof was decided by the climate and the materials used to cover it—but you will say, that can have no bearing on the Soul or Spirit of our home. This almost gets to the root of the matter, the words "Our home." It is ours and no one else's. This one is no mock cottage to those whom it appeals to, and who will study its planning in its bearing on their needs. On one side of the entry is a living-room with a fireplace, a heavy polished oak floor, with simple white walls, a lounge, a few easy chairs and books, with maybe a radio and piano. In its colors the fireplace dominates the entire decoration scheme having a hammered copper facing. Maybe you will have a relief ornament hammered on its surface—and the simple base trim being almost black. It can become the only house in the world if you plan it with love. There is little excuse save from the force of necessity, for living in a house that has neither artistic charm or personal appeal.

Not so many years ago a home designed like this one with the kitchen on the street front would be sneered at in this country, but you will find in the old numbers of *The Western Home Monthly* pioneering in this planning, as against the smug streets of lawns which are strange to the house, and not even safe for the children. It was evolved by the Old Country planning, sanctioned by usage. Homes in which your privacy is hedged, and the window lights are not a common property for every one to look into. Garden homes have at last come into their own, but we must remark that it is only the small house on the small property that is so restricted in design. Large houses on large properties naturally have their grounds laid out in a much different way. If you look at the designs of a great landscape architect like Charles Eliot or the elder Olmsted you will at once, in their planning of city lots and country estates, see this. In residential work there is a two-fold obstacle to the consideration of new forms or new principles. In the first instance people hesitate to experiment particularly in places where they will be subjected to personal criticism. In our designs we are tempted to go Spanish or Colonial or something else, because it is so much more comfortable to be free of any strain of thinking. One is also careful to consider the market value, and if in the locality all the houses are of one type, the easiest way irrespective of personal ideals is to follow out this solution.

THE interior has been designed in a semi-modern style as the exterior is a modernized Elizabethan. In the creation of a thoroughly modern home it is not imperative for one to discard all traditional forms and details or to always adapt the modernistic scheme entirely. The two can be combined. The mass and silhouette and general form may be an accustomed design. The details and the handling of the building [Continued on page 58]

"Oh, Jack! .. the dentist gives me the most TERRIBLE news"

FEW things of common occurrence are more terrifying than the prospect of losing one's teeth. A single tooth seems like a small matter while in its proper place, but when it comes out the gap is enormous, and seemingly the eyes of the world are upon that place.

In time the dentist will repair the damage skillfully, but first there will be ugly days of self-consciousness and dread. Trying to talk or smile behind closed lips . . . the hand held before the face . . . hoping not to meet people.

The dentist would rather prevent

Yes, dental surgeons have grown very skillful, but the modern expert takes more pride in prevention than he does in repair. Make a professional confidant of your dentist, both with respect to your own teeth and those of your children.

Nobody today believes that simple polishing is all that is needed to keep healthy teeth. There is much more to it than that. When teeth come out, there is a deeper cause for it than the mere cleanliness or non-cleanliness of the surface enamel. And when it is stated that over one-half of the adult teeth lost can be charged against *pyorrhea*, it will be realized just what this "deeper cause" actually is!

One great danger in pyorrhea is the fact that people often think they understand it when they really do not. It works so insidiously that it may undermine the gums for several years before making its presence known. That is why, among people over forty, we have the astounding proportion of 80% pyorrhea sufferers (four out of five).

Probably the best-known name in the entire country in connection with pyorrhea is the name of Dr. R. J. Forhan. Thousands of dentists from coast to coast, and all over the world, are using Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, an ethical preparation solely for the use of the dental profession. The dentists themselves take pyorrhea very seriously and it will pay every man and woman to take it seriously, too.

A lifetime devoted to pyorrhea

Dr. Forhan worked for 26 years in this field and the fruit of his experience is available in the products that bear his name. Don't wait for bleeding gums or similar signals of trouble. Take up the use of Forhan's Toothpaste in your home both night and morning. Brush your teeth and massage your gums *according to directions*. And please remember that this Forhan principle is a "plus," an extra, an added safeguard for the *protection* of your teeth and gums.

Take the care of teeth seriously

The important point is *to get ahead* of pyorrhea. Don't give it a chance to seep down silently from the gum line. Forhan's will not do the work by itself. You yourself must take the matter seriously, in your own case and for the children. And quite aside from its other virtues, Forhan's is the finest toothpaste money can buy—pleasant, agreeable, long-lasting. Start with Forhan's today—*Forhan's*, the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

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YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Index of Success

THE Informant, published by the Zellerbach Paper Company, San Francisco, printed recently what is called the alphabetical index of success. The list, which follows, may interest a number of our readers who might like to check their own qualities in connection with it. We think that the list might be improved to some extent but it contains some good suggestions as it stands:

Ambition	Nerve
Brains	Optimism
Control	Perseverance
Determination	Quality
Efficiency	Reliability
Fearlessness	Sobriety
Grasp	Tenacity
Health	Usefulness
Interest	Veracity
Judgment	Will
Keenness	Experience
Loyalty	Years
Manliness	Zeal

The Statistician

WE ARE gratified to be able to serve a number of young women through these columns. They, too, are not without their ambitions and it is our pleasure to serve them as well as we can from time to time. Apparently the heading of this department does not prevent the young women from reading the columns addressed to the young men, neither does it deter them from sending their interesting inquiries. Perhaps, some day, we may be able to persuade the Editor of the W.H.M. to let us devote a corner of this department exclusively to the vocational interests of young women.

Recently, a young lady, evidently of a mathematical turn of mind, queried us in regard to statistical opportunities. Our answer, which we admit leaves much to be desired, is given herewith for the benefit of others who may have similar interests.

Dear Miss . . . . . ,

Your letter to the Western Home Monthly has been referred to me. The term "statistical work" is rather a broad one. My knowledge of this kind of work is not extensive but I am inclined to think that the education of statisticians runs all the way from high school graduation to a degree course in a university. The tendency is to require a degree course.

In Winnipeg, statisticians are employed by the large department stores, in provincial government offices, by the Winnipeg Electric Company, by the grain trade, and by several other large organizations. They are also employed in Dominion Government offices; in such cases applicants would probably be asked to meet the examinations set by the Dominion Civil Service Commission. Salaries may run from two to five thousand dollars a year and in some cases may be much higher.

I think that a letter addressed to the Registrar of the University of Toronto would bring you complete information as to the educational requirements, and if you write a letter addressed to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, and ask for an old copy of an announcement listing qualifications and duties of a statistician, you will probably receive a prompt response.

Yours faithfully,

Auditing for Canadians

ACCOUNTANCY STUDENT: The American work on auditing that you mention is very good but a less expensive work, and one that may suit your purpose just as well, has recently been published in Canada, thus adding one more book to the splendid list of technical publications in process of production by Canadian publishers. This latest book is "An Introduction to Auditing for Canadians," by C. A. Ashley, B. Com., Associate of the Institute of Chartered Accountants (England and Ontario). It is published by the Macmillan Publishing Company, Ltd., of Canada.

In plain language, the book discusses the necessity for auditing, objects of an audit, method of audit, qualifications in reports, verification of petty cash, internal checks, valuation of current assets and verification of current liabilities, valuation of intangible assets, types of audits, the Companies Acts and audits, case decisions, and many other topics.

This book and other books mentioned in these columns may be secured promptly by addressing Society of Secretaries, 255 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg.

Knowledge, Accuracy, Labor

THE General Manager of International Laboratories, Ltd., writes in the Winnipeg Magazine, the official organ of the Winnipeg Board of Trade:

"My opinion is that there is no depression, that what we call by this name is in reality exactly what we have been laying up for ourselves by violating what Carlyle called the 'eternal veracities,' or in simpler language what Mr. Micawber told David Copperfield.

"A well-known organization teaches its members that 'Knowledge grounded on Accuracy and promoted by Labor, will finally overcome all difficulties.' I know of no better motto for business today."

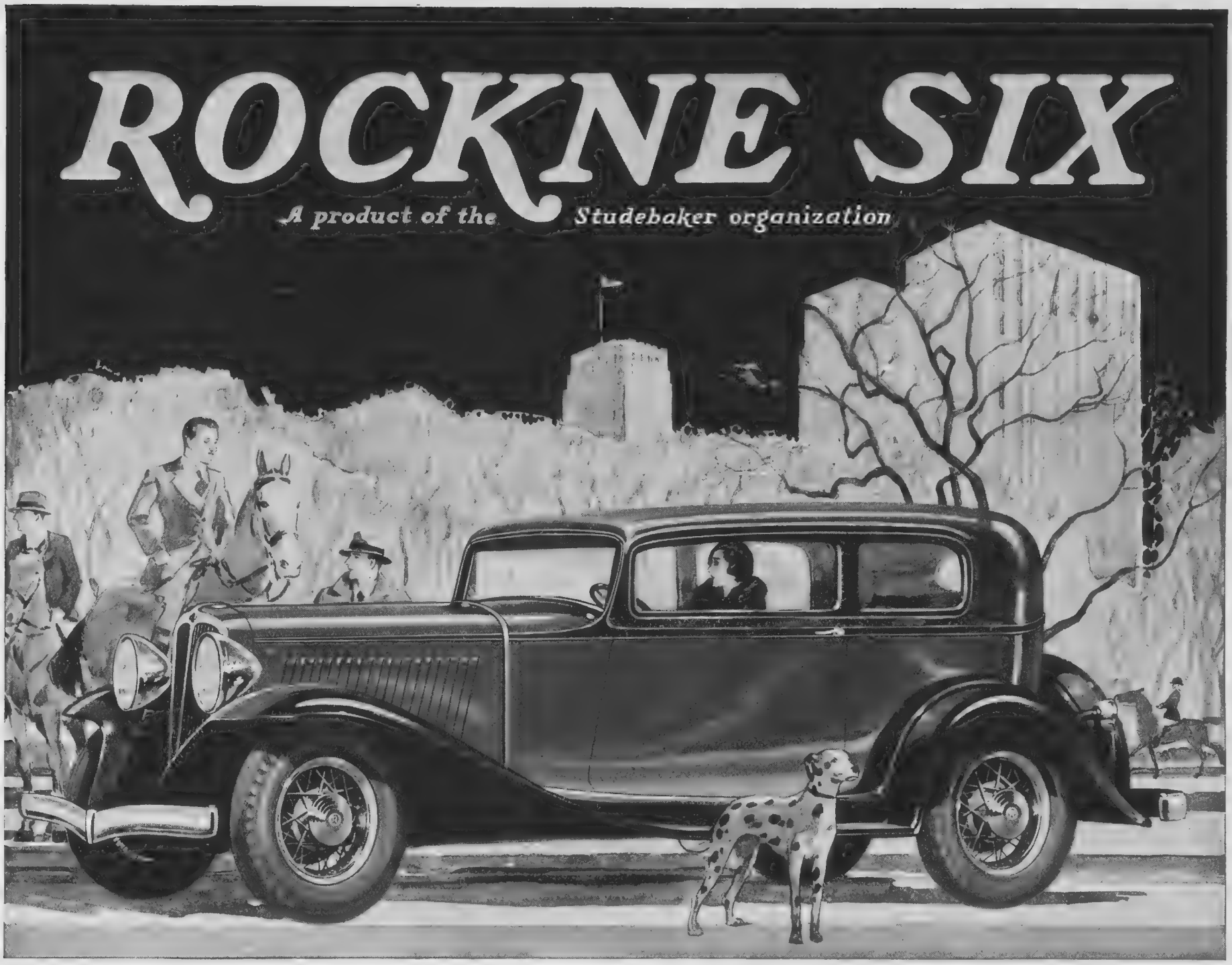
We commend these thoughts to the young men who read these columns. In a country such as this, the application of these qualities to every-day life must lead to satisfactory results.

Competence and Skill

PITMAN'S Journal of Commercial Education, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, refers to Dr. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, as a man who is well-known for his original outlook on life. Recently he affirmed, in the course of an interesting interview, that the need of the time is the training that will produce social competence. Asked what he means by social competence, his reply was that it consists of two things, first, a capacity to earn one's living by doing socially valuable work, coupled with a desire to do that work in the best way; and second, capacity to spend one's leisure in ways that are personally enjoyable without making oneself a nuisance to others and a tax on the productive capacity of society.

The main object of education, he suggested, should be to endow every member of the rising generation with some kind of skill—there are thousands of kinds, he declared—which he can exercise for the good of society and for his own enjoyment as well. He complained that what is given them normally is a mere smattering of knowledge, with which they are then let loose on the world.

In all of this, Dr. Jacks says strikingly what has been maintained in these columns for several years—that vocational studies and vocational guidance are urgently needed in our Canadian schools. Our schools are achieving much but there is much that they are failing to achieve and among the failures must be recorded the fact of thousands of young Canadians being turned from our high schools without the faintest idea of what they are best fitted for or of what they would like to do and be.



THE ROCKNE "65" COACH

FREE WHEELING IN ALL FORWARD SPEEDS

FULL SYNCHRONIZED SHIFT

SWITCH-KEY STARTING

4-POINT CUSHIONED POWER

Owner Service Policy With Every Car

ROCKNE "65"

$795

and up, f. o. b. factory, Walkerville, Ont.

110" WHEELBASE
66 HORSEPOWER

THE Rockne Six is so big you'll be proud to acknowledge it as yours in any company.

It's so *roomy* you'll never again be satisfied with cramped quarters in any car.

It's so *powerful*—so smooth, so flexible, so quick on the getaway—you'll confidently match it against any car you encounter.

It gives you the finest Free Wheeling built—in all forward speeds and always under positive gear control—yet instantly convertible to conventional gear by means of a button on the dash.

It gives you an incomparably quiet and responsive Full Synchronized Shift.

It gives you 4-Point Cushioned Power that literally pillows the inherently smooth six-cylinder engine in live rubber at all 4 points of suspension.

It gives you automatic Switch-Key Starting that simultaneously switches on the ignition and starts the engine at the turn of a key on the dash—automatically and immediately starts the engine again should you stall it.

The Rockne has hydraulic shock absorbers. It has four-wheel brakes with exceptionally large braking surfaces. It comes to you with glass-smooth electro plated pistons, quadruply counterweighted crankshafts, finger-tip steering, silent carburetion, and self adjusting spring shackles.

Its body design takes advantage of aerodynamic principles in decreasing wind resistance and increasing speed.

Built in Canada by Canadian workmen in the famed Studebaker plants that have been continuously in operation in the Dominion since 1912, the Rockne is the outstanding value of the year in the low priced field.

Vital Specifications	Model "65"	Model "75"
Extra Long Wheelbases	110"	114"
Large Motors—*cubic displacement*	190"	205"
Very Powerful Motors—*brake h. p.*	66	72
Extra Large Brakes—*braking surface*	143 sq. in.	151 sq. in.
Models and Bodies	*Prices* f. o. b. Can. factory	*Prices* f. o. b. Can. factory
Coupe, 2 pass.	$795	$975
Coach, 5 pass.	810	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 pass.	845	1025
Sedan, four door, 5 pass.	865	1045
Convertible Roadster, 4 pass.	920	1105
Convertible Sedan, 5 pass.	950	1130

Prices at factory, Walkerville, Ont. Bumpers, spare tires and gov't taxes extra

ROCKNE "75"

$975

and up, f. o. b. factory, Walkerville, Ont.

114" WHEELBASE
72 HORSEPOWER

Built in Canada by
THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
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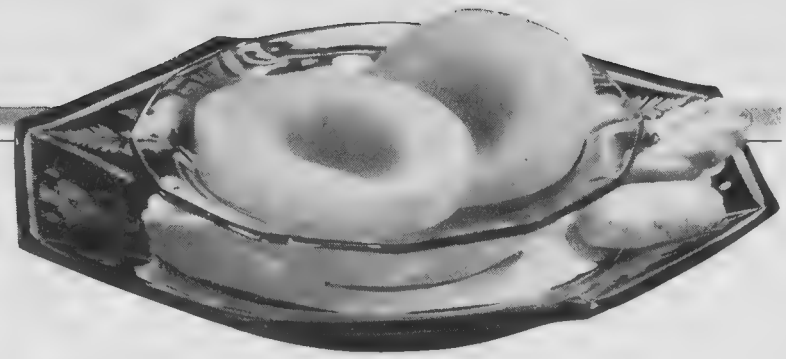
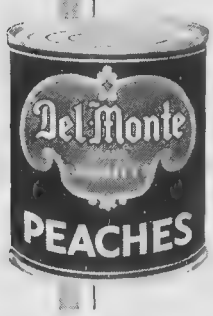


Of course the family likes them

—but so does "company," too!

Just fill a bowl to brimming with luscious DEL MONTE Peach Halves — chilled in their own delicious syrup — and you have a dessert that's always welcome, *whatever* the occasion. What's more, a dessert you can serve on the instant, without fuss or bother — a dessert that you *know* will always "turn out all right."

Only remember, when you buy, to look for the green and red DEL MONTE label. Be sure you *get* it. Then you're certain of dependable, unvarying goodness, every time.



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And remember Apricots, too — for all the fine fresh flavor they bring to everyday meals

Enjoy them just as they come from the DEL MONTE can, in their own rich syrup. Or in apricot soufflé, apricot tapioca, apricot shortcake, or apricots with meats and cereals. There are any number of inviting combinations the family just can't resist!

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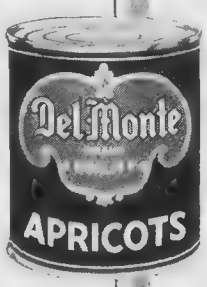
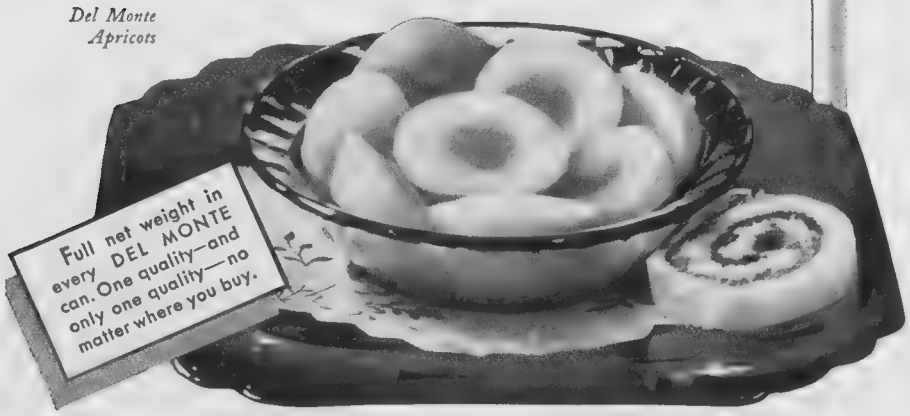


Del Monte Apricots



THE POT OF MILK

Continued from page 11

be only the face of Julie; but it bounded again at the voice.

"Are you hurted?"

"No. Nothing broken, thanks."

"Ah! It is you!"

His heart turned airsprings then. He advanced, leading his horse. She stepped from the black doorway to meet him. He was bewilderingly aware of her hands in his, then of his hands raised and held against her tender breast. So, for a dozen heartbeats; and then she released his hands and stepped back. He heard his own voice; and it sounded curiously detached, as if another were speaking and he only listening.

"Why do you act like this—speak and act as you did—as if you were glad?"

"But I *am* glad—that you broke no arms and legs."

"Jeanne, don't play with me!"

"Play wis you? It is not in my heart to play."

"You think I'm a fool—or worse; God knows what you think!—never having met you before today—and talking like this! I'm not drunk; and if I'm a fool—well, the worse for me."

"I do not think you a fool, my friend . . . I see you from my window, very dim, and say to myself, 'It may be him.' And the poor horse tumble wis a crash—and so I run. I am not certain what brave soldier lie on the pave, but I hope and fear—and it is you, unhurted—so I am glad."

"Listen! I'm not fool enough to suppose that I'm the only man who has fallen like this—for you, I mean—at first sight—and I don't mean off a horse, either! Good God!—there must be hundreds! But it's serious with me, Jeanne; and that's God's truth—or the devil's! I'm sober. So laugh at me now, if you want to laugh at me for a silly mud-crusher—or call me a liar, now, if you think I'm lying; and that will be the end of it!"

"The end of it," she repeated, slowly, consideringly. "Ah, yes—for you. And what of me?" she whispered.

He caught her wrists with both hands; and the horse snorted a startled protest at the jerk on the bits. She turned her slender wrists smoothly in his grasp, freed them smoothly, raised her arms and slipped them about his neck.

"Good-night. Kiss me good-night and ride away—and come back if you can. It is the war!"

He embraced her, held her close, kissed her brow and eyes and mouth; and the horse, pulled close up by the reins on Bennet's right arm, breathed heavily and enquiringly on both of them.

She slipped from his arms, and retreated. The door closed softly and the key clucked in the lock. The horse nudged Bennet with velvet muzzle.

THE infantry of that division rested for sixteen days; and Sam Bennet spent hours of every afternoon or evening of those days at the Pot of Milk. He was not the only one. An A.P.M. had placed the estaminet out of bounds for "other ranks," thus making of it an officers' club without going to the trouble of organizing and of electing officers. Madame Benoit was President, and not only her word, but her least look, was law; and Julie was the House Committee. If Mr. Bennet sometimes felt a twinge of jealousy, it was never for long; for Jeanne's honesty was not to be doubted. She was merry and bright; she was friendly with all; her unwavering glance was kindly upon all that embattled scene about those crossroads—but for Sam Bennet only did her dark eyes melt to the very essence of tender solicitude. He was circumspect, for her sake, and often veiled his glance when looking at her before others. She was less circumspect, in look and in action, never turning her eyes toward him without disclosing her heart, and sometimes touching him lightly on hand or shoulder, sweetly daring and unabashed.

One day, an elderish English major turned up and was welcomed as an old friend. Next day, that same major met Bennet on the road.

"You must forgive me, my boy, if I appear to intrude," said the major.

"Don't mention it, sir," returned Bennet.

"The fact is," continued the major, "I feel that it is my duty to—ah! my duty, y'understand—to ask you if you realize that you are — ah! — favored above your fellows?"

"Thank you," said Bennet. "Perhaps I haven't quite caught the drift of your remarks yet, sir, so please carry on."

"Exactly. Action front! Do you realize that she loves you?"

The platoon commander (who, only that morning, had been promoted to a company), nodded gravely and said, "I realize that if she does not love me, I am damned."

"Exactly," agreed the elder. "Quite. That's the proper spirit. Fact is, she's a damn fine young woman, with hundreds of friends, hundreds of admirers—devoted admirers, y'understand!—any one of whom would give his eyeteeth to stand in your big boots, my boy. I'm glad I understand you, Bennet. I tell you, frankly, that I have been afraid for her—that she might lose her heart to some bounder, some wrong-un, one of these confounded lady-killers, if you know what I mean. But I see that you're a right-un, my boy; and as for the rest of it—whatever may or may not come of it—well, as she says herself, 'It's the war'."

"Thank you, sir," returned Bennet, deeply moved. "Let me tell you—your manner inspires confidence—that if I come through alive—and not too badly smashed, of course—my whole life shall be hers. I'm a poor man, a schoolmaster when the war started—but I—well, I'm not without ambition; and I'll keep her safe and happy, if I ever get her."

"Quite!" exclaimed the major; "Stout fellow!"—and he grasped and shook Bennet's right hand, then turned and marched off.

TEN days later, the Division received its orders to return to the line. The battalion in which Sam Bennet now commanded a company was to march at daybreak. The day before the move was a busy one; but Captain Bennet managed to grab the horse to which he was now entitled as a company commander, and half an hour, and ride to the Pot of Milk between ten and eleven o'clock that night. Only a few "Archie" officers, a town major and Julie were there. Julie's eyes and nose were red. Madame had been called away unexpectedly that very afternoon to Bailleul, on a matter of the utmost importance. But yes, she had left a letter for Monsieur le Capitan!

"Be brave, my loved one," ran the letter. "Do not forget how poor Jeanne love you with all her heart for ever. It is the war—Jesu have mercy! Kiss me across the black night, my very loved one, as I kiss you."

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Bennet, staring at the little square of

[Continued on page 29]

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The TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

In 1885, the last mile of steel was laid, completing the C.P.R., making Confederation a practical reality, linking the East and West in a mighty bid for mutual trade and progress. Today history again pauses to record the still closer welding of West and East by the advent of The Trans-Canada Telephone System.

The combined ability, capital and physical resources of seven major telephone systems have made this great network possible. Over a Dominion wide telephone chain extending 4,263 miles, these seven companies exercise incessant vigilance, working in harmony for the best interests of subscribers, making long distance telephoning more convenient, more reliable, quicker and more direct than ever before in Canadian history.

By means of reciprocal agreements, adequate equipment, standard operating methods and by pooling facilities for engineering, construction, maintenance, and operation, The Trans-Canada Telephone System provides every Canadian with an instantaneous coast to coast long distance service at low cost. The seven telephone organizations are pledged to maintain the present standard of efficiency in which long distance has the convenience and clarity of transmission of office to office calls in the same city. The co-operation of the various organizations has done much in ten years for Canadian telephone subscribers. The future will make it even more valuable to the social and business life of the Dominion.

THE TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Alberta Government Telephones
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323

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE

This polite NEW alarm clock wakes you GENTLY

THIS NEW BIG BEN banishes forever the *shock* of alarm clock wakings. He gets you up without fail, but does it politely.

First, Big Ben whispers a series of soft chime calls, "Please get up, please get up." But if you just *won't* pay attention he soon raises his voice to a loud steady call. He insists. He SHOUTS.

This Big Ben is new and entirely different in the pleasant way he wakes you—new and entirely different in design too. His two-voice alarm, his quiet tick (and there's a feature you'll appreciate) his smart, modern lines in black and nickel are making him hundreds of new friends daily.

Ask to see this new Big Ben wherever clocks are sold.

Made in Canada, by Western Clock Company Limited, Peterboro, Ont.

With all his new features he costs only **$4.75**

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BIG BEN

Chime Alarm

WITH 2 VOICES

Westclox . . . ALARMS . . . POCKET BEN WATCHES . . . AUTO CLOCKS . . . (*Made in Canada*)

IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?

Continued from page 4

commerce. There is no other honorable way of *making money*. There are people who would rather *acquire* than *make* money. These are either parasitic creatures like fleas on fat dogs or predatory creatures like wolves who prey upon lambs in the dark. The honorable man makes money by making "things" or trading "things." He gives life for life. The man that gives something for nothing is a fool; the man who takes something for nothing is a parasite or a thief.

In the stock ballooning of 1928-1929 there were many of both classes actively operating in Canada and the United States; the fools buying wind which they thought was "something" and the thieves selling wind which they knew to be "nothing."

Attention! *Making Money by Work* is a noble and fruitful activity but acquiring money without work is degrading parasitism or robbery.

Having made money by honorably working for it and having enlarged and ennobled life thereby, the immediate concern is what to do with money. Remember, money is a sacred possession. Money is as sacred as life. It is indeed life.

THE Use of Money. The only thing to do with money is *Use* it. Here are two "Dont's" in regard to the use of money.

I. *Don't Hoard Money*. For three reasons.

1. *Hoarding Money is Dangerous*. Money is like a caterpillar. It may appear to be dormant as a chrysalis, but some day when you are busy making more the chrysalis will take wings to itself, flutter into the air and fly away. And how lovely in its flight! Hoarding is dangerous.

2. *Hoarding Money is Losing Money*. The hoarder is like a farmer who having prepared his land fails to put in the seed. He will have his seed but no harvest in the fall.

3. *Hoarding Money is Shirking*. The hoarder is like a member of a crew who is not pulling his weight. He is holding back the crew. The country is full of them, little and big. The little hoarder is like a snake that has newly shed its skin, very timid, afraid of a scratch. Can you blame him? He has just been skinned. The big hoarder is even more timid. He simply won't come out of his hiding-hole. Not he. And he keeps his millions with him. In the ballooning days he was up in the air shouting, "Come on up, boys! The prospect is grand!" Today he is out of sight underground using a microphone shouting, "Go on out, boys! The storm is over!" They are experts in weather, these big hoarders, especially in wind. Pull your weight, especially *if you are pulling stroke*. Don't hoard money.

II. *Don't Waste Money*. We are rebuilding in these days and are at the foundation. Never mind roof gardens yet awhile. Spend your money, but spend it on essentials. Money spent on non-essentials, on what cannot be built up into life, is money for the present wasted.

The Passion for Money. This is the characteristic feature of our age. It is as a fire in our bones, universal, consuming. And there is nothing essentially wrong with it. Analyzed, this passion for money resolves itself into a threefold passion.

1. *A Passion for Existence*. Life's first law is self-preservation. A right and wise thing surely that man should strongly desire that he and his should continue to live. And yet it is not the noblest of our desires. The men on the Titanic chose not to live that women and children might live. Self-preservation is not the only law nor is it the highest law of life. The passion for money must be under the control of out highest instincts that it may bring us the best.

2. *The Passion for Happiness*. This passion is rooted in a noble and worthy instinct of the soul. It is our right to be happy. But there is at this point a frequent confusion in our thinking. We confuse happiness with pleasure. Pleasure is a reaction from the tickling of our nerve centres, olfactory, gustatory, auditory, generatory, which sooner or later ends in the nausea of satiety. Happiness is a by-product of the right energizing of all our powers and has little to do with the possession of great wealth. It is the commonplace of the millionaire's experience that money cannot buy happiness.

3. *The Passion for Power*. Money is capitalized life energy. There is nothing wrong in the passion for power. But one is forced to ask—Power for what? And it must be confessed, the answer with the money mad is power to command men. A man with a million is a man with an army at his back, perfectly organized, perfectly drilled and perfectly under control. This brings us now to consider the most important matter of all in regard to money; the function of *Massed Money*.

MASSED Money is a phenomenom of the age. Massed money may be a blessing. It may be a curse. It is like fire. In the hands of a wise and skilled man it is a blessing. In the hands of a maniac or murderer it is a curse.

Modern industry and commerce would be impossible without massed money. It furnishes the power by which civilization moves forward to ever larger and fuller life for mankind. If you would realize what this age owes to massed money look at a transcontinental train steaming across the country; press the electric light button; or ring up a friend in Montreal.

But we must hasten to add one very big "If." Everything depends upon the men behind massed money. Our great financial institutions, and our great princes of finance in Canada have for the most part served Canada well. But the *Power of Massed Money* is so overwhelming that I am afraid of it.

In the United States we have a great and friendly neighbor. We admire her lofty idealism, her lavish charity, her religious zeal. We shall speak now for a few moments of her enemies who threaten all that is noblest in her life.

"In the United States, life and property are relatively more unsafe than in any nation in the world." Who dared say so? A great and noble American, President Hoover, in his Presidential Address.

"The administration of Criminal Justice in the United States is a standing scandal." And who dare so calumniate the United States? Another great American, ex-President Taft.

Here are some instances of the thing these great Americans are thinking of.

[Continued on page 57]

THE POT OF MILK

Continued from page 26

white paper. "What's she talking about? We move off at daybreak. It is the war, yes—but it hasn't got me yet, and may not get me next time. What's she driving at? Why did she go to Bailleul?"

For answer, Julie burst into tears. Bennet could get nothing out of her but gasps of prayer and more tears. Bennet turned to one of the anti-aircraft-gun officers.

"Do you know anything about this?" he asked. "Have you happened to hear anything — of why Madame Benoit went to Bailleul in such a hurry?"

"Sorry, but I don't know anything about it," returned the other. "She was gone when I got here."

"I was here at the time, Bennet," spoke up the town major. "Fact is, I was talking to Madame Benoit at the very moment. A gig came up to the door, with an old grey nag in the shafts, and a Frenchman in a peasant's smock came in and said something I didn't catch. She stared at him, white as paper all of a sudden. He stepped closer to her and said it again, or something else—I missed it again, anyhow; and she wilted. She would have hit the floor if I hadn't grabbed her. Julie gave her brandy; and I went up to the fellow in the smock and asked him what the hell it was all about—but all I could get out of him was a nasty sort of laugh. Then I questioned Madame, who had come round to the brandy by that time—but all she would say was, well, nothing. She only shook her head. She wrote something and gave it to Julie—that chit for you; and Julie packed a bag for her; and then she went away with the fellow in the black cotton smock."

"Why the devil didn't you take him by the neck and shake some information out of him?" cried Bennet.

"You forget, Captain Bennet, that I am town major of Nieppe," returned the other, with dignity. "An officer in my position cannot go around shaking natives by their necks."

"I beg your pardon, sir. But you can help me—you and the town major of Bailleul—only an officer in your position can find out where she is in Bailleul. I'm marching at daybreak."

"I'll do my best for you, Bennet. I'll let you know."

FOR three days, Sam Bennet rode in front of his company like a man in a dream; and each night, for three nights, he wrote and dispatched a letter to Madame Benoit, of the Pot of Milk, at the Four Crossroads. On the fourth day, the battalion rested, and on the fourth night it went into the trenches. Trenches were an old and unpleasant story to that outfit; but Bennet was thankful for the smell and feel of them, for they awoke him from one nightmare to a lesser nightmare.

At dawn, the Germans welcomed the Canadians back into the line with a deluge of hot and heavy metal. That shower put kinks in all sorts of trenches, including a communicating trench up which a runner with a mail-bag was advancing from brigade to battalion headquarters.

Three days passed, bringing no word to Bennet from either the Pot of Milk or the town major of Nieppe. Very early in the morning of the fourth day, just before stand-to, a queer thing happened. Bennet woke after about two hours of restless slumber and could not get to sleep again, so he decided to take an airing. Upon emerging from the curtained tunnel of the dugout, he collided with a human figure and would have gone down on the greasy duckboards had he not grasped that figure for support.

"Sorry?" he exclaimed; and then, "Say, who are you?"

He pulled out his pocket-torch and flashed a ray on the face and cap badge of the other.

"Oh, Eighth!" he said. "But you're a new one on me."

The stranger blinked at the light in his eyes, but smiled goodnaturedly.

"I am a reinforcement," he said. "There were three of us for the Eighth—three new lieutenants." He paused and uttered a low shamefaced chuckle. "We all reached Bethune together, in good order—but I went astray there, I regret to say—and lost a few days. And so, although I have prepared a circumstantial story of ptomaine poisoning for the colonel, I am in a hurry and must toddle along."

"You tell him," said Bennet, pocketing his torch—but he did not release the grip of his left hand on the new lieutenant's arm. "But you may as well wait for stand-to; and then I'll send someone back with you. I'd give the Old Man time to breakfast comfortably, if I were you."

"Just as you say—but I'm in a hurry."

"Have it your own way. Sergeant Cram!"

"Yes, sir."

"Excuse me a moment," said Bennet to the stranger.

He released the stranger's arm and stepped along to the dim shape that was the sergeant.

"Keep your eye on that officer," he whispered. "And listen to me. He says he's looking for the Eighth, in the front line with us—which suggests that he is either a fool or a liar. Send Corporal West and two men back with him, immediately, to the adjutant of the Eighth, and tell West—"

But Sergeant Cram sprang forward at that moment, caught a toe in a duckboard and fell with a clatter. Bennet turned in a flash and jumped, too. The new officer for the Eighth was slipping swiftly along the trench. Bennet was upon him in ten seconds. The stranger turned and struck; and the blade of the knife he struck with snapped harmlessly on Bennet's helmet which, fortunately for Bennet, was slung on his left shoulder instead of perched on his head. Bennet and Cram and a sentry had all they could do to overpower the stranger.

Later, Bennet was congratulated by the general officer commanding that brigade on his good work in the capture of an important spy. But our company commander felt not the slightest thrill of elation.

"It was pure chance, sir," he said. "As I couldn't sleep, I happened to turn out early and barge right into him."

SAM BENNET was in London, in a hospital for convalescent officers. He had been out of the line thirteen weeks; and this was the third hospital he had patronized in that time; all as a result of a chance contact with a hostile bomb in a muddy place midway between our wire and that of the enemy. The surgeons had done some extraordinarily clever work on his head; and now he promised to be almost as good as new, and quite equal to the duties of his rank and appointment in the B.E.F., after a week or ten days more of convalescence. But he was changed. His memory, his eyesight and his nerve were all as they should be—but he had suffered a change; and that change was deep and secret. He did

[Continued on page 30]

"Why am I mad? Because no one told me about Fels-Naptha sooner!

"I've just taken the grandest wash off my line. Let me tell you, it's a dream—white as white can be. Everything smells so fresh, too—it's just the kind of wash I've always wished for."

If you've never used Fels-Naptha, you can't know, of course, what a pleasing difference it can make in your wash. But try Fels-Naptha for a few weeks or so. Then . . .

Take a look at your clothes—their sparkling whiteness! Smell their fresh airy sweetness. And you'll never want to do another wash without Fels-Naptha!

The reason Fels-Naptha washes so beautifully, and so easily, is simple. Fels-Naptha is a real naptha soap. Each big, firm Fels-Naptha bar brings you two helpers instead of one—soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—so much you can really smell it! The soap itself is *unusually* good. The velvety feel of the bar, its *clear* golden color tell you that.

So you get two active cleaners skillfully combined. Working together, they bring *extra* help that loosens even stubborn dirt and gets clothes clean clear through—without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes; it's easy on hands. No need to worry about its being a "strong soap". Fine ingredients and bland vegetable oils go into Fels-Naptha. Added to that, Fels-Naptha contains real glycerine—the very thing that makes hand-lotions so soothing to the skin. And Fels-Naptha works so quickly that it gets hands out of water sooner, which also helps keep them nice.

Use Fels-Naptha in tub or machine. It's great for boiling. It's splendid for soaking. It works well in water of *any* temperature—yes, even in cool water it turns out a sweetly clean wash. Get a few bars, or the 10-bar carton at your grocer's. Try it—if you've never used Fels-Naptha perhaps you, too, will be mad because you've waited so long. Or, more likely, you'll be *glad* to learn about its *extra* help now!

Send for this Chipper!—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. With the chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now. © 1932, FELS & CO.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. WH3-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Please print name and address completely

BILLIE BURKE. As this recent photograph shows, the years have only increased her irresistible appeal! This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs, "The Truth Game."

"I am 39!" says BILLIE BURKE

Famous stage Beauty declares no woman needs look her age

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke. "And I don't see why *any* woman should look her age.

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness. Youth always has irresistible attraction—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can.

"So one must be wise enough to *keep* this charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty — keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth.

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant. And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft."

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness!

9 out of 10 Stars use it

She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* It has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have the protection of this gentle care!

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies
the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

THE POT OF MILK

Continued from page 29

not believe that his mind had escaped injury. He firmly believed that some of his most vivid memories were figments of a shocked brain, creations of dazed dreaming—so he kept those to himself, for fear that some mental expert might find him out and say that he was unfit to return to the command of his company. He did not believe in the physical existence of Jeanne Benoit, nor of the little estaminet at the crossroads; he believed that he had loved and lost a creature of his own imagination; and so firm were these beliefs, and so great was his apprehension of detection by the mental experts, that he refrained even from asking any comrade convalescent if he had heard of the Pot of Milk.

Poor Sam Bennet! He was in love with a dream that refused to fade; and because the dream-woman was more vivid than any memory, and any reality, he knew her for a trick of his injured brain and hid her as proof of his mental derangement. Could any lover be in a more hopeless case?

Poor Sam Bennet! He would have been as good as new, and as sane as anybody, except for his own distrust of his sanity. *He doubted the reality of the Pot au Lait!*

WITH only one more week of England and convalescence to go, Captain Bennet descended the front steps of a club in Pall Mall and came face to face with Julie, of the Pot of Milk. His first thought was that he had gone quite mad. He halted, and stood swaying and staring. Julie saw him, screamed, dropped parcels from her arms and dashed at him and embraced him. He swayed, speechless, in Julie's brawny embrace.

The doorman and a policeman joined the group.

"Any difficulty, sir," enquired the Bobby; and the doorman said to Julie, "Now 'ands orf, me dear! 'Ands orf the gentleman. Ye cawn't behive so in Pell Mell."

"Do you know the liddy, sir?" asked the policeman; and then, "You look ill, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Are you real?" asked Bennet of the Amazon against whose ample chest he still reclined. "Are you real, Julie?"

The Bobby and the doorman exchanged incredulous glances.

"This won't do, sir!" protested the guardian of law and order. "Not right here in front of your club it won't, sir."

"Get her address," gasped Bennet. "Her mistress' address. She's all right. Madame Benoit. Pot of Milk. Fetch me a double-Scotch."

And then he wilted and swooned in Julie's arms. He recovered consciousness a few minutes later, in a deep chair in the club lounge. The doorman, the hall-porter, the policeman and four members were clustered about the chair, most of them with glasses in their hands. But the Bobby had a pencil in his right hand and a notebook in his left.

"Where is she?" cried Bennet, starting up from the depths of the chair.

"I sent her 'ome in a taxi-keb, sir," said the Bobbie. "The address is respectable, sir. Here it is."

He handed a page torn from his notebook, to Bennet; but as Bennet made as if to rise and depart, he added, "One moment, sir, if you please! It is my duty to make a note of this—if only to explain my own absence from my beat."

"And here's the double-Scotch you ordered, sir," said the doorman.

"Drink it yourself!" exclaimed Bennet. "Drink hearty!" He patted the policeman's shoulder. "Put this in your notebook! I knew that woman in France—and the lady whose servant she is; but I got a smack on the old bean two or three months ago, and thought I had dreamed the whole affair—and now I know it was all true! That's why I flopped. Now I'm off to see it with my own eyes."

"Your name, sir, if you please?"

"Bennet."

"Let him go," said one of the members, a colonel. "Here's his name in this morning's *Gazette*. 'Bennet, S. E. H., Captain; to be Major.' This seems to be his lucky day."

All turned to congratulate Major Bennet; but he was not there. He was outside, in a taxi-cab, urging the driver to step on it.

BENNET found her in lodgings in Mecklenberg Square. She and Julie were in a private sitting-room, both standing, Julie talking with wild gestures of both arms, Jeanne listening, speechless, bloodless of face, with a hand pressed to her side. Thus they stood when Bennet dashed in on them. He cried her name and seized her in his arms. She struggled feebly, but only for a moment, then slipped her arms around his neck.

"But no!" she whispered. "It is shame! You don't know."

"I know it wasn't a dream. That's enough to know."

"You don't get my two letters, is it not?"

"Never a letter!—but why worry, now?"

"Ah!—but I tell you—of the pity—and the shame. My husband, he come back to life of a sudden—and I write you quick, from Bailleul. Ah, the pity! But soon I do not see him any more; and soon they tell me of his shame—my shame!—how he sell himself to the enemy—and they take him in a Canadian trench, like a Canadian officer—and hand him over to the French—and prove him spy and traitor! Ah, the shame! Let me go. I am a thing of shame."

"In a Canadian trench?" exclaimed Bennet. And then, "Did you love him, Jeanne?"

"They shoot him for a traitor, a spy, I tell you! My husband! My shame!"

"Did you love him, Jeanne—when you went to Bailluel?"

"No!—before God!—not then!—and never like I love you, my very loved one!"

AN EASTER LILY

By Vera V. Robertson

Thy whiteness is so chastely white it disavows all sin.
Thy quest a message to the soul to drink thy pureness in.
The wonder of thy perfect bloom can bend the stubborn knee,
And sighing lips may pray again when looking down on thee.

THE PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE

Continued from page 15

want to hear 'Lohengrin!' German opera's one too many for me!"

Ford's problem returned to him, but he saw a glimmer of its solution. "How many tickets have you?" he asked.

"Two, in the parquet. Imagine paying seven dollars a seat for the privilege of enduring an evening of German opera!" growled Sabin.

"Do you want to dispose of them?"

"Sure! Do you want them?"

"Yes, I'll take them," said Ford. He paid the fourteen dollars and slipped the tickets into his pocket with a sigh of relief. Stella was a discriminating lover of music, and devoted to Wagner, but owing to the excessive price of the seats they had not as yet attended the opera this season. He remembered vaguely that there was a book on the Wagnerian operas which she had once expressed a desire to own. He would get that as a permanent souvenir of the evening; and this arrangement, with a nice little supper, he comfortably reflected, would certainly do very well.

As he was leaving the train he met John S. Babcock coming from an adjoining car.

"No, his defalcation didn't surprise me," Mr. Babcock was saying to some one behind him. "Look at the reckless way in which that man spent money! It was evident that he was living beyond his means all the time, and naturally the money had to come from somewhere, so the company paid. I have found it an excellent plan to judge of a man's value to me by the way in which he takes his pleasures. If he's extravagant, I won't have him; and parsimony is almost as—Oh, good morning, Ford." He interrupted himself, nodding cordially to the young attorney. "How's Mrs. Ford this morning?"

When he reached the office, Prentiss found a client from a neighboring town awaiting him, and entered at once upon a long and earnest discussion of important business. As they went deeper into the subject it became evident that Ford would be obliged to give his entire day to the matter, and he resolved to telephone to Stella that he would not dine at home, and ask her to meet him in town in time for the opera. He told the office-boy to ring up Mrs. Ford, and after a few minutes received the information that the telephone in Mr. Ford's residence was out of repair. He was in the midst of an explanation of an abstruse legal point, but paused long enough to pull a tablet toward him and write:

"Mrs. Prentiss Ford,
San Mateo:

"Have gotten tickets for "Lohengrin.' Bring dress-suit.

Prentiss Ford."

"Here, Fred," he said to the boy, "take this to the telegraph-office at once." He then turned to resume his interrupted discussion with his client.

Early in the afternoon, while he was still very busy, a telegram was brought to him. He opened it and read:

"Thanks have asked Babcocks, Miss Mowbray, Galvins, Tallants and Pomeroy.—Stella."

He read the message twice uncomprehendingly. Then he remembered the dinner party that Stella was planning for Miss Mowbray. Probably these were the guests. But why wire him? And why thanks? Oh, the opera seats, of course! Stella was punctilious about acknowledging an invitation—it was one of the many manifestations of her good taste—and as her mind was full of her dinner, she had used the remaining nine words to enumerate her guests. It was one of her delicious feminine economies never to send a telegram of less than ten words. She said it was wasteful. Ford smiled, tucked the slip of yellow paper into his waistcoat pocket, and returned to the struggle of the hour.

HIS client was obliged to take a train at half past four, and Ford accompanied him to the station, intending to return at once to the office to attend to some work which the business of the day had forced aside; but, finding himself excessively fatigued, and wishing to be fresh for the evening, he decided to take a brisk walk and an early dinner, after which he would work until it was time to go to the train to meet Stella. She would arrive on the theatre train at quarter before eight, giving him just time for a quick change of dress at a hotel near the opera-house.

He bought the book on the Wagnerian operas for his wife, and shortly before six o'clock he was again ready for work. As he neared the office-building, where most of his days were spent, he noticed a woman approaching him from the opposite direction, carrying a suit-case. Something about her figure and the poise of her head reminded him of Stella. A moment later the wind caught a corner of her black coat and blew it back, revealing the light gown beneath. Ford quickened his steps, suddenly realizing that it was Stella, and that she had probably taken an early train in order to dine with him. She was glowing with enthusiasm, and greeted him warmly.

"Are you just getting back?" she asked, as they ascended the steps together. "We telephoned from the station about half after four, and Fred said that you had gone out, but that he expected you back soon."

"We?" he queried.

"Mrs. Babcock and I," she replied. "We are invited to dine with them at the University Club."

"But I have dined," he objected.

"Oh, have you?" Disappointment shadowed her face for an instant, and then vanished. "Oh, well, never mind! You can't have had much, at this hour, and the chef at the University Club would tempt a saint on a fast-day!"

They entered the elevator and were whizzed up six stories. As they went down the dusky hall toward the office Stella tucked her hand into his.

"It was so dear of you to plan this, Prentiss!" she exclaimed. "It's my birthday-party, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, tenderly pressing her fingers. "Do you like it?"

"Better than anything! But you're very extravagant, aren't you?" There was a suggestion of anxiety in her tone that Ford hastened to dispel.

"Not a bit!" he heartily protested. "Business is looking up, and we can afford to be a little indulgent to ourselves—particularly on your birthday," he added, pulling out his keys. Stella sighed with content.

"Then I'm quite happy," she said. "The dinner with the Babcocks will be a delightful preliminary, and the others are to meet us at the opera-house. It was so like you to let me invite them myself!" She patted his hand as he fitted the key in the door.

"Eh?" ejaculated Ford, turning to look at her, a disturbing suspicion crossing his mind. "What others?"

"Why, didn't you get my message? I wired you that I had invited the Babcocks and Miss Mowbray, the Galvins, the Tallants, and Ogden Pomeroy. He's for Miss Mowbray," she swiftly added. "I think they'll suit each other to perfection." [Continued on page 32]

FILM is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay ...to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Two reasons for decay Three rules for fighting it!

Interesting theories on what makes teeth decay. What to do

AUTHORITIES now believe there are two causes of common tooth decay. One is the lack of essential food elements in diet. . . interior tooth structure when under-nourished shows a tendency to disintegrate and offers "low resistance" to disease.

The second cause is germs—or to be more accurate, acids caused by germs. These acids gradually dissolve enamel and attack the part beneath.

Pepsodent tooth paste was developed to remove the "outside" enemy of teeth. Only your diet—see suggestions—can help you fight trouble from within.

Remove film on teeth

On your teeth a coating forms called *film*. It is most prevalent after eating and on rising in the morning.

Film is ugly. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It dims the sparkling brilliance of your teeth.

Film attracts the germs associated with decay. It glues them tightly to the tooth's enamel. What's more, film makes an ideal incubator in which germs grow and multiply. For safety, film must be removed—*twice every day.*

A new cleansing material

Recently Pepsodent laboratories made a notable discovery—a cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different. This material is unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive film. It imparts a higher brilliance to tooth enamel. And, last of all, this new material is SAFE—safe, because it's soft, twice as soft as the polishing material in common use.

Because of its great safety it is urged for cleansing baby teeth and for polishing delicate enamel. Pepsodent toothpaste represents the finest achievement in the making of modern toothpaste. Rely on it.

1. Remove film—
use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—
One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

3. See your Dentist—
Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

"Heavens!
Buddy must have a girl!"

"NO—you grown-ups are wrong again. I'm brushin' my teeth 'cause Ma finally got me some toothpaste I like to use. And if you don't think it's keen — just try some yourself. It tastes swell — and I think a feller ought to have a right to do *some* things the way he *likes* to do 'em. Ma was complainin' the other day to Doctor Brown about me not brushin' my teeth reg'lar and he told her maybe she hadn't given me a toothpaste I like to use, and after all, he said, what a toothpaste is for is to clean teeth, and he said Colgate's would do that as well as anything he knew. He told her she couldn't go wrong buyin' a toothpaste more people use than any other kind. An'...I'll tell ya a secret Pa don't know ...mebbe y'guessed right about the girl. Ma says I kin take her to the movies tonight with the quarter she saved by buyin' Colgate's."

25¢

MADE IN CANADA

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

THE PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE

Continued from page 31

"Oh," he said, throwing open the door and stepping back to allow her to enter. "You mean the dinner."

"No, I don't!" she cried, in surprise. "The Babcocks give the dinner—just for us. I mean our theatre-party—my birthday-party, you dear thing! And, oh—perhaps I ought not to mention it, but I don't mind your combining the two. Indeed I don't! It makes it just that much more delightful! And it was so clever of you to find a way!"

"A way?" he asked, puzzled.

"Yes—to interest Mr. Babcock. You know how he loves German opera!"

"But I didn't ask Mr. Babcock!" he cried.

"No, but you knew I would!" she rejoined, with enthusiasm. That was where you were so perfectly delicious! You left it to me! And of course," she dimpled with demure satisfaction, "we wouldn't give a theatre-party—particularly so large a party—without asking the Babcocks!"

It was characteristic of Ford that he showed no surprise, and in her happy excitement she did not notice the straws whose pointing might have attracted her attention in a calmer moment.

"Stella, how did I word that message?" He spoke very quietly. "Do you remember?"

She laughed irrepressibly. "Indeed I do! I know it by heart! 'Mrs. Prentiss Ford, San Mateo,'" She recited, with affected seriousness. "'Have got ten tickets for 'Lohengrin.' Bring dress-suit. Prentiss Ford."

Ford recognized his ancient enemy, the obsolescent past participle.

"You might have added another word, Prentiss," she continued, reproachfully. "There were only nine. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered what gave you the impression—"

"That you wanted the Babcocks invited? Dear boy, I may not be a brilliantly clever young attorney," with a caressing accent, "but I am the next best thing, the herein-before-mentioned attorney's wife. And here's your dress-suit. I carried it all the way from the station myself when I found you were not there to meet me; and you must make haste and dress, or we shall be late to dinner."

[To be Concluded Next Month]

LITTLE ROADS

By H. H. Fariss

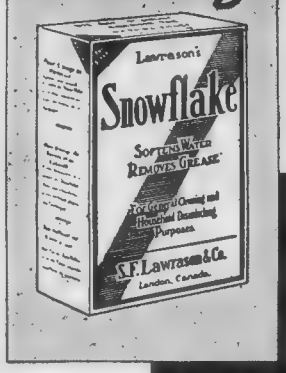
As I ran down Time's Road just now
I met Spring on her way
To sow the fields with loveliness
In patterns rare and gay;
I saw the sunshine kiss the earth,
And every budding tree
Stretched its bare arms for Spring's caress
And sighed in ecstacy.

How sweet are all the winding lanes
When Spring walks softly there
And blue birds twitter 'neath the eaves,
Each tender nestling pair.

As I ran down Time's Sunny Way
I met Love softly singing,
A song as sweet as cloister bells
When vesper chimes are ringing;
She looked at me with tender eyes
Like stars that softly shine,
And, ah, my heart went out to her,
This lass, this love of mine.

These little roads how sweet they are
When Love leads each glad mile
And Spring stands at the cross-roads
With a blessing and a smile.

Lawrason's Snowflake



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Cleans Pots & Pans, Sinks, Bath Tubs, Dishes & Floors.

Send 10c. and tops of three packages for a rubber apron

OPENING FOR 5 SALESMEN

To sell an unusual Lubrication Service to farmers and other automobile and tractor owners—a Service that today is more valuable than ever, because it saves the motor operator large sums of money.

The company has 32 years of experience—over 200 salesmen now engaged in this work—our business is "repeat" business, and is growing steadily. Each man carefully trained in automotive lubrication and salesmanship — each bonded for $1,000.00.

We pay a liberal rate of commission and advance money each week.

Opportunities in selling work today are greater than ever, but they demand—

Men of real courage
Men who will WORK
Men who are ambitious to get ahead

If you are such a man, write at once for full particulars, giving age, experience and 5 references

Applicants should have a car, and sufficient expense money for first three weeks

Territory available is in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta

North American Lubrication Co., Ltd.
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HURLBUT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CUSHION-SOLE
Shoes for Children

181 SIZES AND WIDTH COMBINATIONS AND "TRUVIEW FITTING"

Only Hurlbuts can ensure perfect fitting

HurlBUTS Children's Shoes are the same cash prices from Coast to Coast $2.00 to $6.00 according to SIZE

NOTE SPELLING—HurlBUT
MADE AT PRESTON, ONT.

60

Dark Seas

Continued from page 9

slowed to half speed. The watch was half asleep, drowsing in the afternoon sun. Even Hamel, head back against the stanchion, was dreaming of Margaret Von Holm. Blue mists on the hills, blue skies, lovelier than all, blue eyes. You could see a sleeping turtle on the water a mile away, so still the sea had fallen. There was nothing else—only the brown shore keeping them company.

And then, suddenly, it happened. Right alongside, not more than a hundred feet away, the sea boiled and parted, a German submarine broke surface, the water pouring in sheets from its steel decks. It was headed on the same course. For twenty seconds, while the deck watch stared, as if seeing a miracle, it kept station with them. Then it started to submerge.

That broke the spell. The watch ran yelling along the deck. Men below tumbled up from their bunks, half asleep, sprawling in each others way. Hamel, recovering, bawled at the helmsman to put the wheel over to port and ram the submarine. The helmsman lost his head and swung hard astarboard. The torpedo boat had so little headway she wandered off like a drifting plank.

Grimly, Hamel shouldered the seaman aside, wrenching the wheel over and ringing for full speed. Guns' crews raced to the Hotchkiss three-pounders, fore and aft. The canvas covers were lashed into place. When they got them off with fingers that were all thumbs, there were brass tompians in the muzzles. By the time they worked them loose, there was no more submarine visible on the placid sea than there were mermaids. The torpedo boat cruised in crazy circles at twenty knots, dropping ineffective forty-pound depth charges. Booming explosions re-echoed from the hills. Over the surface of the sea spread a dark carpet of muddy water, with thousands of stunned fish floating.

A sense of futility made Hamel ring down for stopped engines. Silence followed the roar of tri-nitro-tuluol. The ship drifted. No one dared to look at his neighbour and least of all at the grim mask of their commanding officer's face. For perhaps a quarter of an hour the torpedo boat lay motionless. Then, with startling clarity, the brazen bells of the engine-room telegraphs sounded. The torpedo boat gathered wav. Until nightfall, she cruised vainly in widening circles.

BUT fate was not through with Hamel. Even as he wrote his report for the signalman to wireless the Admiral's Tower at Gibraltar, the town was seething with excitement. Another wireless had come mysteriously from the sea. In an hour there were wild versions of its message all over the garrison, and in the streets it ran like flame.

According to mad rumors, the Admiral had been summoned to surrender by an overwhelming German fleet holding off and on, somewhere below the horizon. Another rumor said the Germans were about to land and put every soul to the sword. Frightened plaints were heard in the narrow streets. The wailing of women ran, ramp by ramp, up the Rock until they lost themselves on barren slopes below the batteries.

Truth, not always strange, in this instance distanced fiction.

"My compliments to Admiral, Sir Douglas Goode, and will he be so kind as to inform Mrs. Von Holm that I am alive and well. Signed, Spartel Jack."

Ludwig Von Holm! Alive!

Side by side on the Admiral's table lay Hamel's wirelessed report, decoded, and Spartel Jack's message. The Chief-of-Staff, the Officer Commanding Patrols and the Flag Captain, summoned in haste, filled the chamber with gold braid and brass buttons.

"Putting these two messages together, we have a fairly complete picture," said the Admiral. "This fellow Von Holm has turned up in command of a submarine and Torpedo Boat 90 has seen it."

"And apparently done nothing else," remarked the Chief-of-Staff dryly, glancing at the Officer Commanding Patrols.

The O.C.P. returned the glance grimly.

"We'll find out why when he returns to port," he snapped.

The Flag Captain leaned forward with a gesture that caught their attention.

"It may be quite irrelevant and perhaps unfair to Lieutenant Hamel," he said, "but strictly between ourselves, I understand he has been seeing quite a good deal of Mrs. Von Holm lately?"

There was a strained silence. Almost below the Admiral's windows, a destroyer's siren wailed like the cry of a lost soul.

"What, exactly, do you mean?" asked the Admiral and added, "Strictly between ourselves."

"I suggest, sir, that an association of that kind might, under the circumstances, affect Lieutenant Hamel's actions if he should meet Von Holm at sea," replied the Flag Captain.

"How the devil could Hamel know?" demanded Sir Douglas.

"Mrs. Von Holm might know something of her husband's movements," answered the Flag Captain.

"We have watched for letters. None have reached her," stated the Chief-of-Staff.

"This message from Von Holm suggests that she has had no prior knowledge," said Sir Douglas. "Your thought is a serious reflection on the character and loyalty of an officer."

The Flag Captain glanced at the O.C.P.

"I suggest, sir, that Lieutenant Hamel's failure to fight a more effective action calls for a court of enquiry."

"Oh, quite," said Sir Douglas, "I intend one."

The officers rose, picking up their caps with the row of gold oak-leaves on the visors. The Flag Captain paused.

"May I ask, sir, what you intend doing with Von Holm's message?"

"I shall inform his wife that I have received it. That is all. Let me have a complete report from Lieutenant Hamel when he returns."

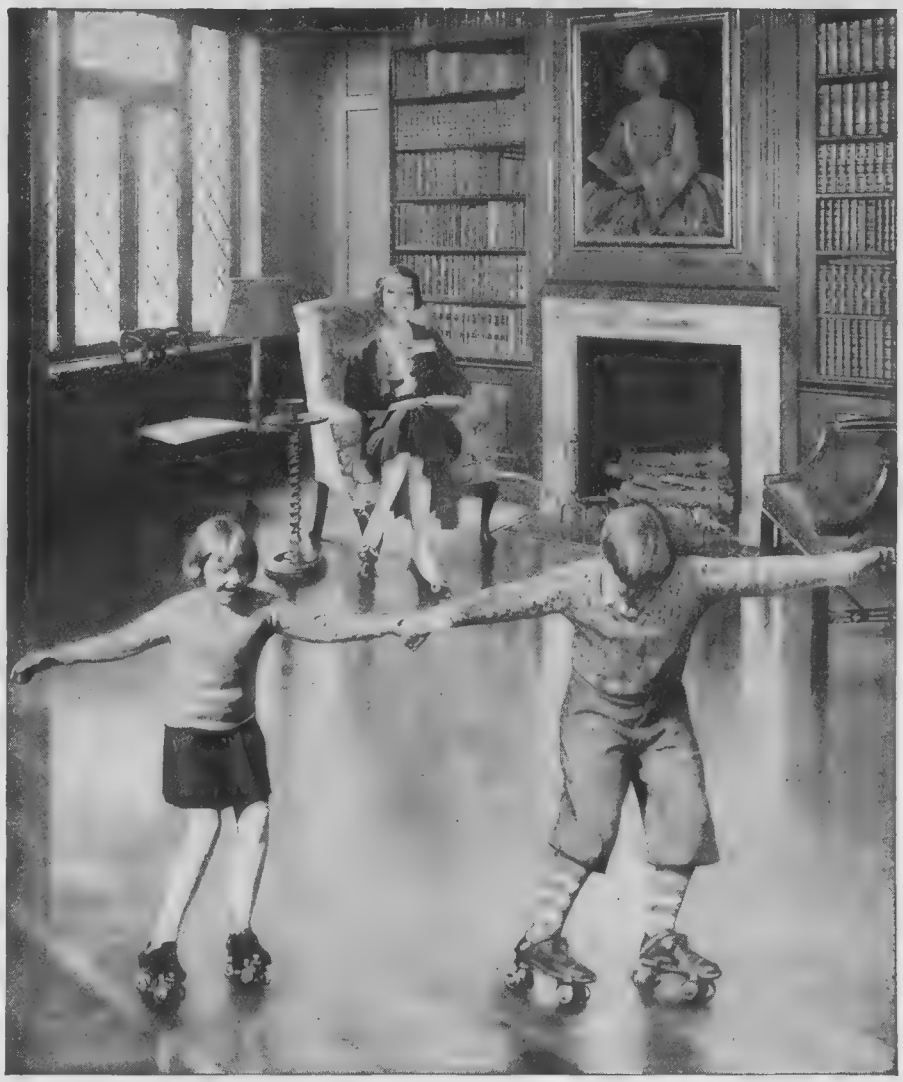
Mrs. Von Holm received a formal note from the Admiral within an hour. From her garden, where the private of marines delivered that unbelievable message, she saw three destroyers steaming, in line ahead, southwest across the Bay. Other and smaller craft, torpedo boats, trawlers, sloops followed. There was an ominous air of haste about them. Mrs. Von Holm shivered slightly. Then her head went up. She turned to enter the Villa.

Mrs. Towers' voice at the wall stopped her.

"My dear," she was saying, "I've heard the news. I don't know what to say. It's wonderful for you. I shouldn't be glad because your husband's turned up with one of those

[Continued on page 34]

NEWS! When children skate on polished floor you can laugh



Use this new wax that resists wear remarkably

—keeps floors better looking

NOW—you can give to your floors that lustrous beauty you've always wanted and stop worrying about scratches and other ugly signs of wear. For the way has been discovered to make a wax compound that is easier to put on a floor, that resists wear longer, that won't catch dirt or dust. It is called the Koric Process.

The only wax made by this amazing process is Old English Wax which is sold in paste and liquid form by all dealers everywhere.

Try it on your busiest floor. You'll discover how easy it is to apply... almost like sweeping. Then before you know it the floor takes on new beauty, an alluring sheen that makes the room look lovelier. And the way this beautiful Old English Wax finish resists the hardest wear through days, weeks and months will surprise you!

For waxing painted, varnished, shellacked floors and linoleum, and for polishing furniture, there's nothing quite so satisfactory as this new Old English Wax. Try it right away. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Old English Wax

PASTE and LIQUID

"I learned from a beauty expert how to hold my husband

... and why so many women fail"

You must keep skin young, lovely, say experts, who advise daily use of Palmolive Soap — the one world-known soap made exclusively of vegetable oils . . . the only soap advised by more than 20,000 beauty experts.

"I'M convinced we wives grow careless — that husbands watch our complexions much more than we think. I realized it—not a moment too soon—and it was my beauty expert who warned me: 'Keep your complexion young—that look of youth is what men seek.'"

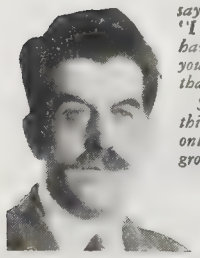
* * *

"Don't neglect your complexion. Don't use your face as a testing ground for soaps. How can you expect to retain beauty that way?

"Let me tell you the cleansing method I consider best. A thorough washing with the rich, deep suds of Palmolive Soap. Then a refreshing rinse with warm water, followed by cold.

"Cream? Yes, if your skin needs it, before applying powder. But Palmolive Soap. That's the important thing. I can't tell you the cases I've seen where harsh, strong, irritating soaps have dried once-lovely skin.

"Olive and palm oils are safe. I know of no two cosmetic oils that are better for the skin. Many of my own preparations are made of these same beauty oils. More than 20,000 of my colleagues believe in them, believe in and advise Palmolive Soap. You just try the method I have outlined. Watch the change it makes in you; the new light of admiration it brings to your husband's eyes."



"Your complexion decides your beauty possibilities", says the celebrated beauty specialist, Desfossé, of Paris. "I have seen the results, only too often, when women have experimented with the wrong soap. Use a soap you are sure of. A soap made of vegetable oils—a soap that CANNOT *hurt your skin—Palmolive."*

Some 20,000 experts say substantially the same thing. One and all of them advise Palmolive—the only soap ever endorsed by such a large professional group.

L Desfossé

MADE IN CANADA

Dark Seas

Continued from page 33

dreadful submarines but I can't help it when I see you looking so radiant."

"Thank you, I am very happy."

"And now, I suppose, he'll start sinking ships. Oh, this dreadful war. I'm glad Mr. Towers is in the Naval Stores and not at sea."

"You are fortunate."

"It must be thrilling to have your husband come back like that, just as if he had returned from the dead. How terrible if it hadn't been for years and you had filled his place in your life so there wasn't any niche for him, just like Mary Rose in Barrie's play."

"I'm afraid I do not understand, Mrs. Towers."

"And Lieutenant Hamel, too. You were becoming such good friends. I'm sure the poor boy will be upset. It's all very puzzling to know where to give one's sympathy."

"Lieutenant Hamel has been very kind," murmured Margaret Von Holm with a slight flush which the bird-like eyes noted.

"What a coincidence that it should have been he who saw your husband."

"He—he saw my husband! What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I've said something I shouldn't. Mr. Towers cautioned me not to say a word, but I'm sure I can't see what harm it can possibly do to tell you now, after it's all over."

"Please, please, Mrs. Towers, tell me. Quickly, I beg of you."

"Lieutenant Hamel saw your husband's ship just after he sent that audacious wireless to the Admiral. They've checked up on the time and it must have been within an hour."

The girl's face was pale. Mrs. Towers ran the risk of arrest for treasonable conversation with an "enemy alien." It was worth it, she felt, to watch the emotions in her neighbour's eyes.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Von Holm. Abruptly she turned and moved along the garden path. Her pace was unhurried. The graceful back told nothing to the avid, watching eyes.

In the little library a framed picture of Ludwig Von Holm in the uniform of a lieutenant of the Imperial German Navy stood on a table. Margaret Von Holm filled a slender glass with straw-colored wine from a carafe. With a brave gesture, she saluted the portrait.

"Deutschland! Deutschland uber Alles!" she whispered.

Between the red lips, wet with wine, the breath came quickly. Lights gleamed in her far-gazing eyes. They saw *Unter den Linden,* black with people and the Imperial Eagles at the head of marching troops.

ONE of the glories of war is that weather, trade and politics are mercifully supplemented in the conversations of men. That night, over the coffee tables, Von Holm was first favorite. He had been known as a daring and efficient seaman. He had gone silently from the presence of his shipmates to perish at the hands of hill tribes. Miraculously, he had not perished but lived to direct the destinies of an under-sea marauder. The story behind that transition from a half-drowned fugitive on an African shore fascinated imagination and dazzled it. They knew the beginning and the end. They guessed at the splendor of the story itself. None knew of that ironic salute with which Von Holm began his march, but his message to the Admiral was common property. Its audacity enthralled them.

It is seldom that a service secret leaks into the market place. This one not only leaked; it spouted.

In the shops it was the sole topic. The narrow streets hummed. In the shadows of the Alameda, lovers stopped kissing long enough to whisper the story of Von Holm's message. Officers in the parlors of the Grand Hotel grew hilarious over its alleged contents. It was said the German threatened to land on Europa Point and challenge the Admiral to personal combat. An artillery lieutenant, well into his second bottle of Scotch, decided he would call on Mrs. Von Holm and tell her the story.

"Don't trespass. Leave that to Hamel," shouted someone amid a roar of laughter.

The lieutenant was diverted from his purpose. The assembly drank to Von Holm's courage and confusion to his aims.

The formal court of enquiry which considered Hamel's case decided, privately, that he could not have known the identity of the submarine's commander.

The court found, however, that Lieutenant Hamel had not kept his ship in an efficient condition. The failure to clear instantly for action, owing to the guns being hooded, indicated a state of laxness and inattention to the purposes for which the ship was sent to sea. Gross carelessness was attributed to the ship's commanding officer. The court severely reprimanded him but did not recommend that he be relieved of his command. General orders were issued making it a court-martial offence to cover guns or use tompians while at sea.

Hamel returned to his ship from the naval court with a feeling of depression. A dozen officers came aboard to congratulate him that the court had not taken more drastic action. They knew it was only the chances of fortune which had made Hamel the victim and not themselves. The fact that German submarines had been inactive in the Gibraltar area had made them all careless.

Feeling the need of solitude, Hamel excused himself and went ashore. He was dressed in civilian clothes, for he wished to avoid attention.

As he turned towards the trees of the Alameda, the sun-set gun thundered twelve hundred feet above at the Rock signal station. Twilight merged into dusk. Lights sparkled along the ramps and the slender swords of searchlights began their duel with the oncoming night.

Hamel lit his pipe and strolled slowly behind a battery of ancient cannon. In a little opening, where a bust of General Elliott, first Governor of the Rock under the British, looks out over the harbor, he paused.

He had not seen Margaret Von Holm since he returned from his west-coast cruise and learned that a court awaited him. He was thinking of her now in the gloom as he smoked. The thought of her had lurked in his mind during the court and the memory of the bottles he had thrown overboard. It was only a coincidence, of course, that his mission with the bottles had led him to encounter Von Holm. But the circumstances gave him a wretched feeling of uneasiness.

Hamel was one of those men who can face devils when their conscience is right. Without that support, they are unhappy. Every time he answered a question, he wanted to blurt out the absurd story of the bottles.

He had been in love with Margaret Von Holm for almost a year but it had never occurred to him to consider her as a married woman. Now, dramatically, she was married and her

[Continued on page 43]

WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM

MARJORIE WHITE (GUTHRIE)

BORN at Winnipeg, Manitoba, and her birthday is July 22nd. Went on the stage when she was four years old, as a singer. Was a child wonder. Travelled all over the country, and was educated by private tutors who travelled with her. Neither of her parents was at all talented. During the war, quit a vaudeville tour to entertain Canadian soldiers, appearing in various camps as a singer and dancer. Joined the "Winnipeg Kiddies." After the armistice was signed, made a vaudeville tour of the United States with her "sister." Act was known as "The White Sisters." Replaced the Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva" when the Duncans left the show. After that, made another vaudeville tour, this time with Eddie Tierney. After this engagement, joined the "Hello, Lola" company. Recently completed an engagement with "Lady Fingers," Lyle Andrews' Broadway production in which she was featured. Prefers to sing and do comedy parts. Good dancer and natural comedienne. Dainty, pretty and reserved; almost childlike in manner. Not at all temperamental. Nothing "high hat" about her; sweet and winsome. Spends much of her time studying voice culture and dancing. Early ambition was to become a great actress. Likes to fly; ambitious to own her own airplane. Splendid pianist; loves music of all kinds. Loves pretty clothes, and her color is blue. Reads fiction and all the current magazines. Superstitious; a hat on a bed means bad luck. Has one pet, a Pekinese that went to Hollywood with her. Loves jewelry, but wears few ornaments. Likes to be alone on frequent occasions. Does not smoke. Sings while taking her bath. Doesn't care for parties; prefers quiet home life. Height, four feet, ten and one-half inches, weighs one hundred and three pounds, has blonde hair and China blue eyes, that make her look like a little doll.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

Robert Montgomery, with the grinning, red-bearded mask which hangs on the wall in his studio dressing-room. The actor regards it as an insurance against the jinx and a bringer of good luck generally.

"DO YOU ever get a peep into the dressing-rooms of the stars?" a number of fans have written to ask.

Well, it isn't very easily contrived for as a rule the casual visitor isn't exactly welcomed into these holy-of-holies unless he has definite business there, such as a special interview or an invitation to tea. When at work on a picture the English-born players knock off at four-thirty to sip a cup of their favorite pekoe and it is during this brief period of relaxation that a caller has the best chance to talk with them. Other stars are less formal and will receive you in the morning or even at the close of a tiring day. A player's dressing-room is very revealing. It is here if anywhere that all his or her little foibles are expressed and the personality mirrored in a hundred ways, so that if you would know your star the best place to study her is in her own environment.

I found it so in the case of Joan Crawford. My dog and hers had touched noses on the Boulevard and, hostilities seeming imminent, she had smiled politely and with an apologetic "Please excuse him" had hauled her Scottie away. I hadn't recognized her. The next time I saw her I mistook her for Pauline Frederick to whom she bears a startling resemblance. But seeing the vivid Joan in her own dressing-bungalow ensures one against any errors of mistaken identity for she is then very emphatically herself. It is a three-room suite and it was designed for her by none other than William Haines, who has interpreted the occupant's exotic personality in terms of gay-patterned wallpaper, old mirrors, antiques, and a few rare *objets d' art.* In one corner of the boudoir stands an inlaid wall-table topped by an oval mirror of ancient design and holding two golden lamps, a dainty figurine in old porcelain, and a combination vase and cigarette-ash holder. A square jade pen-rest occupies one end and what looked like a large leather-bound diary lay carelessly beneath a huge photograph of Marlene Dietrich framed in Circassian walnut and silver. The table has two shallow drawers. The period chairs are upholstered in satin of plain gold hue. Against another wall is a four-octave baby-piano with quaint extension candle-holders. The top comes to about the level of Joan's waist and holds a spray of wax flowers under a glass globe and two figurines. The floors are carpeted right up to the walls. Miss Crawford smilingly posed beside her toy piano at the request of the cameraman. She wore pajamas of dark-blue velvet and a tucked-in middy waist. Her hair was brushed to a fluffy, burnished copper. I don't know her age but she looked appallingly young and rather like a little girl playing house.

Karen Morley using a new type of telephone which has a dummy arm attached to the telephone to hold the receiver to the ear automatically. Miss Morley has been given an important role in "Arsene Lupin," which brings to the screen for the first time both John and Lionel Barrymore.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S dressing-room is distinctly masculine. The plain walls have a few good etchings here and there and the windows are hung with curtains of a conventional, subdued design over cream-colored ecru. An oval electric clock on a tiny table in one corner seems placed there expressly to remind the young man of the inevitable swift passing of time and to be mindful of the call "On the set!" Over the broad dressing-table mirror is suspended a hideous, red-bearded gargoyle which the actor regards with affection as an insurance against the jinx and a bringer of good luck generally. An air of gaiety and whimsical charm pervades the place and it seems an altogether fitting background for the light-hearted Bob, who I am sure, must have all he can do to keep from whistling in it. Which of course would be fatal. It is rumored that John Barrymore recently threw a man out of his dressing-room for this thespian offence and that he has been going round ever since with fingers crossed.

YOU couldn't mistake Marie Dressler's dressing-room for any but hers if you accidentally stumbled into it. Unquestionably it belongs to an old trouper. I had feared to find it all broken out in *art moderne* effects but I needn't have worried. Marie is true to her stage traditions and with her utility takes precedence over ornamentation. "It's plain and serviceable," said Marie, without apology, adding: "like its occupant." On a small table lay some new stills awaiting her approval, and a hanger along the wall by the dressing-table held her street gown, a coin-dotted dark-blue crepe. A soft white woolly "throw" was flung across a chair for use when crossing the draughty stages on the way to her set. Around the mirror a group of movie photos cluster in a chummy here-we-are-Marie sort of way. The place is equipped with every space-saving and labor-saving gadget known to science that can be employed by a talkie queen, but concessions to mere luxury are few. About the only exception is the cushioned bench before the dressing-table, and she considers that a necessity. Applying the make-up for those convulsing comedy characterizations is frequently a prolonged business.

HOLLYWOOD is seeing red this winter—literally. One encounters all shades of it, even in evening frocks—lipstick, lacquer, flame, and wine. The smartest evening gowns are worn without benefit of jewelry and wraps worn after six p.m. all but sweep the floor. The Eugenie hats have died a painless death. It needed but a few experiments to prove that the little after-thoughts perched on the back of the brain were, in the majority of cases, more amusing than effective, so the Paris of the Western World dropped them like the proverbial hot spud. Only modifications of the vogue endure.

"Make me beautiful" used to be the cry, but the plea now is: "Make me chic." With the impending revival of screen musicals (which are to be greatly improved they say, and we all hope so!) beauty is again flocking into Hollywood from Sauk Centre and points east, north, and south, but the pretty girls now demand charm of Madame of the *beaute salon.* "All right—I'll chic you," she agrees, not meaning it in the sense of smart repartee. For chic is now a verb. And Madame points out to the little round-faced blonde, who yearns to look like Constance Bennett, that she *must not* wear choker necklaces. Deftly she replaces this atrocity with a sixteen-inch string of beads. Voila! What a difference. It creates the illusion of length in the face and lends dignity. Then that air of extreme boredom, wear it if you must but don't let your hands fuss with your handbag and gloves for the two things don't go together. Madame next tackles a vivacious brunette who talks in excited little gushes born of nervousness. A lovely girl who might conceivably stand

Tod Browning, director of the picture "Freaks," with some of his sideshow players—the bearded lady, the midgets, the pin-headed man, the half boy, etc.

The Stars' Personalities as Revealed in Their Dressing-Rooms; Lessons in Acquiring Chic; Studio Gossip; the Noble Art of Growing Whiskers; Interviews with Freaks.

out from the mob—with a little training in poise. Her mentor instructs the aspirant to stand for an hour twice daily before her mirror and speak certain lines in a slow drawl. "And zat is ze first lesson—twenty dollars please."

People who call Hollywood a city of static mentalities are wrong. Here a new idea is born every minute. It may take the form of a solid glass dining-table or a telephone you can use without hands, but you can wager it will be an innovation. A man or woman whose ideas are fixed and immutable, like a beetle in a block of cement, makes no headway in Hollywood. The place is a storm-centre of contradictions, but it retains an open mind and a market for everything.

COMMERCIAL whisker-growing is one of many strange industries carried on in Hollywood. In its highest form whisker culture is a noble and genteel art, and according to Marion Gering, who used an assortment of hirsute novelties in "Ladies of the Big House," which he directed for Paramount, they express character without the necessity of using dialogue. In this country a man with whiskers is spoken of as hiding behind a crop of alfalfa while in England the bearded citizen is frequently called a beaver, but in spite of being the butt of humorists the whisker unquestionably carries with it a dignity all its own, and in the last analysis is the badge of masculine maturity and as such not to be scoffed at. In the Far East men still swear by the beards of their fathers, as in Shakespeare's time. If seized and shorn by his enemies a man had no choice but to hide himself in caves or in woods till his beard grew out again, for its absence was a disgrace. The orthodox Jew's five-day growth of stubble is not, as we think, untidiness—it is a custom associated with honored ancestors, a deference to the beard of the prophets. Whiskers are of many varieties. There is the neat medical vandyke, there is the square spade beard of the foreign diplomat, there is the long chin-whisker of Uncle Si that wiggles up and down as he chews a straw, there is the bushy birds'-nest whisker of the old-time scientist, and there are neat white well-groomed beards worn by benevolent old gentlemen with gold spectacles, and endless kinds of goatees. The patriarchal House of David whisker and the straggling split-whisker of Von Tirpitz fame illustrate extreme forms. Rod La Rocque once told me about the cross-over beard, which he had worn on numerous occasions in his trouping days. This is a stage term denoting merely a "prop" used by an actor in getting across a shallow small-town platform where few arrangements are made for the scene-shifters. Rod explained that after appearing in some scene as the noble hero he would be called on to help change the backdrop or to assist another player with his dressing and so had to don a long sweeping whisker and hobble across the stage with a cane and a limp in the guise of a casual passerby. It was quite convincing, and the palpitant maidens out front didn't suffer the loss of any illusions.

Mr. Gering assured me that a careful study of whiskers had enabled him to classify them as villainous, pathetic, professional, benign, aristocratic, and the common or garden sort. A few veterans in Hollywood who have dedicated their lives to developing a certain type of beard take such a personal pride in their jowls that they refuse to let scissors touch them. They are willing to sink or swim with their masterpieces.

"But the most exasperating of all beards," Mr. Gering declared, "is the one of from three to twenty days' growth. This short scrubby brand is what I selected for 'Ladies of the Big House,' because prisoners are permitted to shave but twice a week. A special make-up man was assigned to the job of keeping the beards of my several-hundred 'prisoners' the right length, and he accomplished this *by using an electric sheep-shearer on their faces daily.*"

RAMON NOVARRO, whom one would hardly have suspected of harboring such a lively sense of humor, was asked recently why he was anxious to direct pictures and give up acting. It seems that he finds the handsome-hero business a little irksome, for the immaculate Ramon replied seriously: "Well, you see, if I am a director I don't have to shave, get my hair cut, or even wash my face."

Good repartee comes more naturally perhaps to Lionel Barrymore. At any rate here's a sample of his: After a scene in "Arsene Lupin," the director said to him: "Now Barrymore, you change to a dress suit and in the next shot it's five years later." The actor sighed and answered: "Sure—and it'll probably be five years, too, before I get the collar fastened!"

Joan Crawford enjoys the comfort and beauty of her artistic three-room studio dressing suite. These rooms, especially designed for Miss Crawford, feature old mirrors, antiques, gay-patterned wallpaper and rare objects of art

The dressing-room of an old trouper—plain but serviceable. It is seated on this cushioned bench before the make-up table that Marie Dressler dons her war-paint for those comedy scenes which so convulse the world.

Staging the English fox-hunt in "Courage" was not without its difficulties — and its amusing phases. A British technical advisor held out for the horses having their tails bobbed and the next thing was to find a fox that would do his stuff in the approved English manner. The American foxes all spoke through their noses or something. Finally a trained Canadian coyote, expertly made-up, supplied the want. Score another triumph for the Land of the Maple!

Josef von Sternberg, directing "Shanghai Express," came up against a strange problem one day. Among the atmospheric players were several aged Celestials, China-born and wedded to the hoariest traditions, one of which appears to be that you mustn't address them when their backs are turned. At a certain signal they were supposed to walk off the set. "Don't they understand?" the director asked the interpreter, as the Chinese made no move. "They don't want to," was the reply. "You'll have to let them see your face when you speak to them. A voice behind their backs may be the voice of the devil. They ignore it." So von Sternberg, bowing to the whim of the aged men, rearranged the players in order that he would face the Chinese when giving them directions.

Ernst Lubitsch insisted that there must be plenty of pigeons in a German village scene in "The Man I Killed," and accordingly the property men transported several cratesful of the birds to the set and thoughtfully sprinkled quantities of grain around to keep them there. Next morning when the company arrived for work they discovered that the pigeons had been joined in their feast by so many chattering wild birds that all was confusion and you couldn't tell which was which. "Himmel!" cried Herr Lubitsch in dismay, "we've got already an aviary." So he ordered his assistants to fire off guns and thus get rid of the noisemakers.

One of the big studios has a department where scores of domestic and imported birds' nests [Continued on page 42]

C. Aubrey Smith, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton appear to be ably protected by these pygmies, who appear with them in the picture "Tarzan the Ape Man."

SHADOWLAND

William Freshman, the popular young Englishman, now starring in the comedy "The Bachelor's Baby."

A scene from the International film "Tin Gods." The leading artistes in this production are Frank Royde, Evan Thomas and Dorothy Bartlam.

Tom Mix arriving in Hollywood to go back into pictures after two years travelling with Sells Floto Circus. His first role will be in "Destry Rides Again."

Henry Kendall and Nora Swinburne in the British picture "Bill the Conqueror." This photograph was taken in the garden of the Hostellerie de Guillaume le Conquerant at Dives in Normandy, where the Conqueror stayed on his return from various battles.

Ann Carson and William Freshman in lighter vein in "The Bachelor's Baby," a British International Picture

Following her fine performance in "Strictly Dishonorable," Sidney Fox is now being featured in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," with Bela Lugosi.

SHADOWLAND

Preparing for some shots in "Bill the Conqueror." A large part of the action of this picture takes place on a Sussex farm, and the settings comprise some of the most beautiful parts of Sussex.

Leslie Fuller the well-known screen comedian is engaged in making his latest laughter raiser, "Bill Takes a Holiday."

Plucky Heather Angel. With cowsheds, stables and a big haystack blazing furiously, all the thrills of a farmyard fire at night were enacted in the making of "Bill the Conqueror." Miss Angel, whose job it was to lead the frightened animals from the danger zone, had a terrifying experience when a cow in her charge went into a panic. Thanks however to her experience in the handling of animals, she was able to overcome the frightened beast.

From left to right: Renee Gadd, Ernie Lotinga and Lesley Wareing in the British production "Josser at Sea."

Jack Hobbs is not the English cricketer, but is invariably mistaken for him. He appears in "Love Lies," "Dr. Josser, K.C.," and "The Love Race."

Jean Hersholt, character actor, at work on a statuette. Hersholt is a clever sculptor and painter aside from his acting.

Shadowland Oddments

Here and There

"Spanky," the latest recruit in the ranks of Hal Roach's "Our Gang."

Marlene Dietrich as Shanghai Lily, Clive Brook as Captain Harvey, Anna May Wong as Hui Fei and Lawrence Grant as the Reverend Carmichael in "Shanghai Express."

Some British Pictures That Will Be Shown in Canada in 1932

THE outstanding achievement of the year just closing in film history has been the ready acceptance by both exhibitors and public alike that British pictures have reached the stage when they are definitely preferred in film entertainment.

The following productions are now in their finishing stages: "Bill the Conqueror," the story of Sussex farm life, in which Henry Kendall plays the name part, the director being Norman Walker; "Josser at Sea," directed by Norman Lee, which serves as a starring vehicle for the inimitable Ernie Lotinga; "No. 17," an Alfred Hitchcock production, who adapted Jefferson Farjeon's book specially for the screen, in which Leon M. Lion makes his film debut in the immortal role of "Ben," supported by Anne Grey, Ann Casson and John Stuart; "Tin Gods," a thrilling action drama surrounding a notorious Chinese pirate, in which the principal players are Frank Cellier, Dorothy Bartlam and Evan Thomas, directed by F. W. Kraemer; "Paris By Night," a hilarious comedy by Val Valentine, produced by the author at Welwyn Studios and starring Betty Amann, Kenneth Kove, Wallace Arthur and Jay Laurier; "The House Opposite," another Jefferson Farjeon thriller directed by Walter Summers, and starring Henry Kendall, Celia Glyn and Wallace Geoffrey; "Let's Go Naked," a sun-bathing farce, directed by Norman Lee in which Betty Norton, Ken Douglas, Binnie Barnes and Hal Gordon play leading parts; "The Four Winds Mystery," a mystery drama from Welwyn, written and directed by Norman Lee, and starring Jack Morrison, Molly Lamont, Cecil Ramage and Moira Lynd; "The Verdict of the Sea," a sea melodrama, directed by Frank Miller for Regina Films, starring Cyril McLagan, Moira Lynd and John Stuart; "The Bachelor's Baby," directed by Harry Hughes, which is a charming comedy with William Freshman, starring, Ann Casson, Henry Wenman and Alma Taylor in leading parts, and "Brother Alfred," in which Gene Gerrard plays the name part. This is a comedy by P. G. Wodehouse and Herbert Westbrook, and is directed by Henry Edwards. Molly Lamont is the leading lady.

Three, possibly four, pictures will be filmed on locations abroad. "Timbuctoo" will have West Africa for its setting under the direction of Walter Summers; "The Fires of Fate" by the late Conan Doyle will be produced by Norman Walker in the Soudan; another unit will proceed with a film as yet untitled to Malta, while the Mediterranean will possibly be the setting for the fourth film.

The comedy element is particularly strong, for many outstanding subjects are scheduled. These include "The Farmer's Wife" and "Yellow Sands," the popular rural comedies by Eden Philpotts; "Queer Fish," "Anne One Hundred" by Sewell Collins; "His Friend's Wife," "Fishing," a Harry Tate episode; "Stop Me and Buy One," a starring vehicle for Ernie Lotinga; "What Woman Wants," by Walter Ellis; and feature comedies which will star the inimitable Leslie Fuller. The stirring inspiration of the high seas will also play its part. Three well-known and popular subjects have been selected in "The Freedom of the Sea," "The Flag Lieutenant" and "McGlusky the Sea Rover."

Dramas of undoubted entertainment value will also be made, amongst which is the eagerly anticipated "The Red Wagon" by Lady Eleanor Smith to be directed by Walter Summers. "Honours Easy" by Roland Pertwee, is scheduled for Norman Walker when he has completed "The Fires of Fate." Similarly a thrilling adventure story "High Speed" will be Summers' third subject.

Gene Gerrard and Molly Lamont who play the leads in P. G. Wodehouse's English comedy—"Brother Alfred."

Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante with a few of the gifts which he received in a "bathroom shower" given in his honor by a group of Hollywood's leading feminine players.

Hollywood's Gain

Europe's latest contribution to America's cinema world is Sari Maritza. Her ancestry is English and Hungarian, her gowns are Parisian, her smile is infectious, her English is close to perfection and her birthday is on St. Patrick's Day, which means, she says, that she travels under a lucky star.

Miss Maritza's most recent film work was in Berlin, where she had the leading role in Ufa's "Monte Carlo Madness." Before that she was starred in five English pictures, "Greek Street," "Bed and Breakfast," "No Lady," "The Water Gypsies," and "Two Way Street."

The actress has studied in London, Paris, Berlin and Switzerland. She has won many medals for swimming and diving and holds championships for ice skating at St. Moritz. She is five feet, one and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and three pounds.

Coming and Going

George Arliss' next starring picture will be "A Successful Calamity," from the stage-play by Clare Kummer, it has just been announced by Warner Bros. Grant Mitchell is the only player definitely selected as yet for the supporting cast. Mr. Arliss will appear in one more picture after "A Successful Calamity" before going to England for a summer vacation.

Maurice Chevalier has completed his starring role in "One Hour With You" at Hollywood studios, after which he made a brief concert tour singing in San Francisco, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Columbus, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Newark. He leaves New York for Hollywood March 1st to begin work on "Love Me Tonight."

The Four Marx Brothers left New York January 17th for Hollywood to begin work at the Paramount studios in their next film comedy.

Mae Clarke and Pat O'Brien, who made a sensational hit in "The Front Page," will be seen in "Final Edition."

Miss Clarke has the roll of a sob-sister reporter, while O'Brien will play the part of the City Editor.

Irving Pickel, Paramount featured screen player and director, at home.

Renee Gadd, a beautiful and talented young English actress. Miss Gadd will appear in "Money for Nothing," "Josser at Sea" and "Bad Companions."

Criticisms:

Favourable and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

A CAST including Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone has much enticement for the movie-goer and will undoubtedly draw many to see "Mata Hari." But despite the distinguished cast the picture disappointed me very much. Mata Hari, notorious dancer, courtesan and spy in the pay of Germany during the Great War, has been the inspiration for several stories and screen plays. This latest version, unlike its predecessors, makes claims to being the real history of the spy, but it is just as fictionized as all the others and not as well handled as at least two other "Mata Hari" plots: "Mare Nostrum" and "Dishonored." Its situations are extremely trite and the story generally weak.

In "Mata Hari" our first glimpse of Miss Garbo shows her, decked out in a few high class spangles and other nicknacks, doing a "cooch" dance. This hip-wagging sequence is followed by numerous scenes of the spy "vamping" men from whom she can obtain valuable military secrets. Finally she is captured by the French counter-spy service and we last see her on her way to face a firing squad.

Miss Garbo still diffuses charm in spite of the tritely lurid role and the over-elaborate costumes which eclipse rather than bring out her rare beauty. Ramon Novarro is handsome and competent as the young Russian aviator who falls victim to Mata Hari's wiles. Lionel Barrymore is excellent, as always; and Lewis Stone handles a small and unsympathetic role well. Particularly good is the work of C. Henry Gordon, as the French secret-service agent.

If the producers had followed Major Thomas Coulson's book on Mata Hari we might have had an interesting picture, one that would have included some thrilling details of Germany's spy school and the ways in which Mata Hari communicated with the clever woman spy who was her superior officer.

As the picture stands, it is flimsy, old-fashioned and falsely sentimental. This spectator, at least, rebelled at the tears shed over the fate of a woman who so eminently deserved her death before a firing squad. I find the public's attitude towards spies, particularly women spies, very curious indeed. A man must do his spying for patriotic reasons or he is adjudged the lowest sort of scoundrel. A woman, on the other hand, may pile cold-blooded treachery upon treachery and then if she wails "I did it for love," the audience will respond with sighs and tears. It is this sort of false, even distasteful, sentiment that is lavished by the producers on "Mata Hari." In reality this woman did her sordid, sneaking work neither for love of any country nor of any person. She did it for love—of money.

Margaret Zelle, whose stage name was Mata Hari, was a Dutch woman with some reputation in Europe as a performer of pseudo-oriental dances and as a courtesan. Though strongly suspected by Britain and France, she was able to elude the authorities and to travel about and carry on her spying during the war under the cover of her many theatrical engagements and even more numerous amorous activities. Her intrigues with several Frenchmen high in governmental service made it especially difficult for the French counter spy bureau to convict her, for these men were so enamoured that they were blind to her guilt. Finally, however, she was caught, tried and condemned to death—and with every good reason, for it is said that it was she who wormed the secret of the tanks from a young British officer and that, by various pieces of information which she sold to Germany, she was responsible for the death of at least fifty thousand allied troops.

Her sinister career might make a strikingly strong picture if followed realistically. But this film is just another hackneyed spy story, with its over-lurid melodrama, tiresomely familiar situations and false sentiment. An example of this last characteristic is to be found in the final scene showing Mata Hari going to her death. This scene is an almost exact reproduction of George Bellowes' famous and striking lithograph of the execution of Edith Cavell. What similarity is there between Edith Cavell, the strong, fine woman who through her patriotic sympathies courageously—though perhaps unwisely—broke the enemy law by helping prisoners to escape and paid for it with her life, and Mata Hari, the mercenary sensualist, who got information from weak men that she might sell it and so caused the loss of thousands of lives before she was finally caught and put to death? Yet this scene hints at an analogy and is prompted by a sentimentality so distorted that it is offensive and downright repulsive.

Una Merkel, William Collier, Jr. and Zasu Pitts in "The Secret Witness."

Wallace Beery and Marjorie Rambeau in "Hell Divers."

Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Rose Hobart in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Sooky (Robert Coogan) comes to grief when Skippy (Jackie Cooper) drills him for Sidney (Jackie Searl) in the store of Krausmeyer (Oscar Apfel).

«Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde»

PRODUCERS, finding that the public had become somewhat blasé about gang murders, have turned their attentions to stories of supernatural horrors. "Dracula" came and conquered. "Frankenstein" and his dreadful monster are still making movie-goers shiver. And now we have a new version of that classic chill-provoker: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Robert Louis Stevenson's story in play form thrilled theatre-goers for many years. It was a successful silent picture with John Barrymore in the dual title roles. The present talking edition stars Fredric March and features Miriam Hopkins.

Fredric March is excellent as the young London doctor who is transformed into the dreadful monstrosity of "Mr. Hyde." His make-up as Hyde is amazing and bestial, and his characterization of Dr. Jekyll as a forthright, breezy and athletic young man makes a strong contrast. I have heard that Mr. March, as a very young man, had the good fortune to be in the company of that great actor, the late Richard Mansfield. Mansfield's acting in the Jekyll-Hyde role was justly famous both in England and America,

[Continued on page 42]

Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond and Wynne Gibson in "Ladies of the Big House."

Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari."

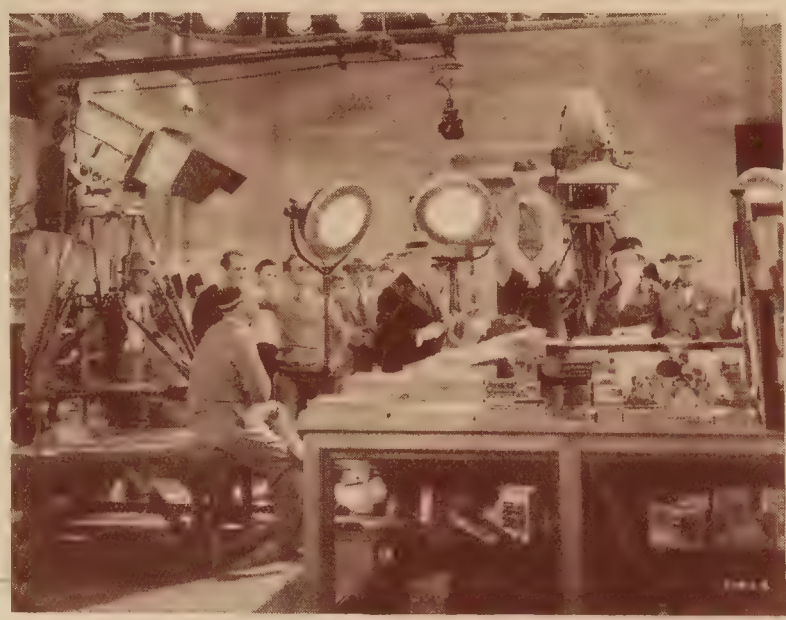
Criticisms: Favourable — and Otherwise

Continued from page 41

so Mr. March must have served a splendid apprenticeship for his present playing of the role. In a story where the chief role so naturally overshadows all the others, it is interesting to find Miriam Hopkins making an outstanding character of Ivy, the little London prostitute who falls into Hyde's clutches. Since Miss Hopkins first came to the screen from the stage her work has been excellent. She is a versatile and very clever actress, as well as being beautiful, and I do not expect it will be long before she is starred.

The story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is exceptionally well suited to the medium of the motion picture, and the director, Reuben Mamoulian who won note for his work with the New York Theatre Guild before he turned to the films, has taken every advantage the story offers. The trick camera effects which show the handsome and pleasant face of Dr. Jekyll slowly changing into the evil and brutish features of Mr. Hyde are quite thrilling. The settings, representing London in the 1880's, are excellent, and at all times the camera has been cleverly used to get striking and macabre atmosphere.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is extremely well done and will interest adults whose nerves are not too easily shaken. But it is not a picture for children, despite the fact that Stevenson was also the author of "A Child's Garden of Verses" and "Treasure Island."



Marie Dressler and Jean Hersholt being directed in a scene from the picture "Emma".

«Sooky»

IF YOU must leave the children at home when you see "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," you must do quite the contrary when you go to see "Sooky," the sequel to "Skippy." It is an excellent picture for children and grown-ups also will love it.

The cast includes Jackie Coogan, little Bobby Coogan, Jackie Searle, Willard Robinson and Enid Bennett. The story is excellently played and directed, although it is rather sadder and not quite so strong as "Skippy." Which reminds me that I heard a story about it: A couple had taken their little boy to see "Sooky." Coming home the little boy was vocal in his enthusiasm for the picture: "It's better than 'Skippy'," he said, "because it's not so sad." His mother said: "Why, Billy, I think it's much sadder—the mother dies in the end, you know." "Yes, I know," said Billy, "but in 'Skippy' the dog dies!"

«Hell Divers»

THIS picture of the navy in the air, made with the aid of the U.S. Naval Aviation Department, is less obviously melodramatic and more genuinely surprising and interesting in its photographic work than almost any "air" picture that I have seen. Melodrama and theatricality creep into the not very good story, but the work of the actors is excellent and makes the plot appear far better than it really is. Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Conrad Nagel and John Miljan have the leading male roles and are all good, particularly Beery who gives a strong characterization of a truculent, drunken and stupid petty officer. The women's parts are very insignificant, but are well played by Marjorie Rambeau, Marie Prevost and Dorothy Jordan. The film's strongest point is its photography.

«Under 18»

JUST another story about the sweet, beautiful and poor young girl who is tempted to follow the primrose path to parties and penthouses. The story is so banal that we know almost before the picture starts just what is going to happen, and in the old, familiar manner we are given glimpses of what is supposed to be thrilling, gilded vice.

"Under 18" is the first starring vehicle for Marian Marsh. Miss Marsh is pretty, but so far has failed to show any histrionic ability.

«Ladies of the Big House»

THIS grim and rather depressing story of an innocent couple who are railroaded to prison is so excellently played and directed that its strength compensates for its grimness. Sylvia Sidney is appealing in the leading role and the rest of the cast are competent. It is a picture of interest only to adults.

«Men of Chance»

ALTHOUGH "Men of Chance" is not a distinguished picture, it is a thoroughly entertaining one. It is based on a story by Louis Weitzenkorn, the author of "Five Star Final," but is quite different from that harsh story of the tabloid press. A light comedy-drama, it is concerned with the adventures of a gambler who wants to get into society. There are some excellent racetrack scenes. The cast includes Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, John Halliday, and Ralph Ince.

«The Woman from Monte Carlo»

LIL DAGOVER, a clever German screen actress, makes her debut in American pictures with "The Woman from Monte Carlo." The picture is not strong, and Miss Dagover's role gives her little opportunity to justify her popularity in Europe. Perhaps her next picture will be better. I hope so, for Miss Dagover has personality, a good voice, and a very exotic appearance.

«Delicious»

THIS picture is just another cloyingly sweet, marshmallow-and-whipped-cream concoction for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. It is a wishy-washy musical comedy, harmless but very dull.

«The Secret Witness»

"THE SECRET WITNESS" is one of the best murder mystery stories that I have seen filmed for some time. It is full of mystery, suspense and action and has a few laughs thrown in for good measure. The two leading roles are capably played by William Collier, Jr., and Una Merkel. If you like mystery stories you will enjoy this well-constructed picture.

«Husband's Holiday»

THIS film, based on Ernest Pascal's domestic problem novel and play "The Marriage Bed," promises to be interesting, but turns out to be rather vague and undecisive. The picture lacks emphasis and action, and the story of divorce and the eternal triangle is neither handled with psychological subtlety nor much dramatic strength.

Little Rambles in Hollywood

Continued from page 37

are kept for occasional use in pictures, as for instance when the nest of a robin was borrowed from this collection to dress a set in "Husband's Holiday." But that robin's nest had been brought from the East, for robins give California a wide berth on account of the hawks. This fact accounted for a kind of big-game hunt that recently upset the even tenor of the Paramount lot. Word went forth that all work would be suspended till "the animal" was found and an airplane was chartered to make a trip to Santa Catalina Island while other scouts spread themselves over the High Sierras. "I say," inquired Clive Brook, stirred out of his British calm by this unwonted state of affairs, "whatever are they looking for—a Bengal tiger or a white elephant?" A worried property-man paused long enough to answer: "Neither—just a robin, Mr. Brook." Eventually the much-desired bird was found on a distant animal farm.

Watching the picture "Tarzan" made was a liberal education in natural history. This film assembled the greatest number of wild animals ever brought together for a motion picture, and the highest camera-truck ever constructed was used for filming scenes of the ape-man swinging with trained monkeys in tall trees. It is sixty feet in height. Other noteworthy facts impressed upon the mind were that monkeys like the taste of grease-paint (one licked several square inches of make-up from "Tarzan's" leg) and that a hippo's step is as light as that of a dancing-master.

ANOTHER fascinating scene of activity was the set for "Freaks" where circus sideshow performers, gathered from all over the world, appeared with established screen players in a mystery-drama laid in a sawdust ring. Fascinating but a little morbid too. A caste system as rigid as India's distinguishes these human oddities. The freakier the freak the more temperamental he is and the greater the contempt with which he looks upon his more nearly normal brethren. Take Johnny Eck, the half-boy, for example. He is not to be confused with a mere midget—and at that no midget is lacking in self-esteem. Eck walks on his hands. He is studying law, so that if unable to lift himself up in the world in one sense he'll do it in another. He declares with dignity that he isn't going to be any half-lawyer—nor accept half-fees.

The brothers Barrymore, Lionel left, John right. This is the first time the two have appeared in the same picture. It is "Arsene Lupin".

When the Hilton twins, joined together since birth, ask you to sign their autograph book don't forget to write your name *twice*. They may be indivisible but they aren't *one*—they're twain. If you forget this you may expect the Siamese cold shoulder.

Next we observe Josephine Joseph, half man, half woman, each side dressed according to its gender. A more shuddery spectacle is Randian the human torso, however. Think of a pet dog that has never known an affectionate pat from his master. That is "Sikh," devoted canine pal of this armless and legless freak. And just because a lady has no arms is no reason why she must renounce diamond rings. Little Martha whose nimble toes can thread needles, make embroidery, and operate a typewriter wears several strikingly lovely toe-rings and every second day has a pedicure in the interests of beautiful feet. Koo-koo the bird-girl, the pin-headed man, the bearded lady and the living skeleton are all comparatively ordinary—but don't let them hear you say it.

The trained seal declined to be interviewed. He perhaps was the most high-hat of the troupe, wouldn't condescend to bark an acknowledgement of the introduction but spent the entire morning snoozing in an aloof and haughty way all by himself in a corner. I think he must have been reading press-agent publicity about Greta Garbo and her hermit-soul. He seemed to be trying out her method.

"He should go a long way." I overheard a man behind me say in a reflective tone, to his companion.

"And stay there!" returned the other, with a snort.

But it wasn't the seal they meant—it was only a scenario writer that they were talking about.

Dark Seas

Continued from page 34

husband had returned. He, Hamel, engaged in a piece of silly quixotism, had blundered. England was at war with Germany. He was in love with a German girl and he should have destroyed her husband and had not done so. He had been strafed for that by his superiors. Margaret Von Holm was up yonder, under the shadows of the Rock. He was more in love with her than ever.

UNCONSCIOUSLY, his feet carried him south along the ascending paths of the Alameda. Presently, he left the gardens behind and began to climb the curving road towards Villa Dolores. On each side were garden walls, with dim lights over the gates. Square, dark houses, rose above the walls. Through the shutters here and there, came gleams of light. He met no one.

Presently he stood in the road before the Villa. Darkness shrouded it. For a long time he remained motionless. Desire to see Margaret Von Holm—for five minutes—for one-tugged at his heart. He put out a hand and touched the garden gate. It swung open noiselessly. He stepped inside.

Cautiously, he felt his way along the path until windows overlooking the garden were visible. Darkness there.

Under an arbour which divided the garden, he heard a movement.

"Who's there?" asked a voice.

"Margaret," he whispered.

She came forward then, a white shape in the gloom. Hamel noticed the golden helmet even in that dimness. There was an eagerness in the way she felt for and held his hands which matched his own.

"I hoped you would come," she murmured. "Every night, I have walked in the garden, with the gate unbarred. I am so happy!"

Hamel's arms went about her. He felt the long, yielding body against his own. He kissed her lips. The perfume of the girl's hair was in his nostrils, giving him a sense of overpowering intimacy.

Presently they talked in whispers. The night was so still that sounds came up to them from the harbour where dark shapes moved mysteriously on the water. For the first time the girl melted. Her aloof quality was all gone. There, in the hush and splendour of the garden, in the clinging intimacies of gloom, she made him forget many things he ought to have remembered.

While they whispered, her hands continually drew him closer. She removed his hat and he trembled slightly as he felt her fingers and the perfumed night breezes exploring his hair. Her words came in broken sentences, whispers of gratitude. He realized she was thanking him. It came to him with a sudden amazement, that she believed he had purposely failed when Von Holm's submarine rose alongside his torpedo boat. For that she stroked his hair. For that, he might hold her in his arms and feel the recurrent surges of her body against his.

"It was nothing. Nothing at all," he murmured. He knew that tomorrow he would regret his acceptance of her belief, but not tonight. Not while she was there against him.

"Margaret, do you love me?" he whispered.

The girl shivered slightly and drew a diaphanous veil closer about her shoulders.

"He is my husband, I could not love you if you had killed him," she answered.

For a moment, the night seemed to turn cold. An unendurable horror joined them, like an intruder. Hamel no longer found pleasure in that warm contact, that perfumed pressure of silk against his body.

The moment passed. From a tangle of vines rose an odor of dew-wet leaves, mingling with heated air given off by the cliffs above.

Dalliance sped the hours. It was midnight when he stepped through the gate into the road. The girl was a shape of white in the blackness. Her voice came to him like a sigh as she said "Good night."

As he turned down the road, he was uneasily conscious of a shutter closing with a faint creak in an upper story of the Towers' villa. He glanced sharply at the dark front. "Night breeze," he thought, but the memory of Mrs. Towers bothered him.

He was sober minded and a little shaken as he went down the hill, his footsteps sounding hollowly against house walls. He carried his hat in his hand so that the light airs might cool his head.

He reviewed the situation and it brought him little satisfaction. His failure at sea and reprimand would go down in his record at the Admiralty. Without a doubt, future promotions and favors would come slowly. The black mark would never be forgotten nor forgiven in the grey buildings in Whitehall where the history of the Service is filed in dark old archives.

It was the supremest satire of circumstance that his discomfiture should have been brought about by the husband of a woman with whom he had fallen in love. Was he in love? In the reaction from passion in the garden, he questioned it. Should he see her again? Oh, undoubtedly. But that was not exactly a matter of love.

He began to think about Von Holm. Margaret had been grateful because her husband had not perished at his hands. It struck him as a curious contradiction—her acceptance of his attentions when she still loved her husband. His superiors had strafed him savagely. Now he was supposed to go out and destroy Von Holm if he could. If he did, how would Margaret take it.

"What a mess," he muttered.

In an angle of Line Wall Road, he paused and struck a match. When the tobacco in his pipe was burning evenly, he started along the road. He had gone but a few yards when he remembered that he had laid his pouch on the wall. Retracing his steps, he felt along the stone. The tips of his fingers brushed the pouch abruptly and it fell over the edge into darkness.

"Blast the thing," he said, peering downward. It was at least thirty feet to the bottom. Impatiently, he turned away. Tobacco of the naval issue cost only a shilling and twopence a pound. The pouch had been sewn of aeroplane silk by one of his ratings. Why bother?

Puffing, he strode along towards Ragged Staff landing. Manlike, now that the hour of dalliance was past, he wanted action. He looked down with grim pleasure at five torpedo boats lying in the trot. His own was nearest. The guns were uncovered, their muzzles black. Hamel knew that his failure at sea had done more to snap the Base out of its lethargy than anything since the commencement of war. The O.C.P. really owed him a debt of gratitude for that classic illustration of unpreparedness.

[Continued on page 44]

HEADACHES

IT is not necessary to give-in to headaches. It is just a bit old-fashioned! The modern woman who feels a headache coming on at any time, takes some tablets of Aspirin and quickly heads it off. Relief is immediate.

Always keep Aspirin handy, and keep your engagements. Headaches, periodic pains, come at inconvenient times. So do colds. You can end them before they're fairly started if you will only remember this handy, harmless relief. Aspirin does not hurt the heart. Carry it in your purse; for your comfort shopping, or your evening's pleasure at the movies. Those little nagging aches that bring "nerves" are ended in a jiffy. Pains that once kept people home are forgotten half an hour after taking Aspirin! You'll find these tablets always help. Remember that there is only one Aspirin. Don't be persuaded to accept any substitute. Read directions in package for relieving headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, rheumatism, etc.

BAYER

Hawaii has no word for "weather"

So even tempered is this Hawaiian sun, so little change in seasons, that the native language has no word for *weather*.

Spring will describe almost any month in Hawaii. The indolent Hawaiian sun seems content in its flowers and fruits to forget all about the seasons. All year through you'll see it paint rainbows in Iao Valley and snatch back rain before it reaches the ground. See it blazing the crimson blossoms of the royal flame tree. See it ripening mangoes and guavas and sparkling the snow on Mauna Kea's volcanic mountain. See it bronzing swimmers as they squander days at Waikiki or at Kailua.

You'll taste this sun, mellow in golden pineapples, sugar cane, passion fruit; in bananas hanging yellow. In coconuts native boys will run up palms to get for you. It warms the fragrant trade winds, flashes on sampans in the harbor, on outriggers speeding through the surf. And lingers in the night...

Introduce yourself to Hawaii's sun *this Spring*. Plan to stay for the Spring Festival—April 6-9, and Lei Day on May Day (1st). Rest tired eyes in the eternal greenness of these Pacific isles. Let them sparkle with the dancing color of a million flowers.

There's much to see . . . and do. You'll swim in water that's warmer than the air You'll motor through miles of sugar cane, coffee and pineapple plantations; through fern jungles, along cliffs dropping sheer to the sea; over strange lava flows to a volcano large enough to hold a city. You'll golf (with 20 courses to choose from), troll for barracuda, swordfish; cruise by air or sea to the other islands of Kauai, Maui and Hawaii—each rich with sights and pleasures...Spouting Horn, Barking Sands, the strange Puna district south from Hilo.

New Low Fares April 1

You can comfortably make the round-trip, from the Pacific Coast, *all expenses included*, for less than $300. You can pleasantly crowd Hawaii into a 3-weeks holiday... A letter will bring interesting proof... or a wireless phone call direct to our Honolulu headquarters.

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The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, on request, mail you FREE, *authoritative information about the Islands. For special booklet, illustrated in full color, with picture maps, send 10c to defray cost of handling.*

Dark Seas

Continued from page 43

The devil. It would not happen again. He swung down aboard. T.B. 90 was under orders to proceed to sea at dawn.

THE windy brightness of morning swept Hamel's mind clear of doubts. Life simplified itself in a steady routine of watch and watch. He steamed southeast along the coast of the Riff. The sun grew hot at noonday. Lime juice, sweetened with course brown sugar, quenched his thirst. From a half-pound tin of navy tobacco which stood on the sheltered chart table beside the wheel he stuffed his pipe. Yonder, on the shoulder of a rocky hill, stood a ruined town. It was older than the Arabs of Mahomet. It was possible that Hannibal had levied troops from its people when he crossed the Strait of Gibraltar on his way to Rome.

The torpedo boat nosed seaward, giving a wide berth to the coast. There, Hamel had learned, was danger of tribesmen taking pot shots at them with long-barrelled muzzle loaders that fired ragged chunks of iron and nails. A slug had gone through a ventilator cowl, once, leaving a hole the size of a football where it came out. Eight bells sounded from forward.

Abruptly, he ordered the signal for "Action stations."

He nodded curtly when the rails were down, guns swung out, torpedo and depth charge crews in position and his deadly little wasp ready for battle in forty seconds.

"We can clip five seconds from that," he said to Breadalbane.

Constant practice over many months clipped away the five seconds and another three seconds from that. In less time, no crew could cover the distance and strip the ship for action.

It was during these months that the war closed in on the Gibraltarian area with grim reality. Where the wide sealanes from east and west converged upon the Strait, submarines found their victims. More than twelve hundred ships came through the Strait in a month. Fat merchantmen, they were, with wealth undreamed of by the East Indiamen who once had used these waters. Dodge as they would, and watch, the deadly tin fish sought them out. One afternoon the sea was bright with drifting oranges. Another day it bobbed with onions. Then it was iron drums of aeroplane petrol and boxes of gum rubber. Native fishboats came out and their crews harvested with laughter and coarse jests. Sometimes their nets drew in corpses of drowned seamen. These they took ashore and placed in nameless graves marked ephemerally with a crude cross of wood.

Slowly, from this grim business, there emerged the figure of Spartel Jack. Some quality of leadership the man possessed, blent with sardonic humor and a reckless daring, made him a figure around which legends grew. At intervals, from mysterious sea nights, his wireless spoke new messages to the Base. At Christmas he sent season's greetings to the Flag Captain and Chief of Staff. On New Year's Eve he wished the Admiral the very best. Occasionally there came a message for which he asked the courtesy of delivery to his wife.

His exploits were colorful and swift. Once he lay submerged in waters off the Rock where a convoy of merchantmen was forming. When the convoy of half a hundred ships got under way escorted by destroyers, he moved with it, the whine of his propellers lost in the threshings of many screws. After dark he rose to the surface in the heart of the convoy, sped his messengers of destruction, sank silently away into fathomless gloom to the accompaniment of thunderous explosions and escaped.

On another occasion, he boldly entered the port of Seville on the south coast of Andalusia and surrendered for internment by the Spanish authorities. For a month he lay there, while his ship received a thorough refitting. During this time, Von Holm and his officers came down to Algeciras, just across the Bay from the Rock. There, in the semi-tropical gardens of the Reina Christina Hotel, they sat at marble-topped tables, drinking wine. British officers, on leave in Spain, sat at other tables. The two groups bowed gravely to each other and resumed their drinking.

It was during this excursion to the very doorstep of the Rock, that Von Holm must have gained some knowledge of intrigue between his wife and Hamel. From the gardens of the Reina Christina it was possible, with a glass, to distinguish Villa Dolores from other houses on Scud Hill. Von Holm's room in the hotel faced the Rock, a fact duly reported to the Intelligence Staff, who also were aware the German spent many hours at his window, using binoculars. But while the glasses could bring him no nearer, physically, to his wife, gossip bridged the distance with a wealth of detail. After a day and a night at Algeciras, Von Holm hired a carriage and returned to Seville. The same evening, Gibraltar police, with unerring precision, singled out a muleteer from crowds pouring through the gate before sun-set gun. From the pockets of the muleteer's patched coat, they removed a letter to Mrs. Von Holm. It was added to the contents of a thick envelope labelled "Ludwig Von Holm" in files of the intelligence office.

When his refit was completed, Von Holm waited for a dark night, cut his cables and slipped away to sea, carrying his Spanish guards with him. Hours later, he set them ashore on a lonely part of the coast.

Stories of his deeds appeared in Spanish newspapers. In coffee houses of the coast villages he was toasted for his skill. At the Base it became a stock phrase, "Get Spartel Jack." The old days of loafing off to sea on a three or four-day picnic were long since over. Now the ships went hunting in flotillas. They swept the sea and cross-swept it, charted it into small squares over an area of five hundred miles and drained the water through a sieve. Aeroplanes patrolled the sky for half a thousand miles east and west of the Strait. British submarines went below the surface and shuttled back and forth day in, night out. Spartel Jack escaped them all.

There were other German submarines, and sometimes one of these, some luckless victim of the game, found himself in the toils when the hydrophones heard the tell-tale whine of his screws. Then the patrol ships sowed the sea with depth-charges, three hundred and fifty pounds of T.N.T. to the can. When that happened, death blasted open the German's steel shell and hurled him shrieking into the depths. Only a second, he had, of realization and then the hammer blows began.

"Shut off their supplies," ordered the Admiral. Every felucca at sea, every neutral ship Hamel and his fellow officers searched for spare petrol and oil. Letters came from the Riff tribesmen, written in beautiful copper-plate characters, presenting the Admiral with a thousand golden felicitations. They offered to reveal secret

[Continued on page 45]

Dark Seas

Continued from page 44

German caches of supplies on the lonely Barbary coasts. All they asked, in payment, were fifty thousand rifles of precision with cartridges wherewith to "wage war upon our enemies, the Spaniards."

Grimly Hamel and his fellows went over the Barbary coasts with a fine-toothed comb, but nothing was found. When the tribesmen realized they were to receive no arms, they returned to their old habits of firing on the patrol ships from behind rocks. Their jezails had barrels of gas-pipe superannuated from English towns, but their marksmanship was good. The search was abandoned.

Von Holm got the credit for every merchantman that went down within a range of five hundred miles of the Rock. Not all of them were his, but it became customary to say so. The score against him grew longer as months went by.

Mrs. Towers dropped Margaret Von Holm entirely. You cannot be friendly with a woman when her husband has been responsible for the deaths of men you knew. The tide of bitterness was rising, and people were learning the real meaning of hatred. Mrs. Towers built an altar of gossip and immolated the German girl upon it for the benefit of her friends. She continued her nightly vigil behind shutters, watching the adjoining garden with a pair of powerful night glasses her husband brought from naval stores.

THE bleak Gibraltar winter, with its prevailing northwest winds, merged into sunny spring. A delicate veil of green spread over the Spanish cordilleras that would soon turn brown in the suns to follow. In the crevices and ledges of the Rock a thousand tiny wild flowers tinted the cliffs with fugitive blues and pinks and scarlets.

The paths in Margaret Von Holm's garden were freshly raked and gravelled. New plants, still in their pots, were arranged in beds. Fresh verdure of living green brightened old foliage of vine and shrub. Even the little iron-topped tables, splendid in fresh coats of green paint, rejoiced in spring.

Much of the work was done for her by a crabbed Rock Scorpian, aged and bent and almost wordless. But many of the lighter tasks she did herself, finding peace in the pre-occupation of labour. She came out of the villa now with one hand concealed under a scarf. The windows of the Towers' villa overlooking her garden were blank. The Rock Scorpian bent over a bed of flower-pots. Satisfied, she hurried towards the garden gate.

There, under the shadow of the wall, she laid aside the scarf, revealing a small oil can. With this she carefully oiled the massive hinges of the gate which swung under an arch of stone. When she was satisfied that the gate would open without creaking, she hid the can under the scarf once more and returned to the villa.

It was with a slight sense of shame that she returned the oil can to its place in the sewing-machine drawer. Returning through the library, she paused before the picture of Ludwig Von Holm. It was almost four years since she had seen him. The features in the frame seemed to have taken on something of the rigidity observed in old portraits of people who are dead. They were strange and unfamiliar. She had forgotten what those lips were like when they smiled. There was no friendliness in the eyes; only an impersonal glance fixed on something above and beyond.

Sighing, she turned away. Begun in loneliness of heart, her affair with Hamel had taken a specious appearance of necessity when she found that, through him, she could, perhaps, influence her husband's fate. For long she had stilled the protests of her conscience with this plea. Slowly these protests died. There had been a time when she loved both Von Holm and Hamel. Now Hamel alone filled her heart. The other seemed only a name, a circumstance which, long past, still set her apart from her neighbours.

As Hamel learned the extent of her passion and the charm of her eager welcome, he forgot or pushed into the background of his mind the fact that he might, one day, kill her husband. Month followed month without that horrid need. He grew to accept the situation and then forgot it, almost. During his time ashore, he spent what portion he could with Margaret Von Holm.

Neither was so blind as to overlook the need for caution. So far as they knew, their affair was the hot secret of their own hearts. Hamel never visited the girl in daytime. In the evenings, he dined at the Mediterranean Club or the Grand Hotel. Following dinner, he was always available for billiards or bridge. When he had been in evidence for an hour or two he slipped away. It was then he climbed the hill to Villa Dolores, pushed open the gate on noiseless hinges, and entered the garden.

Hamel swung out of the tomb-like opening which marked the establishment of Browne, naval and military tailor. He had ordered several summer uniforms of white drill, and his mind was full of shoulder straps. The slit into which they fitted had been cut so low the straps hung down in front. "More like blooming decorations than straps," Hamel thought angrily. He wished he had sent to England for his whites.

A sailor stopped before him, saluting smartly.

"Beg pardon, sir, Lieutenant Hamel, sir?"

"Yes."

"Signal from the Chief of Staff, sir. He wants to see you at once, sir."

"Right. Thanks."

"Very good, sir."

The *matelot* saluted again and turned on his heel. Hamel lighted a cigarette uneasily as he watched him go.

"Now what the devil?" he wondered and stepped out.

A pallid writer ushered him into the Chief of Staff's presence. Hamel stood stiffly at attention, his cap under his left arm.

The Chief of Staff, who was a Commodore and had been commanding officer of the Royal yacht, was not unlike Hamel in appearance, discounting his additional twenty years. If anything, his jaw was leaner, his eyes more eagle-like and piercing.

He wasted no time on preliminaries.

"Lieutenant Hamel, what I am about to say is unofficial. Is that understood?"

"Yes sir."

"Some time ago you were the subject of a court of enquiry. You received a reprimand."

"Yes sir."

"You failed to acquit yourself creditably in a chance encounter with a submarine which we subsequently decided was commanded by Lieutenant Ludwig Von Holm of the Imperial German Navy. There were those in the court who believed you were not ignorant as to the identity of the submarine's commander."

"Sir!"

"Remember, this conversation is unofficial." [Continued on page 54]

At one-third the mouth wash cost guard the whole family against colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC goes 3 times as far because it's 3 times as powerful as any other leading mouth wash. That's economy for you! Why waste money on antiseptics that must be used full strength to be effective?

PLAIN, simple arithmetic is causing millions to change to Pepsodent Antiseptic. Because Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth washes . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times more for your money and gives extra protection against colds, irritated throats. For your protection against germs associated with common ills remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth washes. On the one hand you have the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. On the other hand you have Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs within 10 seconds. It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills the germs even when diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save money! Now is a good time to start.

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After Extractions
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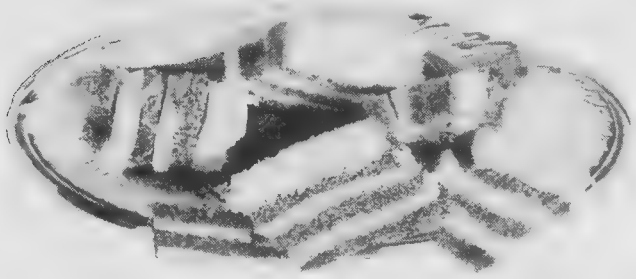
Blisters
Loose Dandruff
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

BETTER COOKERY

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

A baked ham may be put to many uses when preparing a lunch or tea.



Checkerboard sandwiches: Sandwiches for a tea should always be small and dainty.

When We Play Bridge

A BRIDGE PARTY seems to be the most popular form of entertaining at present, and certainly has much to commend it. It may take the form of a luncheon or a tea, or an evening affair. Especially delightful is the luncheon, served at one or half past one o'clock, followed by a few hours of bridge. After the playing is over, many hostesses like to serve a cup of hot tea with wafers or cookies. The tables are set before the guests arrive, and are quickly cleared after the meal is over, ready for the playing to commence. Daintiness of food and of appointments and service are important. For the luncheon, two or three courses are sufficient. Cocktails or canapes may be on the tables before the guests are seated. Hot soup in cold weather, jellied soup on a hot day, may be served if wished. There will be the main course which may be cold, or may have some hot food. This will be served on a single plate, with a roll or muffin or biscuit, buttered, to eliminate bread and butter plates. Relishes, pickles, olives, etc., will probably be placed on the plates, also, to avoid crowding the small tables with needless dishes. Then there will be the dessert, with tea or coffee. This may be hot, if the rest of the meal has been cold. Unless one has competent help in the kitchen, it is wiser to serve foods which need practically no last minute attention. The hostess cannot be attending to something in the deep fat frying kettle and welcoming her guests at the same time. Hot meats should be in a double boiler, or in a dish in the oven where no harm can come to them while the first course is being served. A hot cream soup may precede a cold, or hot light main course, if wished.

Saint Patrick's Luncheon

Cream of pea soup, with whipped cream, tinted green
Crisp crackers
Creamed potatoes with minced parsley
Jellied chicken — Cubes of cranberry jelly
Gherkins — Shamrock rolls
Celery sticks stuffed with cream cheese and chopped green pepper
Pistachio ice cream — Shamrock cookies
Tea — Green and white mints

Easter Luncheon

Minted fruit cocktail
Chicken patties — Potatoes on the half shell, paprika
Hot-cross buns, buttered — Fresh asparagus
Rainbow cake — Ice cream — Fruit puffles
Candies — Coffee

Luncheon III

Assorted hors d'œuvres
Chicken or tuna salad — Duchess potatoes
Rolls
Pickled peaches — Tomato relish
Angel cake with whipped cream and fruit
Coffee

— IV —

Clear tomato bouillon
Toast fingers
Ham cornucopias with egg salad
Cheese biscuits — Cabbage, apple salad
Cucumber pickles — Cress or celery curls
Individual plum puddings, hard sauce
Coffee

— V —

Tomato-sauerkraut cocktail
Tiny cheese sandwiches
Chicken shortcake — Peas in timbale cases
Cranberry sauce — Crusty rolls, buttered
Meringue cake
Salted Nuts — Coffee

— VI —

Canapes
Salad of assorted vegetables
Cheese biscuits — Jellied veal
Sponge baskets — Ice cream or sherbet
Nuts — Coffee — Candies

The Bridge Tea

AS THE guests are already seated at tables, it is possible to serve foods which would be too awkward under other circumstances, such as salads, frozen desserts, cakes with soft fillings, or whipped cream. Cocktails and soups are omitted, but a hot oyster, chicken or sweetbread patty, is frequently served, with buttered hot breads, such as rolls, muffins, biscuits, toast. There are the fancy breads, made of fruits, nuts, orange peel, etc., in addition to the white and dark breads for sandwiches. All sorts of dainty cakes, and cookies and ices are suitable. Unless one plans to serve a fairly substantial tea, late enough to be the evening meal, it is well to serve it about the middle of the bridge game.

There are so many things to be had now, at a reasonable price, which add to the attractiveness of entertaining. Glassware and china are lovely, and much of it quite inexpensive. Especially dainty are the new cocktail glasses, with straight flaring sides, although sherbet cups are satisfactory, as are the footed sherbet or cocktail glasses, with which a spoon is used. Lace paper doilies grow prettier every year, and more popular. Loaf sugar comes in hearts, spades, clubs and diamonds, in either white or colors, as well as in cubes of various sizes. Marshmallows are to be had in various pastel shades. Sugar comes in a variety of colors. Cookie cutters and jelly molds are to be had in almost unlimited assortments. There are so many interesting cake pans to be had now. The Mary Ann pans are either large or individual (the latter in sets of four), in either square or round shapes. When the cake is baked and turned from the pan, there is a depression in the centre, to be filled with fruit, whipped cream, or other filling. Sliced peaches, topped with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream, is especially good. The sets of six layer pans make a delicious cake of the sponge cake family. Then there are the many shapes and sizes of small cake and muffin pans, and the little paper fluted cups, for baking or for molding frozen dishes in the electric refrigerators.

Shamrock Rolls

Use any favorite recipe for rolls, and when ready to shape, make three balls the size of rather large marbles, for each roll, put in greased muffin pans, greasing the sides of the balls that touch, and let rise till doubled in bulk, and bake. Baking-powder biscuits may be made in the same way.

Stuffed Celery

Select crisp stalks of celery with a groove in them, and fill with cream cheese, mashed to a paste, moistened with cream or salad dressing if needed, and with chopped green pepper mixed in it. For St. Patrick's Day, there will be a touch of green, such as the pepper, or parsley, chopped pistachio nuts or chopped green olives. At other times, nut meats, pimento, chopped dates or raisins may be mixed with the cheese. Cut the stalks in pieces of uniform length and lay two or three on each plate. These may be prepared some hours before needed and kept chilled. A salad is not needed with these sticks.

[Continued on page 48]

Chicken patties invariably prove themselves a favorite dish.

Miss Jessie Marie De Both makes her delicious

MAHOGANY LAYER CAKE

with Magic Baking Powder

"I find Magic *always uniform, always dependable," says famous director of cooking schools—*

MANY a husband would like to extend thanks to Miss Jessie Marie De Both. For, every year, the housewives of Canada receive from the famous De Both Home Makers' Cooking Schools a wealth of valuable cooking hints and delectable new recipes.

"When a young housewife asks me what baking powder she should use," says Miss De Both, "this is my advice: Use the best—one that is pure, uniform and invariably dependable.

"You can't use second-rate baking powder and expect first-rate results. After all, the cost of the baking powder is trifling compared with the cost of the other materials in your cake. And a baking powder failure means utter waste of your fresh butter and eggs, your fine flour, sugar and flavoring.

"My experience with Magic Baking Powder has been particularly happy. I find that it never varies—that it is consistently reliable. And I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients."

. . .

Statements by other well-known cookery authorities give whole-hearted support to Miss De Both's judgment. In fact, the majority of dietitians and teachers in cooking schools and public institutions throughout Canada use and recommend Magic *exclusively*.

And 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives who bake at home say they always use Magic "because it gives consistently better results."

If you've never used Magic, buy a tin today. Find out for yourself how dependable it is . . . how it improves even the best recipe!

Made in Canada

"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

MAHOGANY CAKE

½ cup milk
½ cup cocoa
½ cup butter
1 ½ cups sugar
3 eggs
¾ teaspoon Magic Soda
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
⅔ cup sweet milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups pastry flour (or 1 ¾ cups bread flour)

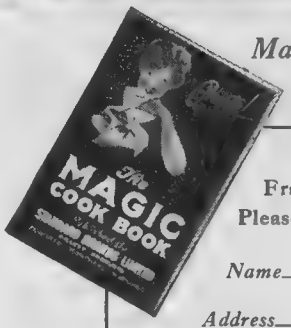
Cook ½ cup milk with ½ cup cocoa until thick and smooth; set aside to cool. Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg yolks. Sift together flour, soda and baking powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add chocolate mixture and vanilla extract and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.

Bake in 2 well-greased 9-inch layer cake tins, in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. Cool and spread Fudge Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

FUDGE FROSTING

2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cook sugar, corn syrup, chocolate and milk to 232° F. or until syrup forms a very soft ball when tested in cold water. Stir occasionally to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add baking powder and butter. Cool to lukewarm. Add vanilla extract and beat until creamy and right consistency to spread.



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Pistachio Ice Cream

Make the same as Vanilla Ice Cream, flavoring it with one-third almond extract to two-thirds vanilla, and tinting a delicate green.

Shamrock Cookies

Make any favorite white sugar cookies, cut out with a shamrock cutter, and when baked moisten the top with the thinnest possible coat of white frosting and sprinkle with green sugar sand.

Minted Fruit Cocktail

Cut canned pineapple slices in cubes, peeled oranges in slices, then in sections and add to them enough after-dinner mints to give a pleasant mint flavor, and let stand till the candies are melted. Or use grapefruit and orange, or grapefruit alone. When ready to serve, sprinkle with finely chopped fresh mint leaves if they are available.

Chicken Patties

Either buy patty shells or make them from puff paste, or use sliced bread. This may be done a day or two before the party, if made at home. Re-heat for a moment in the oven before filling with cooked chicken, cut in cubes and heated in a rich cream sauce. Almonds may be blanched and cut in strips, and added, or mushrooms, sliced, or green or red sweet peppers.

Butter, 3 tb.	Sliced chicken, 2 c.
Flour, 4 tb.	Mushrooms, 1 med. can
Salt, ½ t.	White bread, 1 loaf
Rich chicken stock, 2 c.	Butter

Method: Melt butter, add flour and salt and gradually stir in chicken stock. Cook until it thickens and add sliced chicken and mushrooms. Keep hot.

Cut eight slices, using about three-quarters loaf of bread and eight thin slices from remaining quarter of loaf. Using a large cookie cutter the diameter of loaf, cut rounds from thick slices and with smaller fancy cutter from the thin slices.

Spread the small fancy pieces with butter, slip under broiler or into very hot oven to brown. Place a large round of bread on each hot serving plate, cover with chicken and mushroom sauce, top each with a piece of toast. Garnish with curled celery and radish. For buffet service the patties may be arranged on a large platter or chop plate alternatively with peach halves with the centres filled with currant jelly. This recipe makes eight servings.

Potatoes on the Half Shell

Well-shaped potatoes of uniform size are scrubbed and baked, then cut in halves lengthwise, the centres scooped out, and mashed. Season well with salt, pepper and butter and fold in either well-beaten eggs, or the stiffly-beaten whites, the number depending upon the amount of potato. Pile back in the shells of potato, sprinkle with paprika, and re-heat in the oven to serve. Stick a little sprig of parsley in each.

Hot-cross Buns

Pat out on a floured board, the dough for rolls or buns, to one-half inch thick. Cut out with a round cutter, and with a knife cut a cross on top, let rise again and bake in a hot oven, 425°-450° F. When cooled, cover with a thin coat of icing. Spices and fruit may be used if wished, in mixing the batter. [Cont'd. on page 49]

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Gillett's Lye dissolves clogging grease—and never harms enamel

SAY "good-bye" to clogged-up drains—expensive plumbing bills!

Just pour Gillett's Lye—full strength—down your sinks and toilet bowls each week. This powerful cleanser and disinfectant instantly cuts away grease . . . removes obstructions. Leaves drain pipe clear and free. Kills germs and odors, too. Gillett's Pure Flake Lye will not in any way harm enamel or plumbing.

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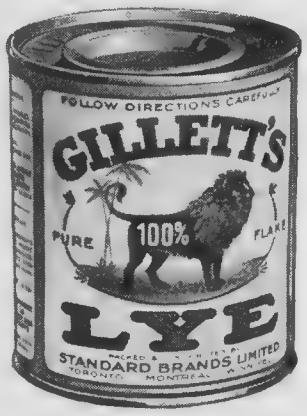
Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



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Hors D'Oeuvres

There are to be had, now, special biscuits for hors d'œuvres, with raised edges, to hold the filling more securely. They are mere dainty bites, in the heart, diamond, club and spade shapes. But one may use small crackers, or tiny bits of sauted or toasted bread, cut in circles, triangles, fingers, etc. Cover with appetizers which are highly flavored, and arrange on lace paper doilies on the plates, the number for each serving depending upon the size of them. Nut meats, sliced and chopped olives, eggs, chopped green and red peppers, highly flavored cheese, sardines, anchovies, pearl onions, pickles, caviar, horseradish, pate de foie gras, offer a wide selection.

Spread biscuits or toast with a very thin layer of made mustard, cover with grated cheese seasoned with salt and paprika or a tiny bit of cayenne, set in the oven long enough to melt the cheese, and put a border of minced green olives around the edges.

Spread with sardines rubbed to a paste, and seasoned with Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne. Put a slice of stuffed olive in the centre of each, and a border of chopped hard-cooked egg-whites around the edge.

On circles of sauted bread, or of toast, put a strip of green pepper through the centre. Cover one-half with finely chopped white pickled onion, the other half with caviar.

Lay tiny sardines on toast strips, sprinkle with lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce and garnish with pimento.

On each lay a thick slice of hard-cooked egg, the white ring filled with the mashed yolks, seasoned with salt, cayenne, mustard and salad dressing. Put a sprig of parsley in the centre of each, and a border of finely chopped cress or olives.

Spread with a mixture of 2 oz. caviar, a few drops of lemon juice, 1 t. finely minced onion, a chopped hard-cooked egg, ½ t. prepared mustard and salad dressing to moisten. Decorate with pearl onions.

Spread with highly seasoned cheese, cover with finely chopped lobster mixed with salad dressing. Decorate with hard-cooked egg.

Garnished Angel Cake

One of the simplest and most attractive of desserts is a slice of angel cake on which is put a generous heap of whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavored, into which has been folded fresh strawberries, cut in pieces, sliced peaches, canned sweet red cherries, or crushed pineapple. Chopped nut-meats may be added if wished.

Ham Cornucopias with Salad

Roll thin square slices of cooked ham into cornucopias, and fill with a salad mixture. Equal parts of diced cooked potatoes and chopped hard-cooked eggs, with salad dressing, is good. Fasten the cornucopia with a toothpick to keep it closed.

Sandwiches

Sandwiches for a tea should always be small and dainty. The crusts are usually removed. If the bread is to be cut in fancy shapes, waste is avoided by doing this before the butter is spread on. A tray or large plate of open-faced sandwiches is very attractive. Softened butter may be seasoned in various ways before

[Continued on page 50]

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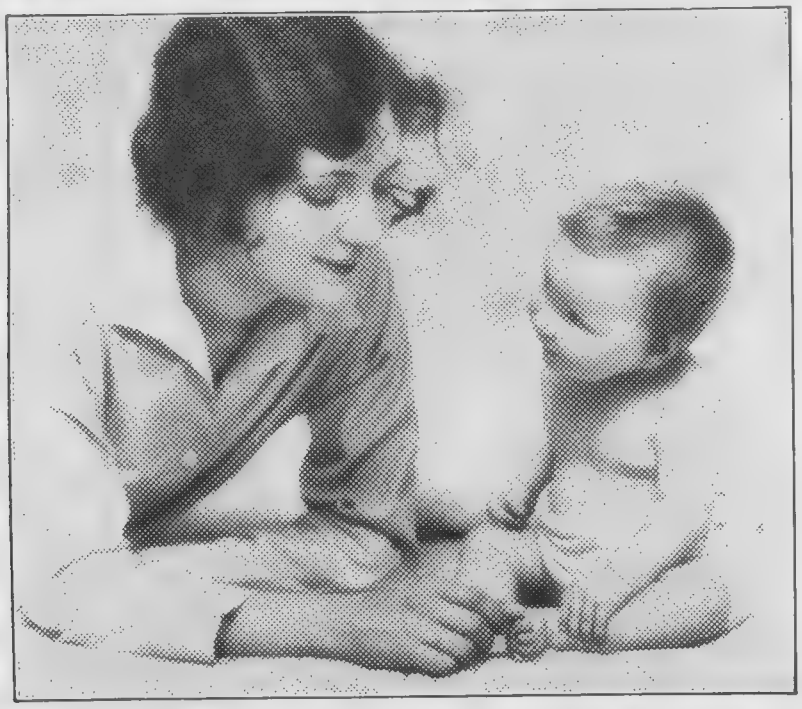

Irritated Skin

Almost any grandmother will tell you that no matter how red and irritated baby's skin may be Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring relief at once and quickly restore the healthful condition of the skin.

Keep Dr. Chase's Ointment along with baby's bath soap so that it may be applied promptly and baby will never suffer from chafing or eczema.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Possesses highly medicinal qualities, and works almost like magic in clearing and beautifying the skin. In box or tube, same price, same quality.

spreading on the bread. Part of it may have prepared mustard mixed in it, or horseradish, pimento, or chopped green pepper.

A Few Fillings

Whole wheat bread spread with butter mixed with a little orange marmalade, and a filling of cream cheese mashed with finely chopped candied grapefruit or orange peel.

Minced chicken with half as much minced celery, a few ground nuts, salt, pepper and salad dressing.

Chopped corned beef, mustard and chili sauce to moisten.

Minced ham and tongue, with finely chopped mustard pickles.

Chopped raisins and nuts, moistened with orange juice.

Rounds of bread spread with mustard butter, a thin slice of tomato and tiny sardines on top, sprinkled with lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Open brown bread sandwiches spread with butter and cheese mixed, and slices of stuffed olives arranged on top.

Buttered brown bread, round or square, with a daisy on top, made of egg-white petals around a centre of mashed egg-yolk mixed with salad dressing and seasonings.

Cream cheese, cream, horseradish and minced cress or parsley.

Dark brown bread with a filling of cream cheese, 2 tb. chopped Maraschino cherries, 2 tb. chopped nuts, a little maraschino liquid.

One cup raisins, ½ c. boiled ham, 4 tb. sweet cucumber pickles, finely chopped, 1 t. lemon juice, and salad dressing to moisten.

Crab meat, half as much chopped celery, chopped olives, cress and dressing to moisten.

Salmon, capers, salad dressing.

Tuna, chopped pickle and salad dressing.

Slices of jellied chicken or veal, lettuce leaves.

Brown bread, buttered, spread with Roquefort cheese, mashed with a little cream and seasoned with salt.

Brown bread, buttered, with a filling of walnut meats, chopped, and granulated honey.

Checkerboard sandwiches are made from an equal number of slices of white and dark bread. Remove the crusts and have the slices uniform in size, and half an inch thick. Butter and pile five of them alternately, having three white and two brown slices in one pile, two white and three brown in the other. Chill for some time. Slice half an inch thick, butter each slice and again pile them up so that the white and brown strips will alternate, in groups of five slices. Chill till ready to serve, when they are cut in thin slices, giving a checkerboard effect. Plain butter may be used, or a filling such as cheese, which will stick well.

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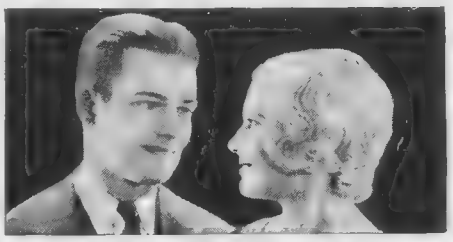

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Best every time
Ready any time
"CAMP"
COFFEE

Children of the Wild

Continued from page 20

The cub ate the fragments noisily, his interest in his new chum growing with every taste.

Just then the boy detected the dark stains of blood on the little animal's nose. Instantly his keen eyes softened, and an expression of sympathy came over his face. "Poor little cre't're," he muttered. "I must have bumped your snout when I was running."

He untied the red spotted handkerchief from his neck, and gently wiped the blood away. Then through the soft evening stillness the two children of the wild drifted homeward, each happy in the possession of a new and greatly desirable friendship.

"Sis," cried Shem, as he ran along the clearing from the lake to the shanty, where he lived with his father and sister. "Sis, see here what I've brought you!"

Round at the back of the hut a girl of perhaps fifteen was busy chopping firewood—a pretty, pink little creature, as a healthy British Columbia girl should be.

On hearing her brother's eager shouts, the girl let fall her axe, and ran round to meet him. Shem put the cub on the ground, but on sight of this second strange human it scrambled into the nearest tree, to be promptly dragged down by the two children.

"Goodness, but you are brave!" exclaimed Sis, in frank admiration, as Shem briefly outlined the story of how he had come to capture the cub; and forthwith the two of them set to work to repair the old dog kennel beneath the balcony.

DAN GARROT was a silent but impulsive man, whose soft heart and quick temper were a continual source of sorrow to him. It was late that evening when he returned from the clearing—hungry, swarthy, and perspiring.

Sis had prepared a particularly appetizing supper, but not till Dan had eaten and had filled his pipe did the girl steal into the house with the baby bear clasped in her arms.

To the surprise of both Shem and his sister, Dan Garrot flew into a rage. He vowed and declared that never, so long as he lived, should they make a pet of such a "derned little varmint" as a bear cub. Presently, however, his rage subsided. He sat down under the oil lamp, and stared viciously at the wide-eyed cub.

Then it was that Sis stole up behind him, placed her two hands on his shoulders, and laid her soft face against his. Her hands crept round till they were clasped under his chin, and with her lips against his hair she whispered something in a Scotch accent, very quietly.

His face relaxed, and an expression that was neither joyous nor sad came into his eyes, for their mother was a Scotch woman.

"Git!" he cried. "I'll have nothing to do with any of you. No—stand right there, both of you. Now then, did either of you ever hear of Minwell, the Indian trapper?"

Shem nodded.

"Maybe you, Shem, know how he died?" the woodsman went on. "He caught a bear cub, just like that one there, and reared it up with him. Quite tame and playful it grew, and on Sundays the boys at the sawmill used to give Minwell grub to take it down and amuse them. But one day Minwell fell sick, and the blamed cub turned on him, and mauled him to death—just as that blame cub might turn on you or me or Sis, when it grows older."

He paused, then raising a massive forefinger pursued—"Now, look here, I don't mind the cub while he's small, but when I say the word, he will have to go, and no grumbling."

And there the matter ended for the time, while on a varied and abundant diet the cub throve and did well. His clumsy antics as he wobbled hurriedly in and out of the house after Sis, kept that young lady in a constant state of mirth. He refused to learn that the stove was hot, and that soap invariably made him sick.

To the two children the cub was a source of never-ending amusement, and it did Dan good to hear their merry laughter ringing through the woods.

Oh, but it was a great game to take little Joshua, as they called him, far out into the woods, then dodge behind a tree, and watch his woebegone expression on finding himself alone.

Staring round, he would sit up on his haunches and whine—doubtless conjuring up in his mind the sinister vision that a certain black squirrel had presented as it menaced his mother and him. Then he would catch sight of Sis or Shem watching him from behind a pillar of the forest, and his very obvious joy was a treat to behold.

One day Shem upturned a large, flat stone, and revealed a colony of ants beneath it. He pointed out the scurrying insects to Joshua, who, through force of instinct, got his tongue to work. Thus he learnt that ants were good to eat, and this led up to a second great game.

One of the children would overturn a stone, and shout—"Ants, Joshua! Ants!" Then the other would upend a stone a little distance away, and repeat the call, and the bear cub, unable to judge distance truly, would dash first one way and then the other, unable to make up his mind which feast to tackle first, and falling over himself in his haste. When at last he *did* reach one of the desired goals, the probability was that the ants would have vanished into their subterranean passages, while Sis and Shem looked on, holding their sides with laughter.

Sure it was that Dan was quite coming round in his attitude towards bear cubs. "Just like another child," he told the men at the sawmills. "Joins in their games better'n a dog."

One evening, when Shem and Sis were out, Dan took the opportunity of inviting one or two of his friends up to the cabin to see the cub. "I don't allow no bad language in front of him," he stipulated. "He'll go and repeat it right away to the children!"

The men laughed uproariously at Joshua's antics, and one of them, by way of a joke, offered the little creature a chew of tobacco. Having unwavering faith in all humans alike, Joshua seized the morsel hungrily, and swallowed it. The result was almost tragic, and Dan spared no pains in describing exactly what he thought of a man who would take advantage of a defenceless, innocent, dumb creature. The meeting broke up in anything but a sociable manner.

WHEN autumn came, Dan found himself reluctant to send the bear away, but considered himself bound to do so, if only to fulfil the contract. Joshua had grown large and strong, but he was such a gentle, loving creature that it seemed that Dan's fears were all ungrounded.

"Make the best of him," he shouted to the two children as they set off into the bush one evening. "Next week he goes to Nelson to be sold."

[Continued on page 52]

That child's COLD

—don't let it go too far

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For more than 30 years doctors and parents have used Virol because it turns weakly children into robust men and women. Virol has so often saved not only health but life itself.

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CHILDREN OF THE WILD

Continued from page 51

But before next week came, something happened that was entirely out of accordance with the monotonous routine of the pioneer's life. One noon he was brought home on a crude stretcher of branches, carried by two swarthy woodsmen. Dan's leg was broken—a compound fracture, the doctor said, and it would be weeks before he would be able to resume his work.

In the general rush and anxiety that ensued, Joshua was the last to be thought about. Naturally he felt himself neglected, and one afternoon, utterly overwhelmed by loneliness, he contrived to slip his collar.

It happened that that afternoon, Dan, strapped securely to his bunk, was alone in the hut. Shem had gone off in the hope of securing a "fool hen" for supper, and Sis had gone by steamer to the city to buy in some provisions. The door of the shanty was wide open to admit the cool fresh air, and presently a soft footstep on the threshold attracted the sick man's attention. He turned his head just in time to see Joshua come lumbering across the verandah into the room.

An awful fear gripped the sick man's mind. He remembered what had happened to Minwell, for Dan had been one of the first to arrive after the tragedy, and the whole ghastly scene was stamped indelibly on his memory.

He saw again the fragments of stained clothing lying about the floor, and in one dim corner the crouching bear cub. He remembered how he had drawn the big .450 Webley from his belt, and administered justice.

And now—the hideous truth seemed to sink into his disordered mind bit by bit—here was he in exactly the same plight as Minwell had been! He ground his teeth, clenched his fists, and stared fixedly at Joshua. And Joshua, with the best intentions in the world, shambled up to the bunkside, and placed one huge paw firmly and squarely on Dan Garrot's nose.

Dan struck out, and the bear went spinning. This was a great game, and he charged again to the attack. Then the man realized the folly of his first move. He rubbed the cub's ears, and spoke to it firmly and authoritatively, telling it to go outside.

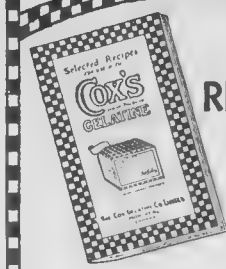
But Joshua hadn't escaped for nothing, and a corner of the blanket, hanging tentatively from the bunk, attracted his notice. He caught hold of it and pulled, and presently bear and blanket were together tangled up in the centre of the room, while Dan lay almost nude in the narrow bunk.

Delighted at the unexpected turn of events, the cub dashed for the door, trailing the blanket triumphantly behind him.

Dan heaved a sigh of relief. Great drops of sweat streamed down his forehead, and his face was ghastly pale. His eyes sought the doorway—the cub was nowhere to be seen. He took in every detail of the room, and his mind seemed to ponder over each individual article. Presently his gaze shifted to the floor. He saw a thin black streak stretching across it. What was the streak? He had never seen it there before. He closed his eyes, then looked again. The streak seemed to be moving towards him—to be creeping forward, slowly, but with awful certainty.

Horror! It was an army of ants! His terrified gaze could now make out each individual insect, as they moved *en masse* towards his bunk.

[Continued on page 53]



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Children of the Wild

Continued from page 52

Dan closed his eyes and turned away. This was no fever-dream, but a horribly reality. When he looked again the vanguard of the vast army, guided by some mysterious instinct, had already reached his bunk, and was creeping up the side.

He felt a sharp prick on the back of his hand, and as he lifted it a huge ant dropped to the mattress. Then he felt another and another of the burning pricks—on his legs, on his thighs, and about his swollen feet. Looking down, he saw hundreds of the little pests running about on his scanty clothing.

The thing was horrible—unbearable. He tried to brush them away, but as he did so, they seemed to attack him with renewed vigour. The agony was awful, and he began to bellow for help, but the emptiness of the great woods seemed only to mock his cries.

In such a crisis the brain works quickly, and there suddenly flashed through the stricken man's mind a ludicrous scene he had witnessed by the clearing a few weeks previously. Leaning out of the bunk he drew a long breath, and roared — "Ants, Joshua! Ants! Ants!"

Louder and louder he roared as the agony increased, then there was a shuffling sound at the threshold, and in rolled Joshua. The man held out two trembling hands, and the cub came to him.

Joshua was an adept at catching ants. With characteristic enthusiasm he nosed them out one by one, and sucked them up. How gentle and cool the cub's nose felt against the man's heated skin! How soft and caressing was the touch of the animal's fur against the smarting bites! These were the thoughts that passed through Dan's mind as, with his hand on the little creature's head, he lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Joshua! Joshua! Why will you grow up?" said Dan Garrot, and he said it sorrowfully and soulfully, unabashed by the presence of his two children. "Why won't you remain always a cub, and stop along with me and the kiddies? But tomorrow the man comes from the circus, Joshua, and you'll have to go with him. It cannot be otherwise."

But that night, when Joshua looked out into the great starlit forests, something called to him, and he listened. Then he crept away, fearful of being seen, and the great autumn solitudes claimed him as their own—Joshua, the little alien bear, who had returned to his kind.

Montparnasse

Continued from page 19

In the early 90's the Armingtons started their artistic career in Toronto. In those days, when Toronto had none of its present vastness and the roar and rush and business of present progress, art still was well established. One of the early leaders was J. W. L. Forster, who still today at the age of eighty, at times takes up his brush. In those days he was a well-known portrait painter, and in addition had a small class of pupils. To this school came Frank M. Armington from Fordwich, a hamlet in Huron county, and a young lady from Brampton who was in a short time to be his wife, for romances ripen rapidly even in art schools where men and women, concentrated though they may be upon their painting, are still men and women; and love is stronger than art. Upon leaving school the young painters were married and came to Paris to study. Mr. Armington working with Jean-Paul Laurens and Lucien Simon, and Mrs. Armington with Henri Roiger, and Lucien Simon.

Completing their studies they have since occupied themselves variously with painting, portrait work and etchings. In 1911 they spent a year travelling in Canada from coast to coast and placing on canvas and copper plates their impressions of the scenic grandeur that stretches for three thousand miles from Quebec to British Columbia. In an etching specially designed for a bookplate, Mrs. Armington has expressed very beautifully the contrast between the old world and the new. Through an ancient Gothic portal one looks out upon the mountains and the trees of British Columbia. In 1926, at the Gordon Galleries, they exhibited a collection of their Canadian and European studies. They have travelled in Norway, and spent much time in England. While in England recently Mrs. Armington spent much time in the region made famous by Thomas Hardy's novels, and made an etching of the writer's birthplace, which is the very spirit of the region. At the present time Mr. Armington is at work upon a series of drawings to illustrate a book on Montparnasse by Sisley Huddleston, which will contain also some of Mrs. Armingtons' etchings.

Previous to 1924 there was a very heavy duty on etchings going into Canada. Mrs. Armington had sent some of her work as a present to her sister. This fact of having to pay nearly a third of the value of work by a Canadian going into her own country aroused Mrs. Armington, and for years she worked diligently to have this tariff revised. Whenever she was in Ottawa or whenever a prominent Canadian minister visited Paris, she called the matter to attention. Finally, in 1924, a revision of tariff was put into effect.

In their great studio on the Boulevard Montparnasse, whose windows from the fifth story overlook this heart of the artistic world, the Armingtons today continue their labors, varying this with periodical voyages to Canada and the United States.

WHEN J. W. Morrice died in Tunis at the age of sixty, in the year 1924, Canada lost probably her greatest landscape painter, and one of the finest artists the Dominion will ever have. Yet, today his fame is greater in France than in his own land. He came from one of the Dominion's oldest families, the name noted in commerce for nearly a century. And though he showed an early aptitude for art, he studied for law and was called to the bar in Montreal. But art will be served, and Morrice came to Paris, the city by the Seine marked then by such tranquil days, where an old-time charm still lingered, where life was unhurried, where a spell brooded and touched the artists with a mystic something that the days of the Great War dispersed and forever destroyed.

Morrice became a pupil of Harpignes, that great master of landscapes. Harpignes was also a great teacher, and in this young Canadian he found a kindred spirit, a man who was capable of taking infinite pains. After leaving Harpignes, Morrice went

[Continued on page 62]

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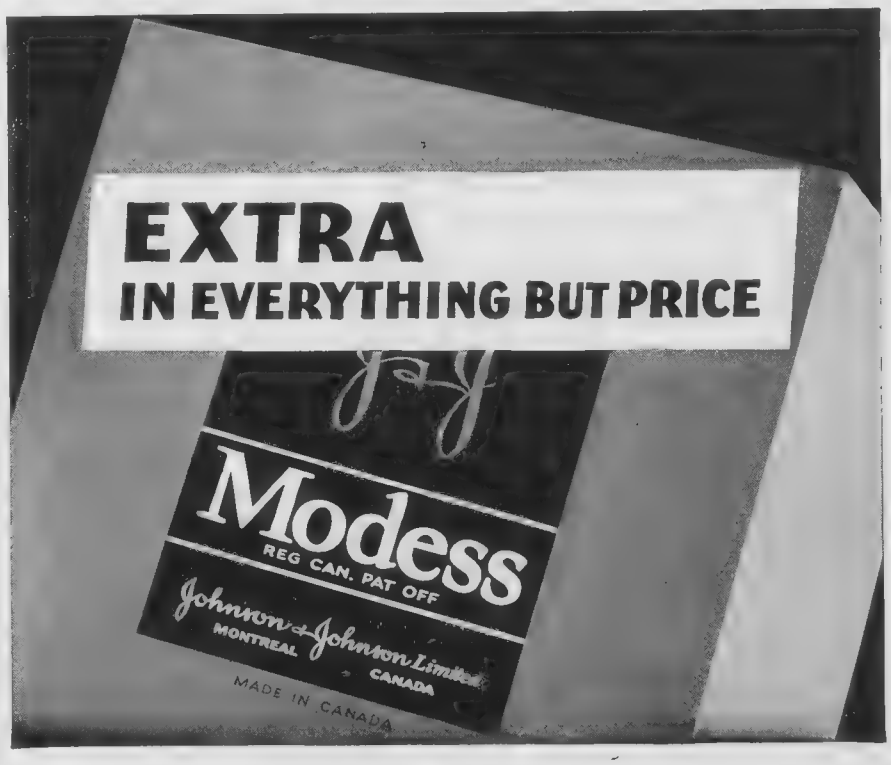

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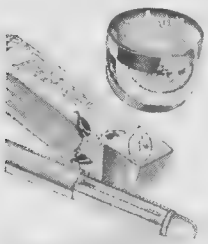

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DARK SEAS

Continued from page 45

With difficulty, Hamel regained his composure. The Chief of Staff regarded him with cold eyes until Hamel repeated mechanically, "Yes sir."

"I am giving you the facts. The suspicion I have stated was in the minds of the court. Your association with a certain lady was responsible."

Hamel, who had believed his affair secret, was to learn that a man might more successfully plot treason than carry on an intrigue in a gossip-ridden station.

"The court decided that you had no such knowledge. You were permitted to return to your command. Since that time you have carried out your duties in a manner entirely satisfactory.

"Thank you, sir."

"I am directed by the Admiral to suggest to you, unofficially that your association with a certain person is considered inimical to the interests of the Service. Look!"

The Chief of Staff indicated a large chart of the Gibraltar area. Black-headed pins marked the spots at which merchant ships had been sunk. The chart looked as if someone had riddled it with a shotgun.

"The position at sea is not satisfactory. Having the welfare of the Service in mind, it is not considered desirable that an officer commanding a ship on active patrol should continue such an association. Do I make myself clear?"

"Very clear, sir."

"Finally, Lieutenant, I should like to say that general opinion in the town, which is more likely to be malicious than honest, does not acquit you as did the court of enquiry."

Hamel's face paled. An expression of cold fury crossed it, as if he had been struck with an open palm.

The Chief of Staff rose suddenly.

"Lieutenant Hamel, I do not agree with public opinion for a moment. I believe you to be a loyal, efficient and determined commanding officer. I believe you to be worthy of our confidence in this matter. The Admiral agrees with me. I hope you understand why I have made this conversation unofficial."

Hamel's face turned from white to red.

"I understand, sir. I thank you for your consideration."

The Chief of Staff smiled suddenly, a rare, comradely smile that lighted his keen face and made him, for the moment, a fellow-officer of the wardroom.

"Very good. That is all, Lieutenant."

Hamel clicked his heels and bowed, not trusting his voice. Then he swung about abruptly and left the room.

As he left the Tower, weather signals were being set on the signal yardarm above Rosia Bay. The wind was stiffening and sweeping in whirling, fitful gusts. A thousand feet above, from the knife-like ridge of the Rock, a thin curtain of mist, like a grey canopy, spread westward as the heated east wind struck the cliffs and changed to vapor. It was the dreaded *Levanter*.

Hamel snapped his heels against the stone paving with savage force. His face burned. Behind the precise words of the Commodore he recognized the beastly chatter-chatter of women, the slanderous gossip of the market place. His visits to the garden of Villa Dolores were public property. His name was linked with that of Margaret Von Holm and, worst of all, that golden crest was smirched with the foulest of all scandals. Hamel had no illusions about the chivalry of a Foreign Station. He remembered the dark windows of the Towers' villa from which, at times had come mysterious sounds, and swore angrily. That woman!

THAT night Margaret Von Holm unbarred her garden gate in vain. She knew Hamel was ashore. Until long past midnight, she waited in the garden, a ghost-like form against the dark foliage, a form all too apparent through night-glasses. Hamel did not come.

Instead, he sat in the bar-parlour of the Grand, dourly drinking Scotch and Soda. There was nothing congenial in his debauch. Occasionally someone would buy him drinks and then, repelled by the icy scorn in his eye, withdraw.

At midnight, with the closing of the bar, he rose and stiffly withdrew. The streets were full of windy dark. Lights glittered on choppy harbour waters, whipped by air currents that whirled under the enormous Rock. The torpedo boat, with double moorings out, rode grinding against manilla fenders.

Hamel dropped onto her deck, his boots drumming hollow thunders from the iron plates.

"We sail at six," he said to the watch.

"Yes, sir."

"Call me at five-fifteen."

"Very good, sir."

Hamel went below and turned in. He slept dreamlessly. A hand grasped his shoulder and shook him up from fathomless depths.

"Time, sir."

"Right."

It seemed he had scarcely drawn the blankets over his shoulders before he was up again, struggling into his uniform. The electric lights looked sickly, although it was still dark beyond the ports. The ship rode restlessly at her moorings. There were strange windy notes straining through the deck hamper above.

Breadalbane, towsled and sleepy-eyed, stood, with his white muffler buttoned inside his monkey jacket, drinking coffee.

"Dirty weather outside," he said.

"Rotten."

Hamel gulped the scalding coffee and swung to the deck.

"Stand by. Let go."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"All gone?"

"All gone, sir."

Hamel pushed the brass levers of the telegraphs. For'ard, from below, the jangle of the bells sounded. The torpedo boat, blown clear of the mooring by the rushing wind, gathered headway as her single screw revolved. The slender prow nosed its way out into the dark, wind-shopped harbour.

Standing beside the helmsman, muffled in a thick coat of duffle, with the hood drawn over his head, Hamel conned his ship through the moored patrol vessels, past the harbour entrance and out into the Bay.

The telegraphs jangled again. The hull vibrated to increased revolutions.

Black smoke poured from the funnels, streaked with lurid lights. As they drew clear of the sheltering Rock, the wind on their beam increased in weight.

Once Hamel turned his head to study the ascending ramparts of houses in the town, now faint in the wan light of dawn. His eyes traced the winding road of Scud Hill and picked out the toy-like Villa Dolores. A single light gleamed, star-bright, in a window.

Hamel faced ahead. The torpedo boat left the Bay behind, and the full force of the *Levanter* leaped upon her as she fled westward. Behind was the dawn and steep, pursuing seas. Ahead, darkness and the uncertainties of chance.

Thirty miles of the Strait lie between Europa Point which marks the boundaries of the Mediterranean and Cape Spartel, sentinel of the Atlantic. T.B. 90's course carried her narrowly north of the tumbling Riffles. Off Tangier Bay daylight overtook her with bleak, revealing greyness. The many coloured houses of Tangier, always so gay in sunshine, were drab in that light, like discarded flowers. Hamel ordered his helm over and rounded Cape Spartel with the glass still falling and a living wind behind that was already beating flat great seas it had piled up.

When the *Levanter* blows, it comes piping out of the east for three days and nights, regular as clockwork, and then swings around, usually into the south, kicking up a devil of a cross sea. Steaming south by west, Hamel ran down the African land, sheltered by the hills. He hugged the contours of the sands but even then, with only a few hundred yards of water to work on, the off-shore wind rolled green hills at the torpedo boat. Seaward there was a mist over a welter of white tops.

In the first dogwatch the wind suddenly increased. Sand drove with it from the dunes. Through the smoking, clawlike sand clouds, locusts came in ever-increasing numbers. They were flying against the wind and being swept out to sea. Deckhands went about with squeegees, clearing their carcasses from the decks. The sea turned yellow with a scum of locusts.

At eight bells of the first watch, the ship went about. From the yawing motion of a quartering sea, she changed her dance to a corkscrew plunge. The gale blew in the men's faces as if it poured from an oven. Locusts hurtled out of the dark like missiles.

At dusk of the second day, the torpedo boat was within ten miles of the Strait. The gale had not abated. She dared not venture beyond shelter of the land into the rock-ribbed corridor which led to the Mediterranean. South of Cape Spartel, in a long shallow bight, is a place marked on the chart as Jeremiah's anchorage. In all winds but the *Levanter* it lies wide open to the whole Atlantic. The bottom is shale and sand, good holding ground. No villages lie among the ruined boulders above the beach. The murderous Moor and his long flint-lock avoids the place. There is a legend that the empty caverns under Spartel were once inhabited by Hercules who killed the local king with a club. When the west wind blows, the god can still be heard roaring his triumph.

Hamel felt his way into the anchorage an hour after dark. When the leadsman reported seven fathom, the stockless anchor with a rattling chain went squirming down through a welter of phosphorus.

(To be Concluded Next Month)

A VERY interesting case and one of great importance to medical practitioners has recently been decided in Ontario. It appears that a woman had a swelling in the palm of her right hand and she consulted a certain doctor who was connected with a clinic and who, after examining her, referred her to another partner in the clinic and also advised her to act upon his advice. Thereafter up to the time of her operation both doctors co-operated in treating her with regard to the operation. One of the doctors diagnosed her ailment and advised an operation to remove it. The operation took place and the woman complained that it was not successful and that it should not have been performed.

The question was raised as to what duty was imposed upon the doctors in connection with this matter. It was held that the relation of physician and surgeon on the one side and of patient on the other side having been established, it was the duty of the doctors to enlighten the patient's mind in a plain and reasonable way having regard to what her ailment was, as to what were the risks of operating promptly, what were the risks of delaying the operation, and what the risk of not operating at all. Having discharged that duty the Court held that it was their further duty to secure from the patient a decision or consent as to what course was to be followed, and that if that decision or consent were not had and the doctors operated and the operation turned out badly the doctors would be liable. This liability arises because such a relationship is established between a person of special skill and knowledge and a person of no skill or knowledge upon the facts required for the making of a decision, that unless the person with the special skill and knowledge discharges the duty which he owes of placing the patient in a position to make a decision, that person when he is employed and paid because of his special skill and knowledge, has failed to perform his duty and this breach of duty makes him liable in damages for untoward results.

The court further held that where the doctor plainly and knowingly minimizes the danger of the treatment in order to induce the patient to proceed, and plainly and knowingly refrains from explaining to the patient the advantages and disadvantages of an alternative course well known to him, he brings himself within the field of liability.

The facts showed that when the doctor first examined the hand the woman was able to straighten it out to the full length of all the fingers, and that she could do ordinary things with her hand. After the operation however the hand was sore and stiff, partly closed, painful and disfigured. She claimed that if she had received the advice which it was the duty of the doctors to impart she would not have had the operation at all. After considering her condition the Court gave judgment against the doctors for $3,000 and costs.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

(Q) 1. If a married man whose wife left him about seven years ago makes out a Will to the girl he is living with for the past four years, and in his Will to her does not leave anything to his wife, would the Will be legal? Or would this man have to leave some small amount to his wife in the Will to make it legal?

2. If this same man appoints the Winnipeg Trustee Company of Canada to be executors of his Will would the girl after this man's death be able to live in the property bequeathed to her and run the poultry business she is now running, or would the Winnipeg Trustee take full charge of all the property left to her and do as they please with it?—"Subscriber."

(A) 1. A man's Will is legal if it is executed in the manner prescribed by law in the presence of two witnesses. The disposition which a man makes of his estate by Will may be attacked by his widow if the deceased has left her less than one-third of his estate. If the man were domiciled in Manitoba his widow would have the right to take proceedings under the Dower Act in order to obtain one-third of the net estate and she would also be entitled to a life interest in the home where the deceased resided. This claim of the widow might be barred if she had been guilty of some marital offence. It would depend somewhat on the circumstances on which the man's wife had left him as to whether she would be able to claim anything from his estate. If she on her own initiative elected to abandon or desert her husband, she will be deemed to have forfeited her right in her husband's property.

2. It would depend largely upon the terms of the Will as to what rights the girl would have to operate the poultry farm after the death of the husband. The Will could probably be worded to protect her.

* * *

Vermilion, Alta.

(Q) If a young lady of legal age marries, without her parents consent, can her parents have the marriage annulled? If they cannot legally do so, and either party remarries, what is the penalty in Canada?—Subscriber.

(A) If the lady is twenty-one years of age she can marry whether her parents consent or not. Even if she is a few years under twenty-one years old and she marries without their consent the marriage is valid. If either of the parties to the marriage should re-marry before the marriage has been dissolved by a competent court then the second marriage is bigamous and the usual penalties for bigamy could be inflicted.

* * *

Mount Dennis, Ont.

(Q) A woman living in Manitoba for eighteen years; her husband is a hopeless invalid; she has two daughters of her own both under sixteen, and an adopted son also under sixteen; all these children were born in Manitoba. They own a quarter-section of land, but find it impossible to make ends meet without financial assistance from friends. Is this mother entitled to Mothers' Allowance, and if so to whom should she apply for same?—M. O. P.

(A) It would appear to us that this woman is entitled to the Mothers' Allowance. She should make application to the Director of Child Welfare, Legislative Buildings, Winnipeg.

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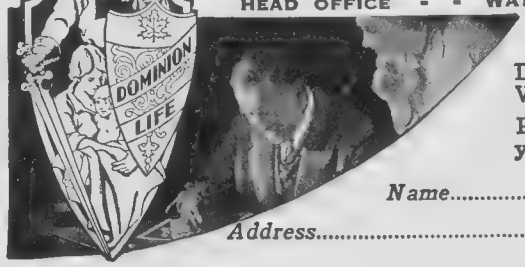

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Address.....*Age*.....

Frocks With a Charming Personality

7396 7404 7401

7401. Here is the prescribed silhouette of the season. Width at the shoulders, a small waistline and fitted hips. The waist portions are cut with deep points at centre front and back, quite like the basques of the gay nineties. Yoke portions to match join the waist portions, and hold the skirt sections, which are cut with modified fulness that flares only a little, and hangs in soft folds to the instep. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, close fitting below the pretty sleeve puff, or, the puff may finish the sleeve at the elbow, with a narrow band that ties in soft loops and ends. Metal brocades, velvet, lame, satin or chiffon is suggested for this frock, which will serve for afternoon wear, or for theatre or early dining.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 yards in 39 inch width if made with long sleeves. If made with elbow sleeves 4⅝ yards will be required. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 4 yards, 1½ inch wide. For tie bands of contrasting material 1⅜ yard of ribbon is required or ¼ yard of 39 inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2⅝ yards. **Price 25c**

7412

7404. Contrast and diagonal lines are outstanding features of this very chic design. The deep yoke portions of the waist are cut with sleeve extensions to which the long sleeve portions are added. The overlapping fronts meet the diagonal lines of the skirt at the waistline. Deep flare sections in flounce effect lengthen the skirt. The waist blouses slightly above a wide crush belt. Canton crepe in black with white is pictured here. One could have green with rust or green with black, beige with blue or white is also suggested.

Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 as illustrated in the large view will require 3⅛ yards of the black material and 2/3 yard of the white. If made without contrast 3½ yards will be required. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view will require 3¼ yards 1½ inch wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2½ yards.

7402. Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3½ yards of 54 inch material or 4¼ yards of 35 inch material. For belt, cuff facing and inserts of 35 inch contrasting material ½ yard will be required. Price 25c.

7396. Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3⅝ yards of 35 inch material together with ⅞ yard of contrasting material for insert, puffs and belt. If made with puff and long sleeves 4¾ yards. With long sleeves and without puffs 4-1/3 yards. Price 25c.

When Sending for Patterns Do Not Omit to State the Size Required.
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

7412 7396 7404 7401 7402

7412. Satin or velvet is suggested for this style, with matched or contrasting crepe for the sash. One could also use chiffon or combine lace with chiffon. The dress has fitted lines and is cut with modified flare in the skirt sections. A bertha, shaped in a deep point over the front, and with a shorter point in the back trims the waist and outlines the V neck line.

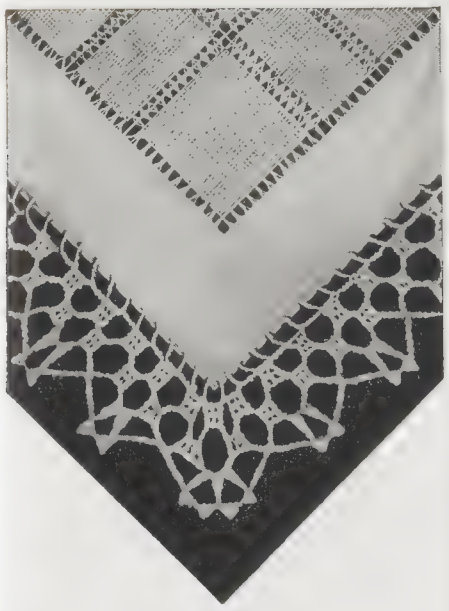
Designed in 4 sizes: 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 13 will require 4⅛ yards of 35 inch material. The sash of ribbon requires 2⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.

7402

CROCHET

A Fascinating Art



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21

Is the Present Social Order Doomed?

Continued from page 28

"In New York 32,000 speak-easies run wide open and all night in flat defiance of the law."

"During 1929 more than two thousand cases were filed in the courts against them. Thirty-nine were brought to trial." Why? Massed Money.

"During 1929 and 1930 the city of London had 25 murders. Of these 25 murderers, 16 were executed, 6 committed suicide, 3 escaped."

"During the same years Chicago, a city half the size, had 775 murders. There were 18 convictions and 4 executions." Why this travesty of Justice? Massed Money.

"During the last ten years England had 184 murders, 1 to 200,000 of population."

"In the United States 25,000 murders due to gangland alone, 1 to 5,000 of population." Why this welter of blood? Massed Money.

And this is not true of Chicago alone. That city has the highest criminal reputation in the world, but that is not fair to Chicago. New York and ten other great cities in America can claim a higher eminence in crime. Why? Massed Money.

Last year Chicago gangland paid $30,000,000 for protection against legal interference.

Last year Chicago gangland's turnover was $70,000,000.

Last year gangland's income in all U.S.A. was $5,000,000,000.

I am fearful of massed money in the hands of unscrupulous men.

I am not arraigning the U.S.A. That would be an impertinence. I am arraigning her danger zone and ours. I am not assuming any Pharisaic holier-than-those attitude of superiority toward our great neighbor. I am thinking of Canada's peril. In Canada put some millions into the hands of a group of unscrupulous Canadians and what will happen?

America has its gangland. Two years ago Canada had its pirate fleet of rum-runners paying tribute to the Canadian Government. Thank God that's done with. America had its Teapot Dome; Canada its Beauharnois Ditch. Give us time and more massed money in the hands of men who love money more than men, who live for profits rather than people and see what will happen.

What is our defence? There are those who say take money out of private hands and deliver it into the hands of Government. Two considerations make me hesitate to approve this method of protection.

First: Does our experience of Government administration justify the hope that such administration would be always marked by efficiency? And Second: What guarantee have we that Government administrators would be free from the terrible effects of massed money in the hands of self-seeking and unscrupulous men? I confess grave doubts on both points. What is our defence against the peril of massed money in the hands of evil minded men? One and only one. Massed Men motived by Justice, Honor, Brotherly Love and the Fear of God. Good people are the only hope of any nation.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of three articles by Ralph Connor. The second will appear next month.

so dainty herself

you would expect her to rely on the purity of genuine KOTEX

By its very existence, by its courageous pioneering in educating them to the use of true sanitary protection, Kotex has done great service to women. No less important, however, is the service Kotex continues to do.

Nothing so intimate as Kotex; *nothing* must be freer from the whisper of taint. Snowy whiteness alone might easily, but falsely, nourish a misguided trust. In a product like Kotex, only the highest surgical cleanliness is enough. Anything less than this immaculacy in Kotex is unthinkable.

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Trade name, exclusive property of the Kotex Company for the absorbent wadding of which Kotex is made.

Left: Millions of Kotex pads were dispensed in Canada's leading hospitals last year.
Right: You see rows of snow-white Kotex filler when your eye travels down the sunlit length of this room in the Kotex factory.

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Royal Bank Annual Meeting

Expressions of confidence in the future of Canada, and special emphasis on the soundness of the banking situation of the Dominion, featured the addresses of Sir Herbert Holt, President, and M. W. Wilson, Vice-President and General Manager, at the annual meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada.

Sir Herbert's remarks were of particular interest, in the light of his mature and world-wide experience. "I have witnessed many depressions during the course of the past fifty years," he said, "and I see nothing in this one which weakens my faith in this country." Mr. Wilson's quiet optimism regarding the outlook was exemplified in his statement, "While I do not want to voice any prediction as to the date of business recovery, it will be very disappointing if an improvement does not take place in 1932."

Stability of Banking System

Dealing with the banking situation, Sir Herbert stated the soundness of the Canadian banking system was an important element in current conditions and prospects for recovery. The fact that the depression has not proved so severe in Canada as in most other countries must be attributed in no small degree to the stability of our banks and the courage and good judgment with which they have supported industry. He also touched on the railway problem, the Imperial Conference, and referred to the success of the National Service Loan as a notable achievement. He concluded his remarks by saying: "It is always darkest before the dawn and in previous depressions conditions have seemed most discouraging at a time when improvement had already set in. Canada is in a relatively satisfactory position and we are justified in looking to the future with confidence."

General Manager's Address

M. W. Wilson, Vice-President and General Manager, referring to the satisfactory showing made in the annual statement of the Bank, stated that maintenance of the Bank's assets at a figure as high as $825,000,000 reflected not only the conservation of existing business but also the acquisition of new and desirable connections. The liquid position of the Bank was maintained at substantially the same ratio as a year ago, quickly realizable assets being more than 48% of liabilities to the public.

Mr. Wilson pointed out in vigorous terms that we must not get into the frame of mind in which we think of losses as pertaining to all business activities. The great majority of our Canadian companies are holding their own, he declared, and our agricultural population is staying on the land and maintaining the acreage under cultivation. Closing on a note of optimism, Mr. Wilson said: "There are signs of stabilization in a number of directions."

Summary of 26th Annual Report of

THE MONARCH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: WINNIPEG

ASSURANCE IN FORCE $61,148,205.00
ASSETS 10,373,408.36

Profits Apportioned in 1931

Shareholders' Account ..... $ 38,384.74
Depreciation on Bonds 88,592.54
Investment Reserves 84,921.31
Policyholders' Profits 235,928.47
Added to Surplus 56,152.18

OUTSTANDING FEATURES

1. Very large additions to profits and to surplus reserve funds.
2. Increase in Cash Premium Income and Cash interest Income.
3. The stability of the investments.

	Assurance in Force	Assets	Cumulative Payments to Policyholders
1913	$6,762,506.00	$530,972.57	$56,893.76
1919	20,129,349.00	1,341,366.63	440,260.75
1925	42,996,096.00	4,991,702.89	1,481,480.26
1931	61,148,205.00	10,373,408.36	5,121,808.47

Washable tops in handsomely patterned fabrikoid or in green felt—new patented construction insures absolute steadiness when in use — quickly set up — fine appearance—compact storage—these are the likeable points about the new improved Hourd Folding Tables—in every way the best folding tables made. Chairs to match if desired.

At your dealer's.

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HOURD & CO., LIMITED
London - Ontario

HOURD
FOLDING TABLE SETS

Perfect dyeing is so easy!

DIAMOND DYES contain the highest quality anilines money can buy! That's why they give such true, bright, new colors to dresses, drapes, lingerie.

The anilines in Diamond Dyes make them easy to use. No spotting or streaking. Just clear, even colors, that hold their own through months of wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes never give things that re-dyed look. They are just 15c at all drugstores. When perfect dyeing costs no more—is so easy—why experiment with makeshifts?

Diamond Dyes
(MADE IN CANADA)
Highest Quality for 50 Years

THE SOUL OF A HOUSE

Continued from page 22

materials quite new and ingenious. In this house no radical departures from customary good arrangements have been made in the planning—but such matters as the fireplace, trim, wall finishes, have been taken as far away as possible from the usual stereotyped treatments. While rooms in black and white are a new tempo this combination can be used with bits of color in the curtains and furniture for relief. In this small hall or entry an almost black oak floor with the white plastered walls decorated with a frieze of green and gold, and a black dado board, with solid white doors is used. The stairs show black treads and white risers, while the handrail on the wall is of polished black iron. A large mirror is set into a recess in the wall. Nothing could be more distinguished than the living room with its dazzling white walls and doors accentuated by almost black floors with the vivid note of red in the furniture and curtains. The dining-room would continue the scheme, and as you will note there are no casings around doors or windows, the plastering being on metal lathing.

In the bathroom off the hall upstairs, black and white notes appear in its decorations. A long mirror to the floor is decorated with a black border and has the basin in front finished in blue and gold, contrasting with pale blue walls. The linoleum on the floor is black and white. This may give an idea of how the house could be finished. Disregarding fixed rules the interior has taken into consideration the adaptation of modernistic ideals.

IT IS evident that the fewer things we know the more ready we are to pronounce upon and condemn what is new and strange to us—that is the less capable we shall be of varying our conceptions and the more prone to mistake a part for the whole. We all know that the usual Elizabethan interior has panelled walls, and to adopt this would solve the interior problem nicely and incidentally save brain fag. We must take for granted something before we can advance a step and although we have designed the exterior of the house in a certain style, following the logical lines of the plans and adapting our roof lines to conform to that particular style, still we must know that if the exterior follows the plan, why should not the interior decorations do the same—although I am using this plan to try and arrive at a solution of "What is the Soul of a house?"—yet it would be a mistake to coldly dissect it, to think that the whole beauty consists of the skeleton, cutting away without remorse all sentiment.

In Europe, from whence nearly all our type of buildings have come, the new mode is now taken for granted and has their natural characteristics accented in their domestic work, and it is clear that the spirit is not a transient one. The elder generation can remember L'Art Nouveau with its flowing lines and tendrils. This has almost disappeared, but there is something fascinating in the modern tendency. It has its freak designs as every style has. We have not so far taken the trouble to probe very deeply into the philosophy of the movement and have been content to accept, it must be said to our discriminating credit, with great distrust, metal chairs, triangles or zig-zags as exemplifying the art. The first requisite is the stimulation of the Owner

[Continued on page 70]

s-m-oo-t-h tires make *slippery* roading!

DID you—for the sake of economy—make old tires "do" last year? Run them smooth . . tractionless? They were dangerous then. They will be still more dangerous in 1932!

Smooth, skidding tires in modern traffic are a menace to safety. And blow-outs, always a nuisance, are now a major cause of road tragedies.

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Get behind this great national Safety Movement. Go to the nearest Goodrich dealer—sign the safe-driving pledge—get your emblem. It costs nothing—it may save a life!

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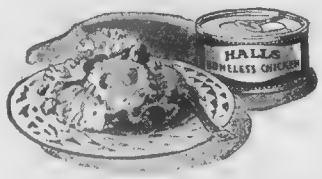
Products of the Canadian Goodrich Co. Ltd.

Everybody Loves Chicken Salad



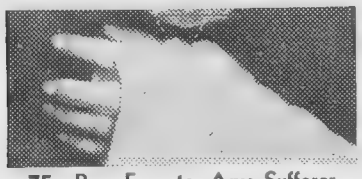
AFTER Bridge—for that impromptu party or luncheon, serve a delicious salad made with Halls Boneless Chicken.

With Halls Boneless Chicken you are always ready with a delicious chicken salad at a few minutes' notice.

Halls Products also include Concentrated Chicken Broth, Noodles and Chicken, Turkey Breast, Turkey Sandwich Spread, Chicken Sandwich Spread. Ask your Grocer.

HALLS
CHICKEN
PRODUCTS

RHEUMATISM



75c Box Free to Any Sufferer

Over in Syracuse, New York, a treatment has been found that hundreds of users say "brings splendid results." Many instances have been reported where only a few days' treatment brought quick relief where everything else had failed.

It helps to drive off the poisonous clogging waste matter from the system by acting on the liver and stimulating the flow of bile, which promotes regular and effective bowel evacuation and seems to neutralize the Uric Acid and Lime Salt Deposits which clog the blood, irritate the Kidneys and cause stiffness, swelling, etc. Pain and soreness often seem to melt away and vanish.

The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that his son has opened an office in Canada and wants every Canadian who suffers from Rheumatism or has a friend so afflicted to get a 75c package—just to prove what it will do—before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To relieve Rheumatism no matter how severe, stubborn or long standing the case, and even after everything else has failed, I will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size 75c package if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address. If you wish, you may send us 10 cents in stamps to help pay postage and distribution."

Address F. H. Delano, 1877A Mutual Life Bldg., 455 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada. I can only send one package to an address.

FREE DELANO'S RHEUMATIC CONQUERER

Women Wanted

to sew for us at home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling.

ONTARIO NECKWEAR COMPANY
Dept. 203,
TORONTO 8. ONTARIO

Dollars And Cents

Mortgages and Bonds

ONE of the commonest media of present-day investment is some form of a mortgage. A mortgage is a promise to pay a certain sum of money, called the principal, together with interest at a specified rate, at the end of a stated period of time, in default of which the holder of the mortgage can take the property mortgaged or pledged for the payment of the debt. It is better than an investment in real property in the sense that it rids the investor of the many and varied problems of management involved in ownership and insures the repayment of the money he loans by the pledge of the earning power of an individual, the mortgagor, and by the security of the property mortgaged.

It is generally considered good mortgage practice not to loan more than 50 to 60 per cent of a conservative valuation of the property pledged under the mortgage; for, in the event of the mortgagor being unable to pay, the pledged property, when disposed of under forced sale, will not usually bring what it is really worth, and considerable legal expenses in foreclosing will also have to be charged against the property. Most mortgage companies and many individuals loaning money on mortgage stipulate that a small portion of the principal, as well as the interest, be paid off each year. By this method, the security back of the mortgage gradually increases as the mortgage nears maturity. It will readily be recognized how important is the matter of a proper valuation of the pledged property in making mortgage investments.

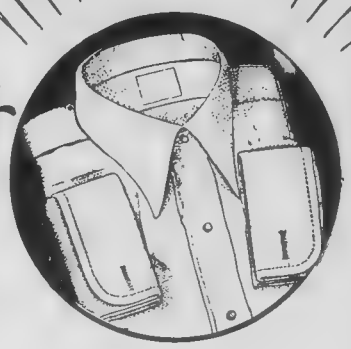
MODERN business has found that it is often more profitable to conduct business on a large scale than on a small one, and immense businesses using tremendous amounts of capital have become a commonplace of modern industrial effort. So large have the units of capital necessary become that it has been found impossible for one or two individuals to supply them and the general public has been invited to invest in these enterprises. This participation of a large number of partners in a business has been rendered possible by the joint stock company. Modern business has also found that more money can be made, under good management, for the partners or shareholders, if considerable amounts of money are borrowed. This borrowing is usually done by means of placing a mortgage on the property owned.

But here again the amounts required are so large that no one, or even two or three or four individuals could loan the money required, and appeal has to be made to the general public for it in comparatively small units. These small units, usually $1,000 or $500, are called bonds. A simple definition of a bond then is that it is a small piece of a mortgage. In fact every bond issued is secured by a mortgage on property, and the property pledged under the mortgage is mortgaged to a trust company acting as trustee for the bondholders. In the event of default on the mortgage, the trust company forecloses on the property, sells it and remits the proceeds to the bondholders in amounts sufficient to satisfy their claims, provided, of course, that the property sells for a sufficient sum to enable it to do this.

A MERCHANDISER of investment securities, called an investment banking house, usually sells bond issues

[Continued on page 73]

"Even the Collars and Cuffs are Clean" with the Coffield



Gyrator Series M

ELECTRIC WASHER

JUST what you need! An electric washer that will wash clothes quickly, and at the same time wash them *absolutely clean.*

A demonstration will convince you of its great value. Let us show you the many features which save time and afford greater convenience.

Deferred payment terms available on an equitable basis

Equipped with Gasoline Engine if required, at slight extra cost

THE COFFIELD WASHER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Factory and Head Office: HAMILTON, ONTARIO
Branches and Warehouses: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Regina Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver

For all your baking, the best guarantee of success you can buy is

Gold Standard

Baking Powder

"It raises the Dough" every time

On the Air every Monday, 9.15 p.m. C.S.T.

Best that can be made regardless of cost, and you pay no more than for other baking powders.

PREMIUM COUPON in every Gold Standard Package Get your Catalogue

Protect your table with the Gold Standard label

The CODVILLE COMPANY Limited
WINNIPEG

EQUIP YOUR CAR WITH

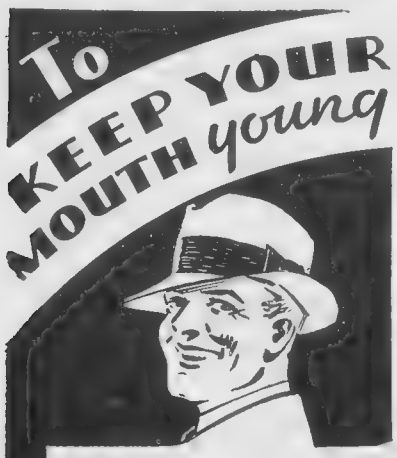
THE DUNLOP SILENT TIRE

SAFE DRIVING LONGER LIFE | GREATER COMFORT LOWER COST

STIFF JOINTS
—sore muscles

Don't lose precious sleep because of sore, aching joints or stiff neck. Just pat on Sloan's Liniment. Instantly fresh blood rushes to the sore spot, circulation is restored, stiff joints limber up. You feel warmed, soothed, relaxed. You sleep . . . Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment
WARMS LIKE SUNSHINE



The daily mouth bath with Minty's leaves a wonderful sensation of mouth cleanliness, keeps the breath sweet, the gums healthy and the teeth brilliantly white. More than a tooth paste. Try it.

Minty's
triple action
tooth paste
GIVES THREEFOLD PROTECTION
25¢ AND WELL WORTH IT

HER DOOR

Continued from page 17

One night it rained. It was a dismal, sodden rain that drove all the world indoors. It beat dismally against his windows and chilled the whole room. It was a night when people herded, or else were left in utter isolation.

That night Mr. Sims tried to read his paper, and could not. His thoughts were all for her who was even more alone than he. For an hour he paced his cold room, and then—once again he locked his outside door, turned out the light, and removed the steel engraving. Softly, gently he opened the panel into his room. It brought him nearer her by that much—the matter of two feet. But it was enough to set his heart to beating, and to bring back the warmth to his hands. But better than that, he knew now that he was near enough to hear her call. Should she need help, he could answer.

Instantly his room became warm, and the patter of the rain changed from a dirge to a gentle croon. Mr. Sims threw a blanket over his shoulders and, moving his chair to face the panel, sat down. She was no longer alone and he was no longer alone. If she spoke, he could hear her voice; and if he spoke, she could hear his voice. But he was careful not to make the slightest sound.

So Mr. Sims sat for an hour, when he heard from a next room a most unusual sound. It was the muffled sobbing, as of a child crying in the dark. It was clear she was sobbing to herself and trying hard to suppress it. It was a pitiful little cry that would have stirred anyone. Mr. Sims felt his throat tighten and his eyes grow moist. He stood up, uncertain what to do.

The sobbing stopped for a moment and then continued—this time more muffled, as though from beneath the bedclothes. It was enough to make a man venture anything—to defy the whole city, including Mrs. Winters.

Mr. Sims stepped through the open panel to the second panel. There he paused. His lips were hot and his mouth dry. The sobbing again stopped, but now he heard the quick, jerky intake of breath which is the dry aftermath of weeping. He could stand it no longer.

"Miss Follansbee," he called softly.

There was a slight movement in the bed.

"It's I—Mr. Sims. Don't be frightened. Please don't be frightened. Is—is there anyone I can call?"

"Where are you?" came the broken response.

"On the other side of the panel," he answered. "I heard you, and—isn't there someone I can call?"

"There—there isn't anyone to call," she answered.

"Mrs. Winters?" he suggested.

"No, no. Please, not Mrs. Winters."

"Then perhaps I'd better telephone the doctor."

"He—he couldn't do anything. It's nothing, Mr. Sims. I'm just—silly."

"I don't think you're silly," he said. "It must be terrible to be shut up alone—on a night like this."

"Perhaps it's the rain. It makes such a—such a creepy noise."

"I know," he answered. "When you don't have anything else to do, you hear everything."

"Everything, and — and lots of things that aren't," she said.

He could still hear the dry intake of breath. It gave him an inspiration.

"Would—would you like me to read you the *Post?*" he asked.

She paused.

"I—I don't know if you should," she said finally.

It was clear that Miss Follansbee ill was not nearly so positive a person as Miss Follansbee in good health.

I can turn on the lights and see from here. Will you let me do that?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

"Then I will," he said eagerly. "You wait right there a minute."

It was quite an unnecessary suggestion, because Miss Follansbee could not move if she wished, but Mr. Sims had an almost superstitious belief in the ability of young ladies to vanish at will. In a trice he had turned on the light seized his paper, and was again before the panel.

"Are you there?" he inquired.

"Ye-es."

"Is there anything special you would like to hear."

"No-o," she replied. "I—I just want to hear."

"Then I'll begin on the first page, and please tell me when you're tired."

So Mr. Sims began on page one column one, which happened to be an extremely long and dull financial article. He lowered his voice a trifle.

When he had finished that he began on the second column, and so continued for the matter of an hour. Then he asked:

"Are you tired?"

He received no response. Perhaps, after all, she had vanished. He put his ear to the panel and heard her breathing regularly and deep.

Quietly he slipped out of the closet and, closing the panel behind him, rehung the steel engraving upon the wall.

DURING dinner the next evening, Mr. Sims inquired of Mrs. Winters, "How is Miss Follansbee?"

"Very much better, thank you, Mr. Sims," replied Mrs. Winters. "Dr. Mason said she slept better last night than she has at all."

The color sprang to Mr. Sims' cheeks so sharply that, to conceal it, he turned to Mr. Hastings on his right and requested him to kindly pass the vinegar. Mr. Hastings complied and in some curiosity, stopped to observe what Mr. Sims did with it—there being neither salad nor greens upon the menu as far as he had been able to discover. This placed Mr. Sims in the unfortunate position of appearing idiotic or using the vinegar in his tea, upon his stewed tomatoes, or upon his beef.

With the air of a connoisseur, Mr. Sims sprinkled a few drops upon his beef and placed the bottle before him quite aware that Hastings was unconvinced and that Mrs. Winters took it as more or less of a reflection upon the nature of the beef. However, Mr. Sims was sport enough to see the matter through, and finished to the last mouthful the somewhat unique dish which he had so inadvertently concocted.

As a matter of fact, he was not particularly interested in any portion of his dinner. His entire thought was centered upon getting back to his room as soon as possible.

What a different place that front room had become in the last six weeks, and especially in the last twenty-four hours! He would not have exchanged it now for any room, or suite of rooms, or even any house in the entire city of New York. Even on Fifth Avenue it was doubtful if there was any house which contained anything more than the ordinary type of door.

As soon as it was possible Mr. Sims hurried upstairs. He had brought home with him one of the current magazines—the first he had ever bought in his life—in order to provide

[Continued on page 61]

GRAY HAIR
takes on new color

[FREE Test Shows Way]

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE ~ We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
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Name.....
Street.....
City..... Province.....
Color of your hair? .....

Stuffed up inside?

Feen-a-mint is the answer. Cleansing action of smaller doses effective because you chew it. At your druggists—the safe and scientific laxative.

Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

Gas in the Stomach Is Dangerous

Recommends Daily Use of Bisurated Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Acid Indigestion

Gas in the stomach accompanied by a full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a little Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful or four tablets in water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never in liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

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Draw Curtains Will Beautify Your Home

SEE the

Inexpensive Kirsch Extension Traverse Rod for Hand or Draw Cord Equipment

Any good furniture or department store will be glad to show you how simply they work.

This latest triumph in Kirsch Drapery Hardware places the price of draw curtain rods within everyone's reach.

Everything is concealed inside the flat rod —cords, slides and pulleys. Special construction prevents cords tangling and slides sticking. Another special feature allows perfect overlap of curtains at centre, when closed.

The Kirsch line also includes—every type of Extension Rod, Atavio (Ornamental) Sets, Swinging Cranes, Wood Poles, etc.

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DRAPERY HARDWARE

Kirsch Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 54 Woodstock, Ont.

Please Send me the Complete Curtain Book. Enclosed is 10c.

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Stomach Ulcers Relieved at Home

QUICK RESULTS WITHOUT RIGID DIET

NO OPERATION

It is remarkable how quickly most cases of stomach ulcers, acidosis, constipation, gas, distress after eating, stomach pains, sour stomach, indigestion, etc., respond to **VON'S PINK TABLETS.**

Von's Tablets re-create the proper "chemical balance" in your stomach—thus freeing you of pain and distress. No rigid diet—you can eat all wholesome foods and regain your former strength. Send today ten cents in stamps for Trial Offer and full particulars. Act now as offer is limited. **Canadian Von Company, 611 Security Bldg., Windsor, Ontario.** Von Pink Tablets are not sold in drug stores.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd. 378 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

HER DOOR

Continued from page 60

more variety. And now he found it almost impossible to wait.

Being without precedent in situations of this sort, Mr. Sims was not at all sure just how early in the evening it would be proper to open the door; but in order to be safe, he waited until the same time as on the night before—which, as near as he could judge, had been about eight-thirty.

For the last fifteen minutes he waited, watch in hand.

She was not sobbing tonight. Though for fully a minute he stood waiting for some sound with his ear to the second panel, he heard nothing at all. He scarcely dared call for fear she was already asleep; but the thought of reading his paper all to himself urged him on. Even this soon had he learned the meaning of companionship.

"Miss Follansbee," he called.

She answered, strangely enough, as promptly as though she had been waiting.

"Yes, Mr. Sims."

"You are feeling better?"

"Much better, thank you. But I was very rude last night."

"I don't remember that you were."

"I'm afraid I fell asleep."

"But that is what I—er, that is what the doctor wished."

"But it was very rude of me, just the same."

"Would—would you like me to read again?"

"Oh, I would!" she exclaimed.

"I won't read all the *Post* this time," he said. "I'll just read the interesting things. I—I brought a magazine for tonight."

"That will be nice," she replied comfortably.

It was noticeable that there was not nearly as much hesitancy on her part as on the night before.

Mr. Sims read for an hour, and skipped all the financial articles. Then he paused a moment.

"I'm not asleep," she said.

So he turned to the magazine. He was not nearly as familiar with this as with his paper, and did not know what to skip. He began with the very first story; but had not gone two pages before he wished he had used more care. As it happened, it was a love story and a very, very mushy love story at that. Before he had gone another page, his cheeks were as red as any schoolgirl's, and he was stammering. Still there was no stopping now, as long as he received no interruption from the next room—and he didn't.

He went sturdily ahead and, as far as he was concerned, found the matter extremely interesting. He went on to the very last page, which was worse than the first, and left the heroine very properly in the hero's arms, where she belonged.

But his cheeks were hot when he stopped.

All was silent in the next room.

"You're asleep?" he asked.

There was no reply. He thanked the Lord that she was asleep, even though he would have been glad to hear her voice once more.

But the joke of this was that she was not asleep at all.

IN THE course of time Miss Follansbee was able to sit up in bed; then she was able to move about her room; and then she was able to walk about the Square on sunshiny afternoons. Finally, she was well enough to think about going back to work—which is the pity of being well in New York.

One Sunday evening, after he had read to her awhile, she said:

"I—I'm afraid this is our last evening."

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

It had never occurred to him that an end of this was possible.

"I can't play sick any more," she said. "I'm going back to work tomorrow."

"But why need that make any difference?" he asked.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it makes all the difference in the world!"

"You—you mean I can't read to you any more?"

"No more," she answered.

She was making a great effort to keep her voice steady. "You—you mean I must not open the—the panel again?"

"Never again," she said.

"And you are to stay alone in your room, and I am to stay alone in my room?"

"Yes," she answered gently.

It seemed useless to say anything more. He closed his magazine.

"Mr. Sims," she called anxiously.

"Yes," he answered.

"You—you know how grateful I am for these evenings?"

"They have made this room of mine like home," he replied.

"I can't tell you what they have meant to me," she ran on eagerly. "I think they saved my life. Anyhow, they made me *want* to live again."

"Then why—" he trembled.

"It's because you aren't a woman—you don't understand," she interrupted. "You—you ought to be very glad that you aren't a woman. Sometimes it means not being yourself—not daring to be yourself.

"You see, being a woman, I can't make myself clear even now, and I do want you to understand, this once."

"Is—is it Mrs. Winters?" he asked.

"Partly Mrs. Winters."

"But, supposing I told her?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" she exclaimed.

"Supposing—" hesitated Mr. Sims. "Supposing you told her?"

"Oh, no! no! no!"

"Then," said Mr. Sims, catching his breath, "supposing—supposing *we* told her?"

He did not wait for an answer. He rose to his feet.

"Please put on your wrap," he said. "I want you to walk around the Square once with me."

One Saturday afternoon they were married, in The Little Church Around the Corner. From there they came directly to the house on Washington Square and told Mrs. Winters. That lady cannot be altogether blamed if her joy was tempered somewhat by the prospect of losing two of her best tenants.

"I'm sure I'm glad for you," she said as though about to weep. "And I do hope that if you know anyone to take your rooms you will be good enough to recommend them."

"Take our rooms!" exclaimed Mr. Sims.

"I'm sure the rent is reasonable," said Mrs. Winters.

"Most reasonable," nodded Mr. Sims. "I must tell you, however, that under no circumstances can I recommend those rooms to anyone else. We are going to spend a week with Mrs. Sims' parents in Maine, and perhaps another week with my parents. When we come back we shall want those rooms ourselves. I wish to engage them on the spot for six months."

Mrs. Winters stared first at Mr. Sims, and then at Mrs. Sims. The latter turned very red.

"But I thought you said—" she stammered.

NIGHT COUGHS

that disturb your sleep

THOSE sleep-disturbing coughs of children that come on in the dead of night can be quickly checked with Vicks VapoRub.

Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled direct to the air-passages; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

This two-fold external treatment has a most remarkable effect in easing the breathing and relieving the cough, thus enabling both mother and child to sleep peacefully.

Mothers especially prefer Vicks for all cold troubles because it avoids constant "dosing," so disturbing to delicate digestions.

Equally good for adults.

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 26 21 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

SHE HAD TO CRAWL TO BED

One stair at a time -on her hands and knees—that was how she had to do it. And when she did get to bed, her troubles were not over.

"Twelve months ago I could not sleep on account of the terrible pains in my knees, and I might say in all my joints. At night I could only crawl up to bed, one stair at a time. But since taking Kruschen Salts regularly, I have entirely lost all pains and stiffness, and, if needed, could now run upstairs two at a time. In fact, I feel 10 years younger. I shall never be without Kruschen Salts." —Mrs. A. E. D.

Do you realise what causes rheumatism? Nothing but sharp-edged uric acid crystals which form as the result of sluggish eliminating organs. Kruschen Salts can always be counted upon to clear those painful crystals from the system. The six salts in Kruschen are bound to dissolve away all traces of uric acid. And more! They ensure such perfect internal regularity that no such body poisons as uric acid are ever able to accumulate again. Prove this for yourself by buying a bottle of Kruschen.

Cuticura Soap

World-Famous for Daily Toilet Use

Price 25c.

THE LAW

Of Good Living *says,*

"Don't Overindulge, Eat too Much . . . Smoke too Much . . . Drink unwisely"

SCIENCE SAYS, "If You Do Overindulge, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is Probably the Quickest and Most Effective Way to Avoid Feeling its After-effects."

THE Law of Good Health says, "Don't overindulge — don't smoke too much, eat too much."

Science says, "If you do, the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST and EASIEST way to avoid FEELING its results is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia taken this way:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed.

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

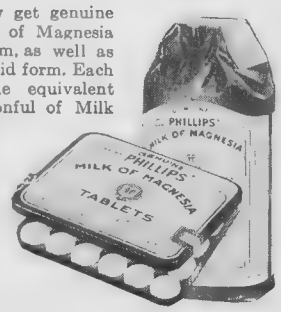
Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of liquid Milk of Magnesia.

That's all. Tomorrow you'll feel great. Millions are learning this. Millions are doing it.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is judged the most powerful NEUTRALIZER of the ACIDS that follow overindulgence known. It goes into your acid-soaked stomach, alkalinizes its contents, sweetens them—takes the sting out, banishes the headaches and sour stomach that usually follow. Get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the familiar liquid form or the new, marvelously convenient tablets. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect. So insist on Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia . . . the kind doctors endorse.

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES

You can now get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes the acids that cause "Acid Headaches" and Sour Stomach within 15 minutes after taking!

MONTPARNASSE

Continued from page 53

to Wales where he spent several years studying trees. It is said by those who knew him intimately that he would spend weeks studying the bole of a single tree, or the various affects upon the foliage.

T. Milner Kite, the English landscape and portrait painter who was Morrice's close friend for thirty years, in talking of Morrice's work, told me recently that Morrice at work was often watched with nonunderstanding amazement by a later generation of painters. His swift, sure touch, the deftness and the quickness with which he at times secured a remarkable effect in his landscape painting were surprising to them. They could not realize that into these brush strokes apparently so quickly done went the concentrated knowledge of long years of intensive observation. But the great painters who pass upon those works that shall receive fame by being given a place in the Luxemburg Museum knew Morrice's worth, and his work hangs there today. But Morrice was no mere clever craftsman. His work bore the touch of genius. He spent much time in Canada, and in the National Gallery at Ottawa some of his best work has long held prominent place. His handling of snow scenes was distinctive. Indeed, if comparisons are to be made, perhaps one could say that in these he reached the pinnacle of his achievements. During the war he was commissioned by the Canadian Government to do a realistic fresco some fifteen feet long. To do this he went up to the front line trenches on the Somme, lived in the heart of battle. From his weeks of living he produced his last great work. It shows a dreay plain, under a fine-falling rain, treated in a queerly Japanese effect, creating a sense of such terrible sombreness as to be almost unearthly. Over the mournful land German aeroplanes are wheeling, but so high, so symbolically pictured as to seem more like birds of ill-omen. Limned against the farther horizon is a little group of Canadian soldiers marching on their way to heroic death.

"ONE of the finest etchers living today," was what a noted French artist said to me in answer when I asked him about Donald Shaw MacLaughlan, the Canadian artist. Undoubtedly the Frenchman was right, for almost every country in Europe has showered honors upon this man who yet after thirty years of ever-growing fame remains not well-enough known in his own land, and who has never received any honors from the country of his birth. In 1910 he was given the gold medal at the International Exhibition at Rome. In 1915 at the San Francisco Panama-American Exposition he was similarly honored. He has received half a dozen others. But when I went to see him in his big atelier looking out upon an old-world garden beneath the great dome of the ancient Val-de-Grace hospital and asked for additional information regarding these medals, of only two of which I was informed, he shook his head.

"I'll tell you about just one more, because it's an interesting thing to show how things in the artistic world survive the hates of war. In 1914, I was voted the silver medal for my etchings at the Leipsic International Exhibition. Then the war broke out. But after the signing of the Peace Treaty, the director sent me on my medal."

Donald Shaw MacLaughlan's ancestors—and to have ancestors in Canada shows you are a bona fide Canadian—arrived on the shores of the Dominion a long time before Confederation, and landed in an abrupt and very pioneer-like manner. In 1803 his great-grandfather, along with a number of other Scottish colonists sent out by Lord Selkirk, was shipwrecked upon the shores of bountiful Prince Edward Island. They homesteaded along the harbor of Charlottetown. For three generations these hardy pioneers tilled the soil and attacked the forest. They supplied meat and vegetables to the crews of the many ships that in those days came to Charlottetown, or worked in the shipbuilding trade. But there came a time when changing conditions left the shipyards empty, and few sailing ships put into port. Donald Shaw MacLaughlan was the first in the family to show a bent for different things. Even as a child he was busy with chalk and pencil. At the age of six his mother presented him with his first box of colors. So, with the changing conditions, when eighteen years old, he entered the Normal Art School in Boston, the nearest centre of culture. He spent four years here. At the conclusion of that time he made the journey that all artists sooner or later undertake. He came to Paris. He studied under Gerome. So rapidly did he progress that at the end of two years he had two of his etchings accepted by the Beaux Arts, at a time when Rodin, Meissonnier Carriere and Puvis de Chavannes were leaders of the school. During the succeeding fifteen years he divided his time between France and Italy, deriving from the former the classic influence of Delaroche and Ingres, and from Italy something of the atmosphere of the Renaissance. But he was of a new land and virile blood, and all these influences were only tempering material upon a nature original and highly talented. His views of Venice are personal expressions and have placed him in the front rank of International etchers.

From time to time he has returned to Canada and the United States holding exhibitions in the principal cities.

AS I have said, the list of great Canadian artists is not very long. There has not been time yet for that. Indeed, it is only in the last fifty years that Canadian art has truly begun to blossom.

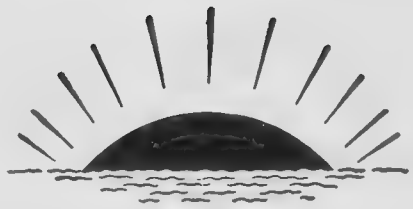
Of other Canadians who have studied in Paris, the late William Brimner, graduate of Julian's Academy, and later President of the Royal Canadian Academy has left much interesting work, considerable of which today is to be seen in Canada.

The work of Maurice Cullen, who lived for some time in Paris, but now makes his home in Montreal, is becoming well known to the general public.

Miss Lillian Scott of Windsor, Ontario, spent the summer in Germany. Her work has been shown at several Paris Salons, and she has held exhibitions in Detroit and other American cities.

MONTPARNASSE is a little world apart filled with people of queer temperaments — freaks and failures and budding greatnesses. In the studios, hotel bedrooms and apartments of the quarter dwell men and women whom life has terribly marred. Here are representatives of at least twenty nationalities devoting their time to art. Some have money to carry on. Some starve at times, yet continue—God knows how. Let no one believe that the days in Paris of

[Continued on page 64]



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"My dear Jane, that 'new' dress cost me exactly 30c and 30 minutes dyeing with Sunset Soap Dyes. Maybe the neighbors think I'm extravagant because the dress certainly does look new. But really, I get more wear out of my clothes than most anybody I know. You see, I know what Sunset will do for me. You ought to try it yourself—it's a wonderful dye!" So Jane did try Sunset. And now she finds that with the money she saves she is able to have in her home several labor saving devices which she could not afford before.

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BY BOBBY BURKE

Sent in by Daisy Belle Hiltz, Lydgate, N.S., who wins a button.

"WINTER SONG"
By Emily Huntington Miller

Hurrah for the jolly old winter!
The king of the seasons is he!
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.
He piles up the beautiful snowflakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the North wind shakes them,
Like a shower of blossoms down.

Hurrah for the jolly old winter!
He shouts at the door by night,
"Come out where the ice is gleaming
Like steel in the gold moonlight."
Like swallows over the water,
The skaters merrily go.
There's health in the blustering breezes,
And joy in the beautiful snow.

A gold button goes to Harry Gibbs, 10819-69th Ave., Edmonton, Alta., for "The Discarded Christmas Tree."

THE DISCARDED CHRISTMAS TREE"

I'm a poor discarded Christmas tree,
As anyone of you can see,
They threw me out into the yard,
Just like the rubbish they discard.

You should have seen me Christmas day,
They dressed me up so bright and gay,
With colored lights and tinsel too,
They hung on me their presents new.

I felt so proud on Christmas morn,
The day on which a child was born,
That even I, a humble tree,
A source of happiness could be.

But Christmas day is now no more,
And all my happiness is o'er,
The children have no use for me,
A poor discarded Christmas tree.

THE SCRAP BOOKS

Such a delight to your Editor to get these happy, cheery books—all so bright that they will delight many sick children in days to come. There's no doubt about who won the prize—Agnes Malone of 48 Earl St., Kingston, made a splendid book. Oh, so neat and with a little story running through it. But Colin James of 1610 East 10th Ave., Vancouver, also made such a stunning book that we've simply got to give him a prize too, a small scrap album.

Gold buttons go to Grace Weber of St. Walburg, Sask.; Shirley Kennedy, 372 Jane St., Toronto, and Alice Blanke, Wymark, Sask.

You will all be happy, I'm sure, to think your Christmas cards have done such good work this year. Happy endings for the cards, eh?

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Mary Reid of Nelson writes to tell us that she is going to use the French pictures for a project book on France. Isn't that nice? We are so glad to be able to help Mary.

Daisy Bell Hiltz of Lydgate, N.S. whose name sounds like a song, writes us a charming little letter, and encloses a poem. She would like to hear from other Cornerites, especially those interested in music and reading, and who are somewhere in the neighborhood of fourteen.

Geraldine and Iona Anderson of Stettler, Alta., and Etta Anderson and Bryan Standquis of the same town, want to join our Corner and win gold buttons. Try some of the competitions, or send us in your favorite poems, and when they are published you will get a button, and "Welcome to our friendly Corner."

Marion Patton of 312 Hampton St., St. James, Man., wishes to become a Cosy Cornerite too, and we are delighted to have her. Gold buttons come for winning in our "Something to Do" competitions, or sending in a poem which we can use at the top of our page, a lovely poem, whose beauty you would like to share with the other Cornerites.

From 8 Beck Ave., Toronto, comes a letter from Sybil Fairbairn who is fifteen and likes our Corner, and only wishes it were much bigger. So do we Sybil, so we might get you all into it, but the best things are always done up in the smallest packages, aren't they? Sybil plays basketball, and must have a good reach for she is five-foot-nine!

Grande Prairie, Alta., is the address of Loreen Fitzpatrick, who would like to correspond with John Zabiaka of Fork River, Man., and exchange some songs. Addresses of those who wish to receive letters are always printed, Loreen, and we have no rules in our Corner, it's a play place—where we meet and have fun together, and learn a little too.

Edith Browne of 644-12th Ave. E. Vancouver, has just got to know the *Western Home Monthly* and our Corner, and we are delighted to welcome her as a member. Read over these answers above, Edith, and you will find out how to win a gold button.

Jessie H. Jackman of Irma, Alta., sends in her gold button for the *second* gold star. Congratulations, Jessie—we'll have to have a special button made for some of our old friends, they are getting so starry now!

THE FRENCH PICTURE

Where the horse still holds its own

The narrow paved streets of the older French towns are unsuitable for auto traffic. The result is that the traveller is often surprised at the number of horse-drawn vehicles still in use. It is quite the usual thing to take a cab and not a taxi to the depot when you are going away by train. For the sight-seeing visitor the slower method of travelling has many advantages. At every corner something of interest may be seen, and there is more chance of studying things closely if one is moving slowly. Unless the paving stones are very uneven the carriages are very comfortable. Visitors to the older cities of French Canada are often impressed by the similarity between the custom of those cities and those of the older French towns which, unlike Paris, have not been in a hurry to adopt the modern ways. The large hood shown on the carriage is used as a protection from rain in winter and from the sun in the summer.

How Big is a Bean?

Tommy is fond of squeezing tooth paste out of his shiny new tube.

"Don't take too much this time, dear," his mother said to him one morning when he was cleaning his teeth.

"How much may I have?" asked Tommy.

"Well, I should think a little bit, perhaps as big as a bean."

Tommy gave a great pinch, and out shot the paste.

"Oh, Oh!" exclaimed his mother. "Not all that, Tommy. Didn't I say as big as a bean?"

"Yes," replied Tommy. "This is a string bean."

When a wise man gets the worst of it he makes the best of it.

"Oh, Beth, I asked Mrs. Dobbs at the beauty shop what to do about my rough 'dishpan hands'"

"What did she say?"

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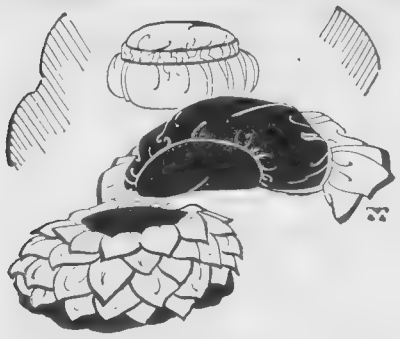

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MONTPARNASSE

Continued from page 62

seventy-five years ago as depicted by Murger in his immortal book "La Vie de Boheme" are ended. Unknown painters still go hungry; men who perhaps ten years or more from now will be famous, just as Utrillo and Modigliani, Gauguin and Van Gogh, in their respective periods emerged from obscurity after long years of poverty and pain, generally fame has come too late. The artists were already dead, or too bruised by life to take much further interest.

It is of some of the most poignantly gripping lives of artists and strange characters of Montparnasse I am going to tell. But in this article there is space only for one. I tell it here because of the part a Canadian girl played in the ill-starred life of the subject, Amedeo Modigliani.

There was a saying current in artistic circles in Montparnasse for many years that Modigliani was fatal to women. It proved too tragically true. He looked like a Greek god and carried himself like a prince. Though he drank appallingly and took drugs and came to the most dreadful poverty, such was his fascination he always found an adoring woman to share even his worst miseries. He came to Paris from Italy as a young man of twenty-three in 1907. It was some time in the summer of 1915 that he met a Canadian girl, Mademoiselle S———. She was studying medicine at the Sorbonne. With her it was a case of love at first sight, a love that only grew greater with the passing of time, a love that all Modigliani's mad orgies of drink and drugs did not fail to alter. Fortunately for him, the Canadian girl had some money and for a time helped make life less difficult. Together they left Paris during the winter of 1916-17 and took up residence in an old Provencal house on the outskirts of the village of Cagnes, a place where the climate and the light were so good as to have brought many painters here to live for a time. In this place the Canadian girl, who had thrown aside her career for him, finally came to the end of her resources. It was during their stay here that there came to pass one of those ironical happenings which so often are to be found in the life history of men of genius.

Modigliani and his loyal friend were forced to leave the Provencal house in which they lived because of their inability to pay the rent. They were taken under the hospitable roof of the keeper of a popular cafe, named Mademoiselle Rose, a middle-aged woman famous for years for helping artists. It must be remembered always that Modigliani painted not so much to make a living, but from some inward fire forcing him always to creation. It was as much a physical and mental necessity to him as eating. But he had one other necessity. He could not work without drinking. He drank an average of two pints of rum a day. This Mademoiselle Rose supplied him for many weeks. All the time he painted. One day in the spring his girl friend received a small remittance, enough to take them back third class to Paris. He left behind him a pile of finished canvases. He had satisfied his craving to create, and, experience having taught him the difficulty of selling them, rather than be bothered carrying them, he left them scattered about the room he had occupied in the house of Mademoiselle Rose.

"The place was awfully dirty," she said to me many years afterwards as we sat on the terrace of her cafe looking over a wide valley and the Mediterranean beyond. "There were canvases everywhere. I don't remember exactly how many, but at least a dozen. I gathered them all together and carried them to the kitchen. There was a good fire burning. I pushed them in. One must not let rubbish accumulate." There was a long silence. In the ravine below the irrepressible nightingales were singing in the heat of the late spring afternoon. "Imaginez vous," Mademoiselle Rose continued heavily, "I had put into the fire more than a million francs!"

Such was the final criticism on some works of a man now hailed as a great painter. And indeed, admirers of Modigliani's work, *now that his fame has gone around the world*, need not sneer unduly at this woman of the people; for remember that in the great city of Paris, full of art experts, the work of Modigliani went begging for many years. Alas, there is too much of snobbery, and too much of chicanery in art dealing. Many a great painting which bears the name of an old master, and commands millions of francs, would not sell for a tenth of that if the signature or some other means of authenticity were not there.

Returned to Paris, Modigliani took up a tiny studio on the Boulevard Raspail. His furniture consisted of a mattress on the floor and a jug of water. He made a bare existence drawing portraits for a franc. He parted from his Canadian girl, and married a very young French girl. Shortly before his death one of his friends, bringing up some coal to the studio in the rue Grande Chaumiere to which he had moved, found man and wife lying both very ill upon the dirty bed. The floor around the bed was covered with empty sardine tins. They had been living on sardines for several days.

An ambulance called and took him to the Charity Hospital. A few days later he died.

When someone called upon his wife and was trying to hide the truth from her she answered. "Oh, I know he is dead, but he will soon be alive for me." How significant these words were the friend was not to realize until afterwards.

As was said in Montparnasse: "Modigliani was fatal to women."

To the general reader, and most particularly to anyone interested in the occult, the two final incidents connected with Modigliani's death are of a nature so strange as to move one to deep reflection on the mystery of life.

On the night in 1920 when Modigliani lay dying in the Charity Hospital, his former companion, the Canadian girl, was dancing in the Cafe Versailles. Suddenly she stopped dancing, put on her things and went home. In a little while she was dead. The medical verdict was a hemorrhage of the throat. She had tuberculosis. About the same hour Modigliani died. Upon the day of Modigliani's funeral as the procession wound its way through the street, his wife threw herself from the window upon the street to her death.

But Montparnasse has also its happy side, and artists are not always drunken and sad. As I have told above, many Canadians have worked hard here, living regular and active lives in the pursuit of the best in art.

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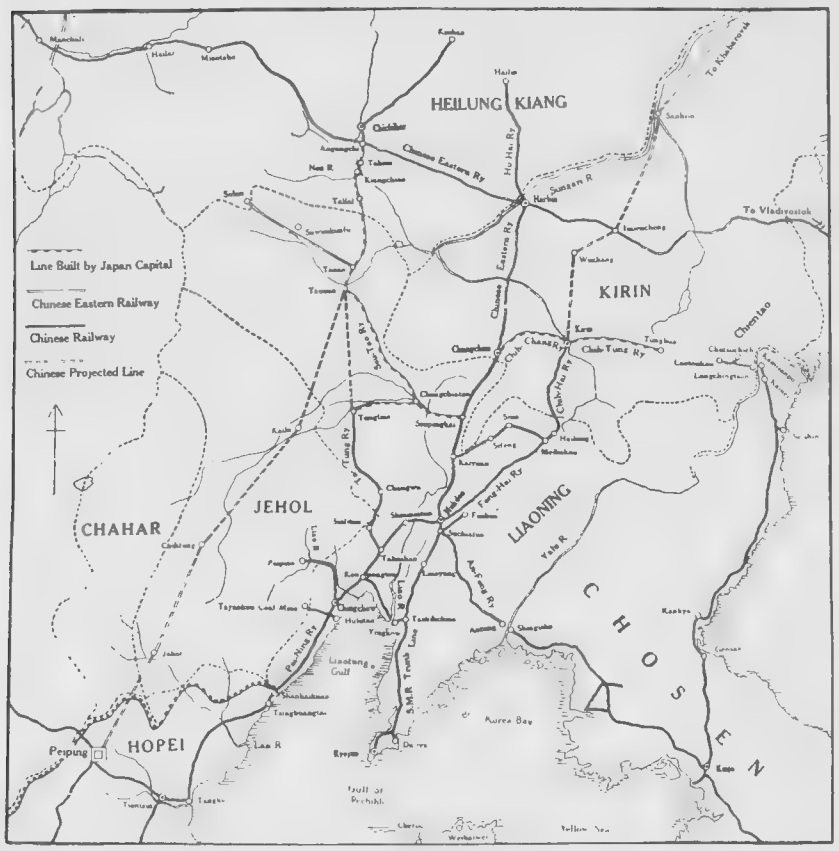
4-29

A New Earthquake in the Orient

Continued from page 13

with and put out of business the Japan-owned South Manchuria Railway and its terminus, Dairen. This lucrative bean business was calculated to place Japan ahead financially, and since her trade to the Scandinavian countries was on a parity with that of the Southern States which sent them cotton, much of which also became gun cotton for the manufacture of explosives used against the Allies, as well as clothing for the German soldiers, Japan stuck to the business.



"The above map will illustrate how the Chinese have built railways in Manchuria (mainly with British, American and Japanese capital) with the purpose of throttling the South Manchuria Railway, the Japanese trunk line, and its great port terminal, Dairen, in favor of the Nanking Government's port development at Hulatao. The Japanese have occupied Mukden, Changchun and Chichihar (Tsitsihar), and have proposed to the League of Nations a neutral zone (which they would dominate) from Chinghow to Shanhaikuan; this would extend Japanese control immediately to the Great Wall of China, which extends southwest from Shanhaikuan. The S.M.R. extends north to Changchun, where it connects with the southern branch of the Russia-owned Chinese Eastern Railway. A branch of the S.M.R. bisects Chosen (Korea). Manchuria embraces approximately twice as much territory as all of the present Japanese Empire, including Taiwan (Formosa) and Chosen. British capital is invested in the Peiping-Mukden Railway, called on the map Pei-Ning, while American capital backs certain other Chinese rail projects."

The number of useful articles which can be made out of the soya bean at a very cheap price is comparable to those which can be extracted from Canadian wheat, as indicated by the writer in articles in this magazine in October, 1930, and April, 1931. The soya bean, according to information furnished through the courtesy of Mr. R. T. Payton-Griffin, managing editor of the North China Daily News at Shanghai, will yield in addition to ordinary foodstuffs these items: explosives, waterproof cloth, soaps, linoleum, margarine, paints, varnishes, toilet powder, lanterns, salad oils, lamp oils, lubricating oils, sardine preservative, and lard substitutes. The other things include baked beans, soups, substitutes for meat, chocolate, coffee and macaroni, flour, artificial milk, cheese, biscuits, sauce, meal for cattle, oilcake and fertilizers. This information proceeded originally from the Trade Commissioner for the Governments of South Africa in 1912.

The bean trade, incidentally, has conspired to encourage the enlargement of the Japanese merchant marine, until Japan today, with 3,910,613 tons, stands ahead of Germany and behind only Britain and the United States. The white flag with the red ball in the centre, symbolizing the rising sun, now floats over the freight and passenger ships of Nippon in all of the principal ports of the world. The Japanese have motorized and electrified their latest vessels, and they are offering a class of service at a price which appeals to the average traveler.

As for the Manchurian railroads, they may be compared to grandmother's zephyr skein after the kitten had played with it. Railway building requires much capital. In the early stages it is customary to build little capillary lines leading nowhere in particular; the merger magnate comes along presently and welds from the tentacles a grand trunk system such as Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt fashioned from the Harlem, Hudson River and other roads into the New York Central, by which it became possible to travel from New York to Chicago direct without changing trains seven times.

The Chinese Eastern Railway was started diagonally across North Manchuria to Vladivostok in 1896, through a contract concluded between the Chinese Empire, owner of the land traversed, and the Russo-Chinese Bank, organized at St. Petersburg in 1895 with a capital of $3,000,000 derived from French sources; in 1910 the name was changed to the Russo-Asiatic Bank, and in 1920, following the Bolshevik revolution, France took it over. In 1896, a secret treaty was signed between Russia and China which became the vehicle for implementing the pledges of the Chinese Eastern Railway pact; this treaty provided for joint action if Japan sought Russian territory in Eastern

[Continued on page 68]

You need this Aluminum Cooking Spoon get one FREE

In exchange for 50 Oxo Cube Red Wrappers, we will send you a 13-inch solid aluminum cooking spoon.

Every housewife should have Oxo Cubes in her kitchen . . . they put the beef in left-overs, stews and hashes, and add so much to the flavour of these economical dishes. Send your Oxo Cube Red Wrappers for the big Oxo Spoon, to Oxo Limited, Dept. L, 1910 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Que.

This offer applies to residents of Canada only and expires on April 30, 1932.

OXO CUBES

ORDER your copy of The Western Home Monthly new Spring Fashion Book early and avoid disappointment, 25c postage prepaid.

DICK Wants You to Send for this Book

Here is your opportunity to secure a copy of the new, enlarged and revised 13th edition of Brock's Book on Birds—the standard authority on the care, feeding, breeding and treatment of cage birds. 342 pages—nearly 50 illustrations. Regular price 25c, but to those sending 10c and the coupon at the foot of this advertisement, we will send a copy of this book, a liberal sample of Brock's Bird Seed and a cake of Brock's Bird Treat—a wonderful tonic that improves the plumage and song of your bird.

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MAIL 10c ONLY FOR THESE

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Messrs. NICHOLSON & BROCK, LTD.
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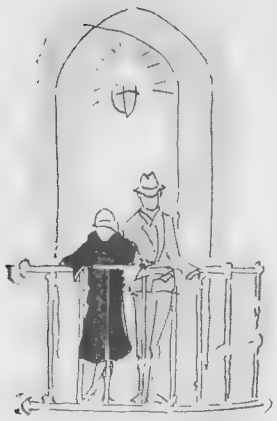
Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find 10 cents for Brock's Book on Birds, a sample of Brock's Bird Seed and Brock's Bird Treat, as advertised.
Name.....
Address.....
..... 316

At the New York Show

By Enid Griffis



I HAVE never felt any real affinity for automobiles. Psychiatrists would no doubt trace this to an unhappy experience of early childhood. One of the first cars I ever encountered backfired when I wasn't looking, and it took the entire family two hours to convince me that I hadn't been fatally wounded by gunmen. As I grew older I learned to tolerate the motor-car, but I was never really happy in its company. When riding in one I sat on the extreme edge of the seat, emitting faint sounds of distress and expecting trouble at every turn of the road. When I was not riding in one it was even worse. I fluttered about on street corners like a feeble octogenarian, fearful of crossing even when the traffic lights were in my favor. This proved exceedingly embarrassing to friends with whom I went about, as they frequently got halfway to their destination before realizing that I was still teetering nervously on the edge of the curb three blocks back.

One of my cronies who has a friend who has a friend who knows a psychiatrist, declared that the only way to cure me was to have me become thoroughly familiar with the object of my aversion. The 1932 automobile show in the Grand Central Palace seemed to provide the ideal opportunity for the experiment, so off we trotted early on the second morning of the exhibition, full of high hope.

Well, the thing worked like a charm. Whether it was the knowledge that none of these shiny machines would suddenly snort and make a lunge at me or not, I don't know. But from the moment I reached the head of the staircase and saw the array of beautiful new cars I felt I was cured.

The first display to greet our eyes was that of Pierce Arrow. I haven't been so impressed by anything in moons. Here was a long row of cars glistening and sparkling like Louis XIV chandeliers, with an attendant in a long white coat rubbing them down reverently as though they were expensive racehorses. (Can an automobile be like a Louis XIV chandelier and a racehorse at one and the same time, I wonder? Anyway, that's how I felt about them.) In no time I was chatting away with one of the salesmen as though I intended any minute to whip out a cheque book and place an order. He was very pleasant and explained all about the torque arm which, it seems, relieves the strain of driving and braking, provides a very short turning radius and simply eliminates vibration completely. I was much more interested, however, in the lights, which blossom right out of the end of the fenders and give the car the most distinctive look! They enable you to spot a Pierce-Arrow blocks away, and at night they produce an effect of great width, so that other traffic moves respectfully to one side of the road when one approaches.

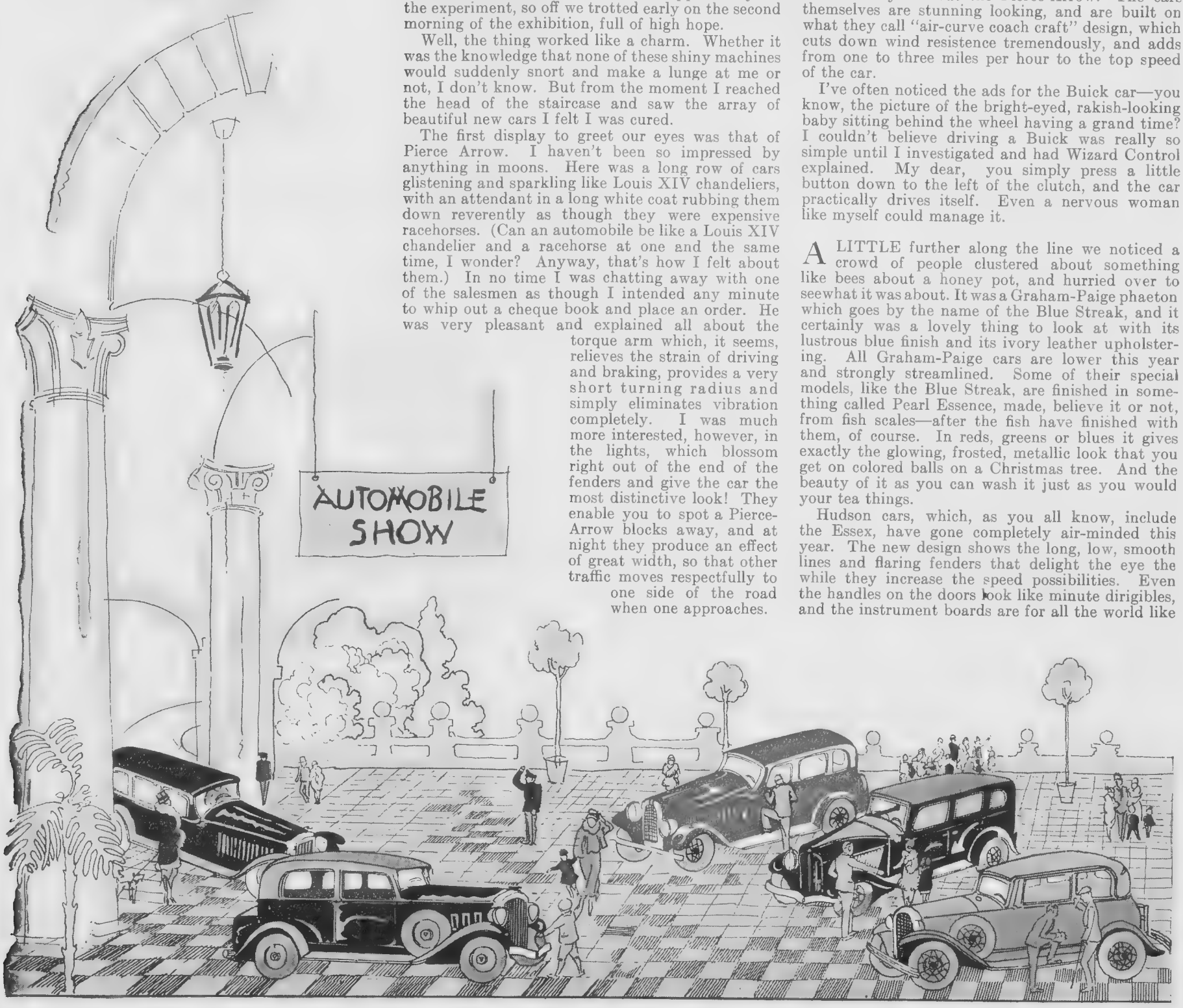
RIGHT across the way was a display of the new Rockne, the light six sponsored by Studebaker. It's an extremely smart-looking little car with all the latest improvements. The front seat of the sedan holds three people *comfortably*, and all doors have a brass dovetail arrangement that prevents jamming and sticking and reduces profanity and bad temper to a minimum. I'd been toying with the idea of having an operation one of these days, but after looking at the Rockne I decided I'd rather have one of those instead. There would be very little difference in price, and for an extra few dollars you can get any one of the six models fitted up with de luxe equipment—wire wheels, trunk rack, spring covers, and what not.

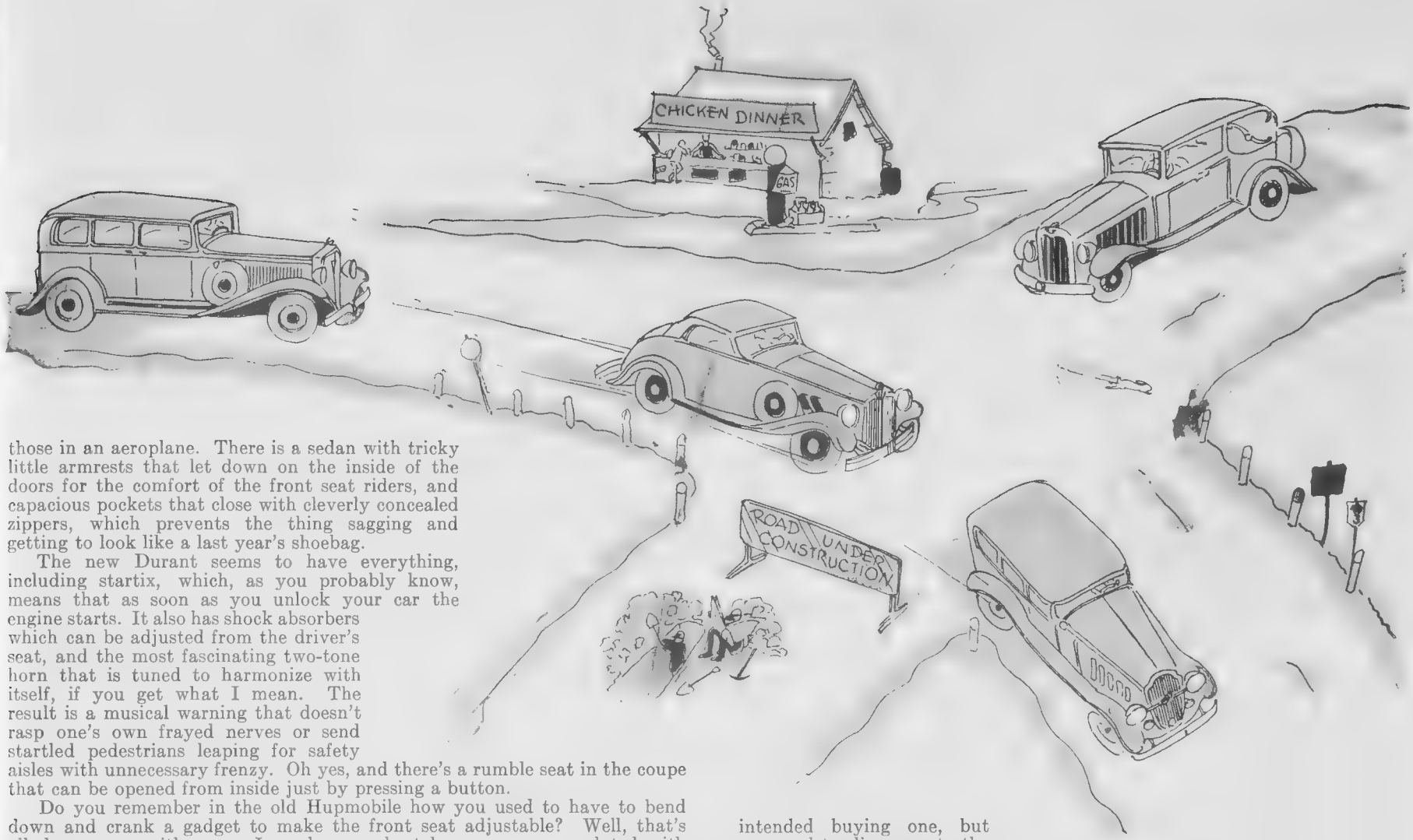
The transition from Rockne to Studebaker was a natural one, and we dashed over to where two beautiful girls, in evening gowns, were changing charts while a handsome young man explained all about the new features. My mind went blank when he talked of Houdaille shock absorbers, quarter-inch brake lining, free wheeling, and things like that. But I had no difficulty in realizing the advantage of a steering wheel that positively will not break, and the joy of the luxurious seats, which are wider than those of any car but the Pierce-Arrow. The cars themselves are stunning looking, and are built on what they call "air-curve coach craft" design, which cuts down wind resistence tremendously, and adds from one to three miles per hour to the top speed of the car.

I've often noticed the ads for the Buick car—you know, the picture of the bright-eyed, rakish-looking baby sitting behind the wheel having a grand time? I couldn't believe driving a Buick was really so simple until I investigated and had Wizard Control explained. My dear, you simply press a little button down to the left of the clutch, and the car practically drives itself. Even a nervous woman like myself could manage it.

A LITTLE further along the line we noticed a crowd of people clustered about something like bees about a honey pot, and hurried over to seewhat it was about. It was a Graham-Paige phaeton which goes by the name of the Blue Streak, and it certainly was a lovely thing to look at with its lustrous blue finish and its ivory leather upholstering. All Graham-Paige cars are lower this year and strongly streamlined. Some of their special models, like the Blue Streak, are finished in something called Pearl Essence, made, believe it or not, from fish scales—after the fish have finished with them, of course. In reds, greens or blues it gives exactly the glowing, frosted, metallic look that you get on colored balls on a Christmas tree. And the beauty of it as you can wash it just as you would your tea things.

Hudson cars, which, as you all know, include the Essex, have gone completely air-minded this year. The new design shows the long, low, smooth lines and flaring fenders that delight the eye the while they increase the speed possibilities. Even the handles on the doors look like minute dirigibles, and the instrument boards are for all the world like





those in an aeroplane. There is a sedan with tricky little armrests that let down on the inside of the doors for the comfort of the front seat riders, and capacious pockets that close with cleverly concealed zippers, which prevents the thing sagging and getting to look like a last year's shoebag.

The new Durant seems to have everything, including startix, which, as you probably know, means that as soon as you unlock your car the engine starts. It also has shock absorbers which can be adjusted from the driver's seat, and the most fascinating two-tone horn that is tuned to harmonize with itself, if you get what I mean. The result is a musical warning that doesn't rasp one's own frayed nerves or send startled pedestrians leaping for safety aisles with unnecessary frenzy. Oh yes, and there's a rumble seat in the coupe that can be opened from inside just by pressing a button.

Do you remember in the old Hupmobile how you used to have to bend down and crank a gadget to make the front seat adjustable? Well, that's all done away with now. Long legs or short legs are accommodated with equal comfort in the new cars, and all you do is raise a little lever in front and move the seat backward or forward with your body. I did it myself, and there's absolutely nothing to it. The new Hupmobiles have lovely big doors, too, slightly angled, so that you can get in and out of the front seat without barking your shins.

If you are one of those sensitive souls who cringe at inelegant squeaks and rattles in your car, the Nash ought to be a great comfort to you. It's built to be one hundred per cent sound proof. There are no metallic reverberations when doors are opened or closed, and even the two suitcases and hatbox that fit into the swanky trunk at the back are guaranteed to keep their places and refrain from making unbecoming noises.

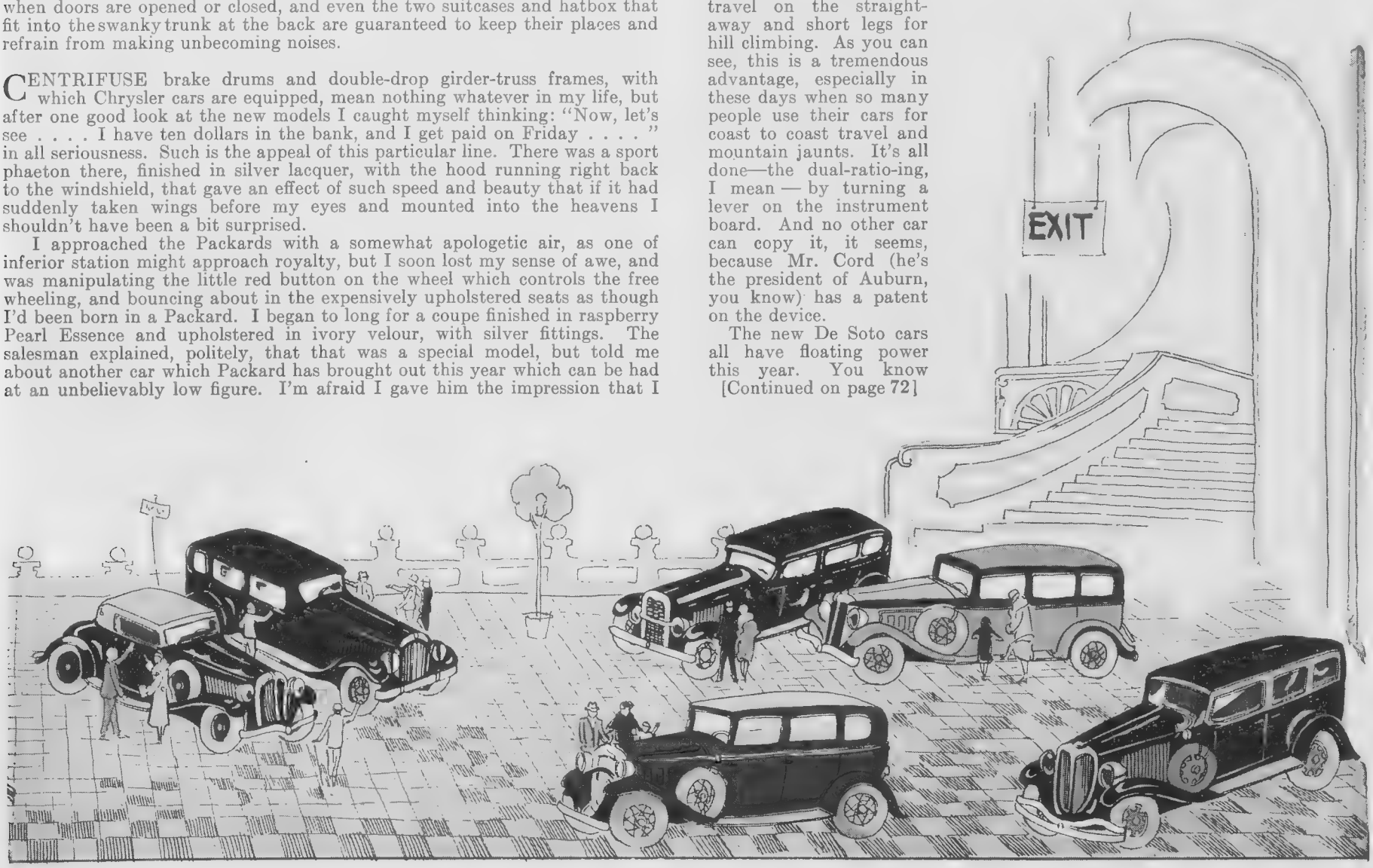
CENTRIFUSE brake drums and double-drop girder-truss frames, with which Chrysler cars are equipped, mean nothing whatever in my life, but after one good look at the new models I caught myself thinking: "Now, let's see . . . . I have ten dollars in the bank, and I get paid on Friday . . . . " in all seriousness. Such is the appeal of this particular line. There was a sport phaeton there, finished in silver lacquer, with the hood running right back to the windshield, that gave an effect of such speed and beauty that if it had suddenly taken wings before my eyes and mounted into the heavens I shouldn't have been a bit surprised.

I approached the Packards with a somewhat apologetic air, as one of inferior station might approach royalty, but I soon lost my sense of awe, and was manipulating the little red button on the wheel which controls the free wheeling, and bouncing about in the expensively upholstered seats as though I'd been born in a Packard. I began to long for a coupe finished in raspberry Pearl Essence and upholstered in ivory velour, with silver fittings. The salesman explained, politely, that that was a special model, but told me about another car which Packard has brought out this year which can be had at an unbelievably low figure. I'm afraid I gave him the impression that I intended buying one, but managed to slip away to the next section before he got to the point of asking for a bank reference.

Auburn cars look racier than ever this year, and they're all equpped with something called dual ratio that gives you two cars in one, so to speak. The mechanical details escape me at the moment, but the man explained that it's just like giving a man a pair of long legs for travel on the straight-away and short legs for hill climbing. As you can see, this is a tremendous advantage, especially in these days when so many people use their cars for coast to coast travel and mountain jaunts. It's all done—the dual-ratio-ing, I mean — by turning a lever on the instrument board. And no other car can copy it, it seems, because Mr. Cord (he's the president of Auburn, you know) has a patent on the device.

The new De Soto cars all have floating power this year. You know

[Continued on page 72]



THE VERY MOMENT THAT HE MET HER

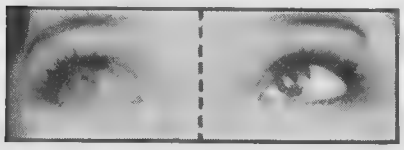
He Fell for Her Eyes!

Your eyes, too, may capture love at first sight if kept clear and sparkling this way

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first . . . her eyes! Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use *Murine* freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use *Murine*. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle *today!* For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write Murine Co., Dept. B, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how very much brighter, clearer and larger it looks!*

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For quicker relief, let child inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapor while he sleeps. Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapor direct to irritated membranes of breathing organs. No waiting for slow, uncertain relief of remedies taken internally or rubbed on the body. No upset stomachs. Drugless, simple, easy to use. Complete directions with every bottle. In successful use for 52 years. At all drug stores.

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Send for Booklet No. 17 Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.

A New Earthquake in the Orient

Continued from page 65

Asia, China or Korea, and was made public by the Chinese Delegation to the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921-22; its provisions were not adhered to by China in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 because of changed circumstances. Seeking independence in this connection, but still retaining her interest in the C.E.R., Russia began the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1908, a project which was concluded in 1916, joining up Vladivostok with the West by the round-about route which traverses Southern Siberia north of Manchuria.

The construction of the trans-Siberian Railway with feverish haste was spurred by the prior undertaking of 1906 to build the South Manchuria Railway system through a Japanese Imperial edict, Japan having acquired the tip of the Liaotung Peninsula (Dairen and Port Arthur) as Russian War spoils, and some hinterland in Huantung through lease from China. As the South Manchuria system proceeded north, the Russians built a spur south to Changchun from Harbin, at which point the spur joined the Chinese Eastern Railway. Changchun became the southerly terminus of the C.E.R. spur and the northern terminus of the S.M.R., and thus the point separating Japanese and Russian spheres of influence in Manchuria. After Mukden, Changchun was recently occupied by the Japanese, and then Tsitsihar to the northwest on the C.E.R. Harbin alone of the large cities stands unoccupied at this writing; it is safely isolated in the northeast and can be taken at any time.

While proceeding with their main railway development as adverted to, the Japanese encouraged the Chinese authorities in the construction of capillary and feeder lines. In numerous instances the Chinese borrowed Japanese capital and built spurs here and there, for none of which it has paid in full; and reversion clauses have given Japan the right to claim some of these roads. This action has been taken by Japan, to the discomfiture of the Nanking Government, which has been beset by foes from without and within. Certain other little roads have been financed by American capital, acting with the Chinese, so there is another angle; also, the Peiping-Mukden Railway is largely a British concern, hence we have about called the roll. The Chinese have been intent upon paralleling the S.M.R. and diverting its trade.

The particularly tender flank of China extends from Chinchow southwest along the Gulf of Pechihli to Tientsin, thence southeastward and east to Tsinan and Weiheiwei, being the shore line needed badly by Japan to give her all the approaches to Dairen as the geographical centre of that arc and the corresponding arc formed by the shoreline of northwest Korea. The possession of this circular section of land and sea would remove the danger to Dairen and the South Manchuria Railway represented by the contemplated development of Hulatao harbor by the Nanking Government, and head off any Bolshevik wave which may be gathering force for an eastward sweep through Outer and Inner Mongolia.

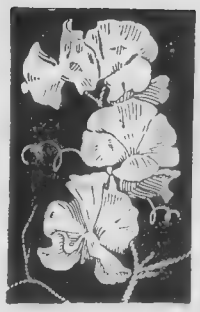
The region around Chinchow is comprehended in the proposal before the League of Nations Council as a neutral zone between China and a Manchuria dominated by Japan. A visit to Chinchow, provisional capital of Fengtien Province and headquarters of Gen. Chang Hsueh-liang, was started late in November, but through some strange statecraft the troops were ordered back to Mukden by Gen. Honjo concurrently with the statement attributed to Secretary of State Stimson, since denied, that the Japanese army was "running amok." The reason why Gen. Honjo's troops executed an about-face in their victorious march remains a state secret; but some help may be found in the circumstance that the Japanese army left Siberia after the World War as the result of a threat by President Wilson to place an embargo on silk.

Europe having had its World War misery and post-war complications, the stage has been cleared somewhat for the concentration of universal attention on the sub-surface bubblings of the Orient, now fast breaking to the top. The finer qualities of the Japanese and the Chinese are obscured for the time by those animosities of nationality and race, those opportunities for temporary material and political gain which on so many occasions in history have deprived man of human qualities and sent him back to the savage state. One is impressed in a short visit to Japan with the cleanliness of the cities, the industry of the workers, the efficiency of a governmental system which is a model for the Far East; also with the unfailing courtesy of a citizenship from which the New World has much to learn. And then, on crossing to the land of Confucius, and mingling with the cosmopolitan elements of old Shanghai, the saddest, gladdest city in the universe, one need not scratch deeply to find the true Chinese soul, which is reflected nowhere more certainly than through that radiant, irrepressible, ever-hopeful conglomeration of contradictions and complications known as the Chinese coolie, who asks not for the choice fruits of the earth, but is thankful enough to be alive.

THE visitor to Shanghai sees enough of poverty and misery to make his heart sick. There are now 70,000 Yangtze River flood refugees in the city, begging bread and clothing and shelter from the more provident. This is additional to the city's own long list of unfortunates, including 18,000 White Russians who for the most part have been deprived of homeland and hope. We hesitate to mention the sufferings of these people in view of what is happening in North America, yet the close relationship between affairs in Orient and Occident makes it impossible to separate the two. The Orient is going through its most trying times, and we anticipate the worst is yet to come. A new civilization is being created out here as well as on the other side of the world, and when the corpses are buried, the blood staunched, the wounds healed and the tears dried, these friendly people will come into their own as proper parts of the eternal scheme.

From the perilous times that seem to be a matter of weeks the student of such things would like to turn away; but they must be faced with courage and faith. The waves of Bolshevism are steadily sweeping over China from the West toward the East. Five large provinces of central China, in the extensive Yangtze Valley above Hankow, have embraced Soviet doctrines root, trunk and branch. The writer has just talked to a young Central European who served in that neighborhood as a teacher, and found his school between the fire of Nationalist and Communist forces. He relates how half-starved hordes of men are descending toward the coast

[Continued on page 69]



LATHYRUS PERENNIAL SWEET PEAS

Very showy hardy climbers that remain in ground year after year; often 8 to 10 feet in height, bearing a mass of flowers throughout the summer. Fine for covering old stumps, fences, etc., and excellent for cutting. We have both seeds and plants. Order now.

Seeds; Our Prize mixture Pkt. 15c, 5 pkts. 50c postpaid. Strong Plants sent at planting time. Each 30c, 4 for $1.00 Postpaid.

CHINESE LANTERN PLANT

Most beautiful decorative plant. Bushes 2 feet high grow large balloon-like pods which turn to gorgeous red, and resemble Chinese Paper Lanterns. Easily dried for winter bouquets, and Christmas decorations. Retain color and shape all winter. Easily grown. We offer both seeds and plants. Order now.

Seeds: Pkt. 10c, 3 for 25c, postpaid. Strong Plants sent at planting time, Each 40c, 3 for $1.00, Prepaid.

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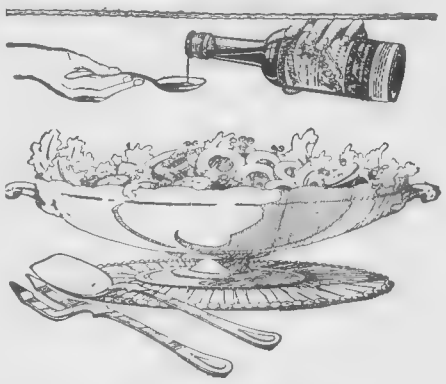

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Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb thru safe, sure Brownatone. Used by thousands for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c. for trial bottle.

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TIRED MACHINE GETS PEP QUICKLY

Sewing machine "draggy"? It needs some 3-in-One! Oil every part liberally—then run the machine a few seconds. Watch how 3-in-One works-out sticky gum, dirt and lint! Wipe away excess oil, and your machine will run like new again.

Three-in-One is blended from three oils to do three things at one time. As it oils it cleans and prevents rust and tarnish. Handy cans and bottles; sold everywhere.

Three-in-One Oil Company
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CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

SHOO-FLY PLANT

It is said flies will not stay in a room with this plant if they can escape. What repulses them is not clear as the flowers have no odor. This fine plant blooms profusely summer and winter, growing quickly from seed. Lovely large cup-shaped light blue flowers with white centre. Pkt. 25c. Plant now.

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5 pkts. easily grown house-plants, all different (including above) value $1.25, all for 65c, prepaid. Seed and Nursery Book free.

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You Can Be Always Well

Write for free booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL," and other literature, also sample of Roman Meal and Kofy sub, the new alkaline beverage, to

ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D.
533 Vine Ave., - Toronto 9, Ontario

[REMEMBER]

WHEN WRITING THE ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

A New Earthquake in the Orient

Continued from page 68

towns like swarms of locusts, armed variously with guns and knives, driving entire communities of old men, women and children before them as a sort of protection against the bullets of the Nationalist forces. Machine guns mow down these innocent victims; from behind the warriors press on, and as often as not capture the towns. When the towns are invested, the realty deeds are destroyed, so there is no record of land ownership. The leader then tells the peasants to stay on the land they tenant without paying taxes or rent. Since the peasants have little with which to pay, this method of winning them over to the new order proves most effective. It is recorded that 300,000 of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers went forth in 1931 to battle with this horde, but found them unconquerable, and being unwilling to kill their own people reduced to such straits, returned to their barracks.

The Generalissimo, therefore, is hemmed in on three sides; on the north he faces the Japanese, on the west the hungry flood sufferers, and on the east the hostile Cantonese, who say his abdication is necessary before they cooperate with Nanking. Besides these things, he is confronted with a proposition that there should be an audit of the Government's books.

In Harbin 100,000 White Russians stand ready to unite with the Japanese and the other so-called capitalistic powers of the West in a drive against Soviet Russia. The Bear is like the giant who stands on one side of the river and reaches a hand across to strike a foe. He is too unwieldy to go all the way over, and his hand is in a hornet's nest on the other side. The Japanese can sting the Bear's hand in Manchuria and make him howl, but it is another thing if they come close to grips. It is possible to conceive that Japan's aspirations are extensive, again that prudence will keep her ambitions within reasonable bounds. The other capitalistic nations have too many worries at home and are too much concerned with paying for the last war to undertake another.

The conditions are ideal for the spread of Soviet doctrines, in the Orient as well as elsewhere, and the blaze burns on. In the gay parts of old Shanghai the orchestra leader raises his baton, and the word is "On with the dance!"

Companionship

By Bertha Alexander

I like the friend that talks to me,
Who gives me all the news,
Who tells me all the gossip, and
Just why he has the blues;
The one who knows me well enough
To feel it's safe to tell,
And get his troubles off his chest,
As at Confessional.

I love the friend that comes to me
For sympathy and cheer,
Who talks to me as man to man,
Who tells me every fear;
But oh, let my companion be
The one with love imbued,
Who knows when not to interrupt
My peaceful solitude.

NOW She is Beginning To Live

An appetizing cereal bringing "bulk" and Vitamin B stopped the source of those dull headaches and premature wrinkles.

She had been a sufferer from constipation for many years. It sapped her enthusiasm and energy, took the sparkle out of her eyes and made her skin sallow. Fortunately she read an advertisement about Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

She tried this delicious Cereal,—two tablespoonfuls a day. The results were surprising. Friends discovered a new personality.

ALL-BRAN brings two things that check common constipation. BULK, which exercises the intestines. VITAMIN B which helps give them tone and supplies IRON for the BLOOD.

If you suffer from intestinal trouble not relieved this way, consult your doctor.

ALL-BRAN is equally tasty as a cereal with milk or cream, or cooked into fluffy bran muffins, etc. Make sure you get the Red and Green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

The Gentle, Natural Way to relieve common

CONSTIPATION

Nothing enhances the attractiveness of a room like the lighting effects secured by ivory and flametint lamps. For wall brackets and decorative table lamps, where a soft subdued effect is desired, these lamps contribute both beauty and distinction.

LACO MAZDA LAMPS

MisSimplicity

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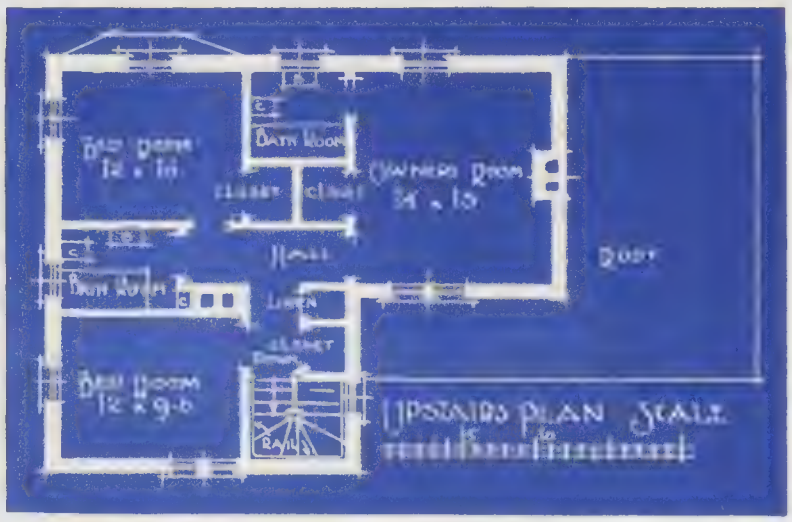
THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD.
366-378 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada
Chicago New York San Francisco Dallas Atlanta London Sydney Buenos Aires

THE SOUL OF A HOUSE

Continued from page 58

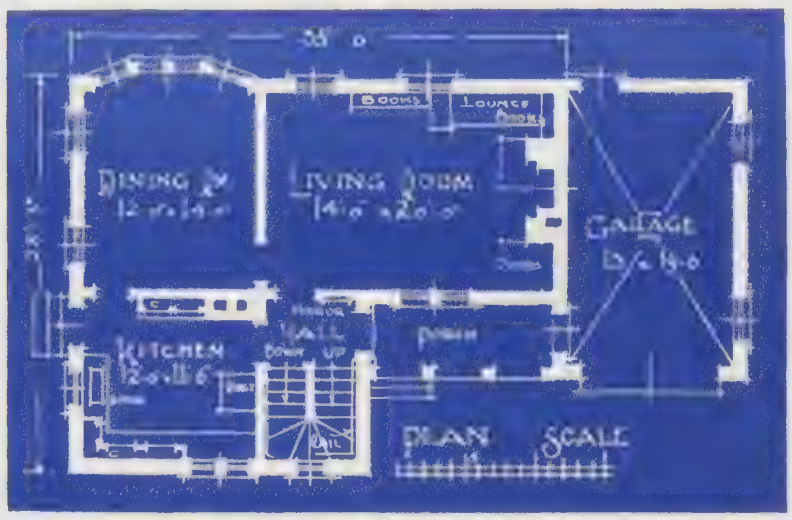
to realize that the experiment is the soul of a civilized being. As long as we were content with a third rate copy of a spurious antique all was well with us, but the time has come when the designer must release himself from the deadly system of merely copying, because it is the fashion.

WE NOW come to construction. "That is easy," says the average man. "The Contractor looks after that." He does—but you must have your construction specified exactly, or what can you expect? This house was designed to cost about $10,000.00



—but there are varying costs per cubic or square foot for a building, and the question arises how much house for your money. We have up to recent years made an appalling piling up of building costs and although building costs are rapidly approaching reason once more, yet with the multiplicity of new inventions and constructions a home can cost just what you wish to put into it.

The cubage of this house is some twenty-one thousand feet — and you can take your choice of its cost—running from 40 cents per cubic foot



up to 80 cents. The ceiling heights are 7'-6", 9'-0", 8'-6"; and at 45 cents per cubic foot this house could be built as follows, with a reinforced concrete waterproofed foundation, with a billiard room in the basement. In its exterior walls above the grade would be stone to the brickwork, which would be back plastered, strapped and lathed with metal lathing. The interior walls between dining-room and living-room and kitchen and around staircase could be built from the basement to the upstairs floor of hollow tile or Gypsum blocks. Above the brickwork is built of 2 inch by 6 inch studding at 16 inches on centres, sheathed and papered both sides. On the outside it is stuccoed on wire lath and inside strapped and wire lathed, covered with plaster. The joists are 2 inches by 10 inches diameters and 2 inches by 12 inches over living-room upstairs at 16 inches on centres, having doubled floors with insulation between and the roof of treated shingles or asbestos, cement or slate of the thinner and less expensive type on shiplap and 2 by 6 rafters. Flashings, down spouts, gutters and metal work of copper. Insulation should be freely used. The windows as you will see have a transom over and the lower part is double hung on spring balances. As we come to the equipment a fortune can be invested in this, but taking the 45 cents as a basis, using brass piping and the plumbing fixtures of moderate cost with stock accessories and the heating system of hot water. The lighting and power system at this cost should be carefully planned, and it would be well to go into this particular trade very carefully, as on the proper lighting and power fixtures a great deal of your comfort depends. I would try and have radio attachments to every bedroom from the central switch—and wire for the telephone to the owner's bedroom . . . Are these gadgets included in the Soul of a Home? Will someone walking by this house pause while the street grows radiant and the wayfarer passes nerved and cheered? Will your heart beat deep and strong when you see your home windows with their flickering lights? If it does not, do not build it, for although the Chinese proverb says that a man's life has three full measures, one of them in building a home, you can never build a home unless when building it your whole soul enters into its structure, and when you learn this elementary act of faith in home building it will always hold memories of your golden dreams.

"Twice-crisped"—and kept that way in new seal-krisp package

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now more delicious — more delectable than ever.

Here's a new surprise in cereals. Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now made extra crisp by a unique new "twice-crisping" process.

YOU know the *extra* deliciousness of just-baked bread . . . of crisp, fresh buttered toast!

Now you can have this same flavory crispness . . . this same freshness . . . in cereals!

For the makers of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have perfected a new "twice-crisping" process —plus a new "seal-krisp" package. So that now these choice grains rustle into your cereal dish, as fresh as the instant they were shot from guns!

What "twice-crisping" does

Imagine the sweetest, most delicious nut meat you ever tasted. That's the new deliciousness of the new Puffed Grains! Imagine a crispness so brittle . . . so extra fresh . . . that it melts in your mouth. This is what "twice-crisping" adds to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the *only* cereals to bring you grain kernels with every food cell steam-exploded for greater digestibility. The only cereals that are "twice-crisped" to give fresher . . . more lasting crispness.

Make this test

Today, buy a package of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer. Tomorrow morning heap cereal bowls high with these enticing grain foods. Notice how every one in the family enjoys the new "twice-crisped" Puffed Grains.

Another Quaker product . . . Quaker Corn Flakes . . . more crisp, more delicious, because wax wrapped and triple-sealed. Only Corn Flakes with sun Vitamin D.

Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company.

Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice

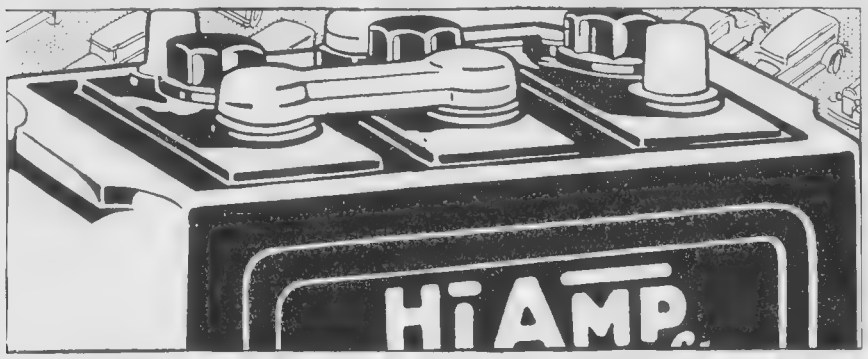
Extra Strength Extra Safety

Tires must have stamina today as never before. Cars are faster and more powerful. Wheels are smaller. Roads are better. Distance is measured in minutes instead of miles. All this subjects tires to greater wear, harder strains, and the faster a car travels the more essential is the need for tires that are dependable and safe.

The answer is the New Firestone High Speed Balloon—the strongest, safest tire Firestone ever built. Gum-Dipped cord construction gives 25%-40% greater life — the new Double Cord Breaker gives 26% extra protection against punctures and blowouts—a broader, thicker, quiet-running tread gives 25% longer non-skid wear. Any Firestone Dealer can equip your car. See him today.

Firestone

HIGH SPEED BALLOON



16 MAKES OF CARS AND TRUCKS LEAVE THE FACTORY WITH

PREST-O-LITE BATTERIES

—Why? Because the car you drive today must have a super-battery of the highest capacity to maintain its marvelous performance.
When you replace your battery, do not make the mistake of buying an undersized battery—it is false economy. You will do well by your car if you follow the manufacturers choice and get a Prest-O-Lite Hi-Amp.
The new Hi-Amp batteries are made with much heavier plates and high capacity. They will put more fire behind your ignition—give brighter light—and operate all the new electrical equipment on the most economical basis possible.

PREST-O-LITE BATTERIES
are now standard on the following Canadian Built Cars

Cadillac	McLaughlin Buick	Willys-Knight Trucks
Chevrolet	Oldsmobile	Chevrolet Trucks
Durant	Packard	G.M.C. Trucks
Ford	Pontiac	International Trucks
Frontenac	Willys (Six and Eight)	Rugby Trucks
La Salle	Willys-Knight	Willys Trucks

YOU CAN TRUST THE MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURER TO CHOOSE THE BEST

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery —right for every car

PREST-O-LITE STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY LIMITED
Montreal Winnipeg
Vancouver Regina
Toronto

At the New York Show

Continued from page 67

about floating power, I presume. It's something that's achieved by a new way of mounting the motor, and the result is the smoothest riding you ever experienced—and the faster you go the smoother it is. The lights in De Soto cars are very attractive, modernistic looking, and with just the right amount of shading. All cars have non-glare windshields, too, which ought to bring joy to the hearts of those who live in the sunny west.

SPEAKING of floating power, I understand that the Plymouth is the mamma of floating power, so to speak. It was in Plymouth, which, as you know, is owned by Chrysler, that experiments with this new invention first were tried out. These cars are amazingly inexpensive, and have most of the improvements noted in the more expensive makes, such as free wheeling, hydraulic brakes, steel bodies, and things like that. The new Plymouth is lower than the old, but has the same amount of road clearance and headroom. It's the double-drop frame that does it, but don't ask me to explain what that is. What tickled me particularly was that the Plymouths are all wired for radio, enabling one to enjoy a symphony at the picnic grounds or jazz in the churchyard, according to one's fancy.

If Plymouth is the mamma of floating power, then Reo-Royale is certainly the pappa of the aero-dynamic, or streamline design, as it is more popularly known. It's a year ago last October since Reo exhibited their cars built on the new lines at the Paris Salon. Most of the principal makes of cars have since then adopted the principle embodied in the design, but it is only natural that the originators should lead the field in this feature. The lines of the Reo cars are exquisitely smooth, and must appeal strongly to the aesthetically-minded. There is a five passenger Victoria that is a joy to behold. Even the sturdy trunk with which it is fitted, is so fashioned that it simply flows down the back of the car.

Willys was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary at the time of the show, and had a very interesting display which included a large silver trophy which their car, equipped with what is known as the Silver Streak motor, has won for two years in succession in the Pike's Peak climb. What attracted me most in the cars were the beautiful finishings. Isn't that just like a woman? In the custom sedan they're all in onyx, and there's a trick cigarette lighter, also mounted in onyx, which you can remove from its socket and pass around to your friends without having an unsightly cord trailing ignominiously on the end of it. Then there's the front seat in which both the seat and the back are adjustable, making possible a morris-chair effect that is the last word in comfort. I liked the idea of the safety glass, too. It must be a relief not to feel obliged to duck every time a pebble pops up off the gravelled road.

Oldsmobile has some awfully good looking models this year, both in the six and eight cylinder cars. They're definitely streamlined, even to the lamps. And there's an elegant straight eight coupe that I'd give an eye-tooth for. The cars are all beautifully upholstered, and you can have your choice of whipcord or mohair in any of the models. One of the new features of the engine is an oil temperature regulator which helps the oil to heat up quickly in cold weather and keeps it cool in warm weather. This, you must admit, is a great advantage in a country of extremes such as we have.

CHEVROLET has so many new things this year that it makes one quite giddy trying to keep track of them—and prices are no higher than last year, which spells bargain, or I don't know my alphabet. In the first place, the new engines are sixty horsepower instead of fifty, and all cars have free wheeling, synchro-mesh transmission and down-draft carburetors, whatever *they* are. The styles in which these features may be had are multifarious, and there is an endless variety of color combinations, all of them very attractive. What took my eye was a smart looking phaeton with weather-proof side curtains that are actually weather-proof, and can be adjusted in a jiffy when that sudden storm breaks.

You'd scarcely recognize the new Pontiac, it's had so many things done to it since last year. Some of these things you can't see. You just have to notice them in driving, like free wheeling (which, in the Pontiac, is built in), ride control, silent second speed, and so on. What you can see, however, are the smart streamlines, the good-looking whipcord upholstery, the large, opulent-looking tires, and the comfortable new cushions, known as "form-fitting." The Custom V-Eight sedan also has a divided rear seat, with the armrest letting down between.

BY THE time my friend was ready to pronounce me completely cured of automobile-phobia, I had reached a high pitch of enthusiasm about the whole proceeding, and was all for sending out for food and cots and spending the rest of the week in the building. But she insisted that her feet hurt and that she was extremely hungry.

"But we haven't seen the Fords yet," I protested. "I know Fords and like them. I think it would be slighting not to pay them a visit!"

"The Ford isn't on exhibition here," she came back at me, quite pettishly.

"You'll have to devote another day to look over their new models, but from what I've heard it should be well worth your while."

So that was that.

I felt so friendly towards cars as I made my way homeward, tired but happy, that I could scarcely refrain from patting parked motors on their hoods and calling them by their Christian names. My only regret now is that I can't have a garage the size of Central Park with one of each tucked away for my own personal use.

Just Between Gold Diggers

By Dorothy G. Doyle

My dear, he's simply marvellous,
Adorable, divine;
He has what I admire in men—
I can't believe he's mine.

Oh yes, I know he's rather old,
And just a little fat;
His hair is thin! His teeth are false!
I'll overlook all that.

He's what I have been yearning for—
Now I've found my ideal
I'll even "honor and obey—"
For he has Cheques Appeal.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 59

to the public. It is very important that the investor sees that the investment banking house which sponsors the bond issue of which he purchases bonds is a house of repute, long established and with a record of successful flotations to its credit. The present depression with its long trail of defaulted bond issues has revealed the fact that many of what were thought to be our biggest and best investment banking houses were too greedy in their own interest and put out for purchase by the public bonds far too thinly secured. Many of these have defaulted with large losses to investors. Any investment banking house with a heavy percentage of defaulted bonds among the issues it has sold to the public should be avoided by the investor.

In the case of bonds, as with individual mortgages, the question of valuation is of paramount importance. It is usually through inflated valuations (in some cases inflated to the point of fraud) that investment banking houses have induced the public to buy badly secured bonds. The reputation of the investment banker through which you buy bonds, and of the engineers, accountants and appraisal firms who make valuations for him, is therefore a matter of supreme importance to you.

Earning power is the basis of the value placed on properties, and consequently is a very important consideration to the bond buyer. Where a bond issue is being placed on a new property or enterprise there is no record of earnings on which to base valuation. Bonds on new concerns therefore carry a higher degree of risk and have to pay a correspondingly higher rate of interest. Many conservative bond buyers will not buy a bond secured by a property that has no record of earnings to show.

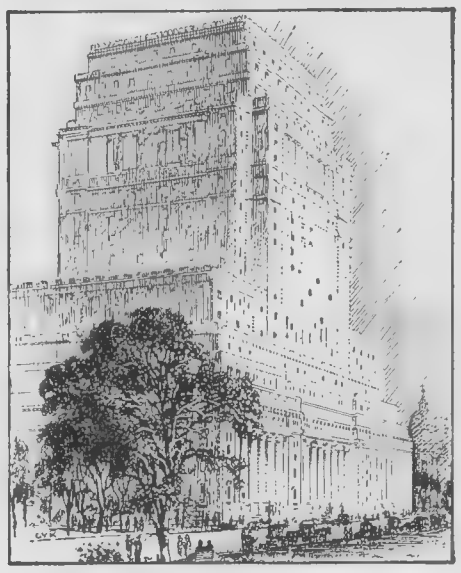
In the case of bonds on industrial properties an earning power running back over five to ten years should be scrutinized. A standard required by many investment experts in deciding whether a bond should be purchased or rejected is the requirement that bond interest, after adequate allowance for depreciation, should be earned on the average at least three times over for a period of five years and that earnings in no one year should fall below twice the bond interest requirements. Where public utility bonds are under consideration these requirements are lower on account of the stable nature of the business. For them the ratios of twice average earnings over five years, with a minimum earning power for any single year of one-and-a-half times bond interest, are thought to be sufficient. Ample provision for depreciation is, of course, of the first importance in estimating the value of a concern; for earning power cannot be maintained if property and plant is allowed to run down through lack of proper maintenance.

The standards above outlined apply more particularly to corporation or industrial bonds. There is another class of securities, now popular with investors, viz., government and municipal bonds (or more properly debentures), whose security does not depend on earning power but on the taxing power of the state. Here the reputation of the government, province, town or municipality for always meeting its obligations promptly and the size of the debt with which it is loaded are the factors on which the value of its bonds or debentures is based. But this is a subject worthy of separate treatment and will be dealt with by "Dollars and Cents" in our next issue.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

PROGRESS
Assurance in Force

1871 $404,000
1881 $5,010,000
1891 $19,436,000
1901 $62,400,000
1911 $164,572,000
1921 $536,718,000
1931 $3,051,077,000



HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

STRENGTH
Assets

1871 $63,000
1881 $536,000
1891 $2,885,000
1901 $11,773,000
1911 $43,900,000
1921 $129,372,000
1931 $624,804,000

STATEMENT FOR 1931

Assurances in Force (net)	$3,051,077,000
New Assurances Paid for (net)	527,939,000
Total Income (net)	197,140,000
Total Disbursements	136,509,000
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries in 1931	93,235,000
" " " " " since organization	594,185,000
Surplus and Contingency Reserve	21,126,000
Total Liabilities (including paid-up Capital Stock)	603,678,000
Assets, at December 31st, 1931	624,804,000

THE YEAR'S BUSINESS REVIEWED

". . . I think you will agree with me that for a year such as that through which we have just passed the showing is a remarkably fine one.

"New assurances of over $527,000,000, and a total in force exceeding $3,000,000,000, are figures so great as not to need emphasis.

"The distribution of our new business is interesting. Canada contributed $101,000,000, United States $291,000,000, Great Britain $50,000,000 and the rest of the world $85,000,000.

"Our mortality experience has been even more favourable than that of last year, the claims being but 54.3 per cent. of the expected, against 57.6 per cent. in 1930.

"Since business was commenced in 1871 we have paid out in benefits $594,000,000. Last year alone our payments were $93,000,000, an amount exceeding the total assurances written in 1922. We may well rejoice over the magnitude and importance of the social service which the Company is performing.

"During the past year life assurance has been tested as perhaps never before, and it has withstood the trial triumphantly. So far as I am aware not one life company on the continent has had to close its doors, a wonderful record. In Canada we can claim with pride that even since Confederation not one Dominion licensed company has ever failed.

"It will be noticed that in addition to the surplus of $16,000,000 over all liabilities and capital stock, we have a contingency reserve of $4,700,000 to provide for possible shrinkage in mortgages and other real estate investments. Our reserves have been calculated on the same strong basis as last year. Although our investments payable in American currency greatly exceed our liabilities in that currency, we have treated both as on a par, taking no credit for the premium on American funds. Our liabilities under contracts in other currencies also are included at a total greater than required at the prevailing rates of exchange.

"Our holdings of stocks have been valued on the basis laid down by the Dominion Department of Insurance, which is practically the same as that adopted by the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners of the United States.

"In new investments we have favoured high grade bonds, the yield on which is now very attractive. Our purchases of Canadian Government bonds during the year amounted to $23,000,000.

"The profits paid or allotted to policyholders amounted to over $26,000,000, or over 20 per cent. of the total annual premium income.

"In the light of these figures, the report is indeed an excellent one.

"And what of the future? No one believes that the depression will last for ever. It is impossible to say just when the turn will come, but with the vast natural resources of this continent, and the brains, energy, and actual wealth of its people, business recovery is inevitable. When prosperity does return no company will share in its benefits in greater measure than our own."

—From the President's Address at the Annual Meeting.

SIXTY-ONE YEARS OF SERVICE

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

Human Nature

WHEN you hear it said that "human nature never changes," you may be sure in most cases that the person saying so is justifying himself to himself and finding an excuse for having acted in a way prompted by certain instincts which are not the best that human nature has inherited from its remote, prehistoric past—an excuse to himself for some act of selfishness or for some failure to act when the higher promptings of our human nature suggested action. In most cases you will find it so. And that is what makes it nothing short of shocking to find a man like Dean Inge writing words such as these: "The expectation of 'a new world after the Great War' was one of the illusions which had to be dispelled. Human and inhuman nature both remain unchanged, and they are our masters. The chief gain in wisdom has been negative; certain bubbles have been pricked." These words you will find on page 8 of Dean Inge's book "The Coming Renaissance." The Philosopher must say, even if the man who wrote them were a hundred times the Dean of St. Paul's in London, that if there were any truth in the extraordinary assertion that human and inhuman nature are our masters, it could only be because people had got into the habit of saying so and believing it. Such an assertion is not true. It does not present a true picture either of humanity or of the situation of humanity in this world.

Machines and Men

ALL the writers who devote themselves to deep thinking about the world problems of today announce that we are living in the Machine Age. Too many of them blame all the troubles of this era upon "the dominance of machines," to use a common phrase, in "this Machine Civilization," to use another. Man, they say, has created a Frankenstein monster and now finds himself in its power. But no machine can be the master of man, its maker. To believe that would be as bad as to believe in magic or in witchcraft. Machines, of themselves, cannot do anything to men. It is what men do with machines that is important. The first flint and steel for making fire was in its time as wonderful a machine as the first candle, the first kerosene lamp, the first electric light bulb, the first radio receiver, when each of these marvels of human invention arrived. The first wheel, developed from a rolling log, was a more important and more wonderful a machine to primitive man than the first automobile driven by an internal combustion engine was to mankind a few decades ago. The reckless, law-violating automobilist can bring death and terror on the public highway. Not his automobile but he himself is guilty of his criminality. If The Philosopher, writing with a steel pen, or with a typewriter machine, were to write drivel, would the steel pen, or the typewriting machine, be to blame for that? Suppose he were to write with a goose quill, as his great-grandfather did, would that make him any the less accountable for a failure to write good sense?

CONTENTS

Editorial

EDITORIAL 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 74
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 76

Fiction

DARK SEAS (Part I)—Garnett Weston 7
THE POT OF MILK—Theodore G. Roberts 10
THE PRICE OF THE PAST PARTICIPLE (Part I)—Margaret Cameron 14
HER DOOR—Frederick Orin Bartlett 16
CHILDREN OF THE WILD—H. Mortimer Batten 20

Articles

IS THE PRESENT SOCIAL ORDER DOOMED?—Ralph Connor 4
A NEW EARTHQUAKE IN THE ORIENT—George M. Battey 12
MONTPARNASSE—HEART OF THE ARTISTIC WORLD—Francis Dickie 18
THE SOUL OF A HOUSE—V. W. Horwood 22
AT THE NEW YORK SHOW—Enid Griffis 66

Regular Departments

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I. 24
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton 46
LEGAL INFORMATION 55
FASHIONS 56
DOLLARS AND CENTS 59
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER 63

Shadowland Section

OUR CANADIAN ALBUM—MISS MARJORIE WHITE (GUTHRIE) 35
RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH E. G. BAYNE 36
SHADOWLAND ODDMENTS 38, 39, 40
CRITICISMS: FAVORABLE AND OTHERWISE—Jerome Carver 41

Verse

SUNDAY IN SPRING—H. H. Fariss 4
AN EASTER LILY—Vera V. Robertson 30
LITTLE ROADS—H. H. Fariss 32
COMPANIONSHIP—Bertha Alexander 69
JUST BETWEEN GOLD DIGGERS—Dorothy G. Doyle 72

THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR $2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS $1.50 A YEAR

We Human Beings

THE trying time through which the world is passing is a severe lesson to the human race in regard to certain opposing instincts which lie deep in every one of us. Everything in our lives depends on how we develop and strengthen some of those elements and factors in us and hold down their opposites. The world situation today makes it plain that the deep elements in human nature which prompt us to friendship and co-operation as human beings must become stronger, and those which prompt hatred and strife between peoples must be restrained. It is as certain and undeniable now that no one, or two, or three nations, however large and powerful, can deal adequately with the world problems which face all the nations as it is that the sun rose this morning. All the nations must co-operate to solve them. During the Great War did not we of the Allied nations all feel ourselves part of a vast organism in which each member was working for all? Did not each individual one of us in every Allied nation feel himself, or herself, an integral part of that great organism? And was not that, beyond question, a very high and noble feeling? Was that feeling killed by the last shot fired on the Western Front? Can we not think ourselves back to it, and feel and know that the only hope for humanity is that a time will come when such a feeling will bind the whole human family together? If our civilization and our religion mean anything at all, do they not mean that such a feeling must come to be an essential part of normal human existence on this ball whirling through space, which we human beings inhabit, each of us for the all too short term of his, or her, life?

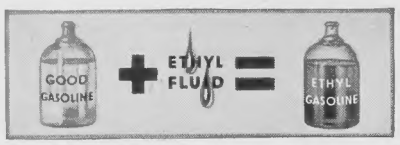
Which Way Would You Look?

"IN YOUR comment on the Dominion Premier's remark about the power of the newpapers," writes a Western Home Monthly reader, "you hit the right nail on the head. You might well go a little farther and say that when the public want more seriousness and less triviality in the newspapers, the newspapers will be more serious and less trivial. This is the reality of the matter—not that I am accusing you of allowing yourself, like many philosophers, to be carried away into unreality by theorizing." Which is flattering, to be sure. The Philosopher knows that newspapers must take the world as it is, and carry on in it as best they can. We are all newspaper readers. How many of us respond first to the appeal made by mere curiosity and by what is called "human interest," meaning often sensationalism, rather than to the appeal made by seriousness and reason? The managing editor of an important newspaper said not long ago to a citizen of importance who called on him in a critical mood: "As you see, this office has two doors. Suppose I were to tell you that in ten seconds the Governor General and the Dominion Premier would come in by this door and at the same moment Greta Garbo and Clara Bow would enter at the other door. To which door would you turn your eyes?" Which explains a great deal in regard to what is printed in the newspapers.

Ethyl

IS TO GASOLINE *what* BUTTER *is to* BREAD

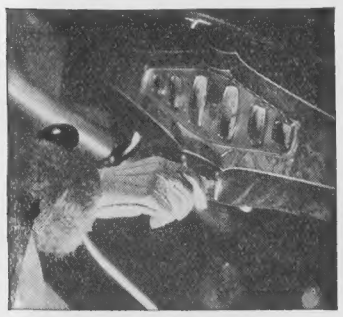
FOR exactly the same reason that you butter bread for your children, oil refiners add Ethyl fluid to gasoline. Ethyl makes gasoline a better fuel for the engine of your car. It prevents the harmful knocks that cause overheating, loss of power, wear and tear on your motor and unnecessary gear shifting.



Ethyl fluid contains lead

Ethyl makes gasoline burn as smoothly when you are climbing hills or wending your way through traffic, as when you are running down an open, level road. It makes gasoline give more power and better power every minute you drive.

In cold weather, Ethyl Gasoline gives you quick starting because the gasoline mixed with Ethyl fluid is always tested-quality gasoline, selected to fit the season.



With Ethyl you are more confident—safer—because your motor is more dependable.

Your car dealer or gasoline merchant will tell you that Ethyl is a help and an economy. It saves you and it saves your car. Ethyl quality is maintained by constant inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

Buy ETHYL

WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A. Controls Combustion

GASOLINE

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

"I don't mind our daughter staying up late with her young man, but I do object to him walking off with the morning paper."

An Item Of Statistical Information

Some husbands' average income is about 2 a.m.—Vancouver Province.

Let Us Hope He Has Gone On High

The inventor of the differential gear is dead.—Motor World.

Well, We Knew He Had No Sunday Pants

Sunday, it appears, is the same as any other day to Gandhi.—St. John Times-Globe.

Not If It Says "Pull" On The Door

"Push," says a success article, "will get you anywhere.—Kamloops Sentinel.

But Not Always Quite As Important

The old saying is true, that a man is as young as he feels.—Quebec Telegraph.

Debts, Too, Can Grow Pretty Rapidly

There are few things in this world that can grow as fast as rumors.—Kitchener Record.

And Much While We Think We're Thinking

One-third of the time we are alive in this world is spent in unconsciousness.—Victoria Colonist.

Friction That's Often Based On Fiction

The greatest of world problems is how to reduce the friction between nations.—Toronto Globe.

Slogan: "Shorter Hours For Pipers"

We have heard it asserted that playing the bagpipes is harder than work.—London Daily Express.

Hasn't He The World Already At His Feet?

Charlie Chaplin is reported to be planning to play Napoleon.—Los Angeles Examiner.

But Why Bring That Up Now?

No one thinks of blaming the old timers for having invented the Legislature.—Brandon Sun.

That Has Always Been The Cow's Idea

A court has decided that a cow had the right of the road in which that question was raised.—Fargo Tribune.

Excuse Us, While We Shed A Few Tears

With things as they are, and the depression and all that, isn't it just too heartrending to think of this talk of a $10,000 reduction in Babe Ruth's $70,000 salary for this season!—Regina Leader.

Retired Husbands Have To Live, Don't They?

A Hollywood husband, in a counter suit for divorce, asks $1,000 a month alimony.—Minneapolis Journal.

And It's Just As Well Nanaimo Isn't In Italy

It's easy to imagine Mussolini giving three hearty cheers every time he looks in the mirror.—Nanaimo Herald.

And A Good Many By Crookedness

The world has innumerable sorrows, a great many of which have been caused by stupidity.—Duluth Herald.

Not Back In The Rumble Seat

The fashion autocrats in Paris have decreed, it is said, that the hoop skirt will be back.—Montreal Gazette.

Another Place To Get Into Hot Water

The lawyers at Hot Springs, Arkansas, are vigorously whooping up that place as "a second Reno."—New Westminster British-Columbian.

We Cannot Live On Such An Income

A woman writer says that there are many people who cannot live on an income of £5,000 a year.—London Saturday Review.

Bootleggers And Bandits Not Included

One of the first bills passed by the United States Senate at this session was one to protect wild life.—Ottawa Citizen.

Jazz Is Music Slipping Gears

There is altogether too much jazz music over the radio—if, indeed, jazz can rightly be called music.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

"Gad man—hurry this production, the juvenile's voice is changing!"

A Page Of A Magazine Does Not Do That

Another radio reform needed is some way of overcoming the blurring and fading out of an interesting story.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Neither Does A Man

A woman doesn't always have to be sure about the complete accuracy of what she hears before she begins spreading it.—Dundee Courier.

That Was In The Prehysteric Time

The assertion is made by a German scientist that primitive woman did not indulge in attacks of nerves.—Belfast News-Letter.

It Should Be Put Up In A Park In Reno

An antique statue of Cupid, recently dug up in Italy, has a hand, both legs, the nose and both ears missing.—London Spectator.

And Worst Of All, It No Doubt Will

A toy jazz set, consisting of two drums, a trumpet, a triangle and various whistles and squeakers, can be bought for a couple of dollars.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

And The Initial Cost Is The Least

Elections cost a great deal.—Halifax Mail.

Wot A Language!

We call it a shipment when it goes in a railway car, and a cargo when it goes in a ship.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

And Sew On And Sew On

In addition to many other things they have to do, mothers of large families of boys in the good old days had to make patches for clothing.—Quebec Evenement.

Quite Undeniably So, Indeed

After all, however, it can only be said of such songs that they are popular only with the kind of people who like songs of that kind.—Edmonton Journal.

A Safe Place To Attempt It From

Trotsky, it is reported, is attempting to organize from Turkey a revolt in Russia against Stalin. Maybe this is important, if true, and maybe not.—Calgary Herald.

Will They Be Known As "Turkies?"

Silent films became an everyday feature of life in Turkey several years ago. Recently the first talkie has been seen and heard in Constantinople.—London Times.

She Should Keep A Diary

An American screen actress has been married three times to the same man. Strange that she can be so absent-minded as all that!—Edinburgh Scotsman.

But Would It Be Advisable For Him To Do That?

Colonel Lindburgh, flying at an average speed of 200 miles per hour, supplied with the product of one average cherry tree and eating a cherry per second, could travel 41,600 miles.—Los Angeles Times.

They're Also Useful For Covering Leg-ends

"Socks," according to a writer on men's fashions, portray a man's character, make his temperament easy to read, and, on occasion, they may even illustrate the state of his nerves."—London Morning Post.

How About The "Oh, Yeah!" Man?

One lesson taught by the recent conditions is that the "Yes-man" who always said "O.K., Chief!" to the man higher up ought to be eliminated.—Baltimore Sun.

Liberty Will Have To Rank As A Statuette

The colossal figure of Lenin which is being made in Moscow is to be the world's largest statue. The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor will not rank with it at all.—London Observer.

An Ever-obliging Kind of Man

If he goes up to the stage when the magician asks for helpers, or when the hypnotist asks for members of the audience to come up and be hypnotized, you can always sell him raffle tickets.—Kitchener Record.

"Oh Ed-ward Robinson—I never knew you had hangnails!!"

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